

The Golden Goose

By Lexiconus Qor / #13880

Ohmen City, Judecca

Roaring to life in the sky, the blue flames of Imperial shuttles descended into the market square, crushing the wooden stalls. Men and women fled and screamed in terror, scattering into the narrow alleys while the ramps of the crafts crashed into the sand. Two by two, stormtroopers rushed out and formed into their squadron box, while a mint green Falleen walked out. Her arms crossed and her stare cold, she glanced around the market square and began walking towards the main street. She quickened her march through the streets, and with a flick of her wrist four stormtroopers rushed in front of her and turned off to a dark alley. Covered by a red cloak and shadows, the stormtrooper pulled the fabric back to work on opening a door.

“On my mark, you storm in there and shoot down anyone.”

“Yes Director Varga.” The stormtrooper commander said, as he obediently rushed to the door and aimed his E-11 rifle ready. Sparks burst and flew around them, as the stormtrooper began cutting the door. A mist fumed across everyone and rolled out the alley, then crash of metal against the floor was all the squadron needed to hear. Quickly springing into action, they rushed into the alley and through the door, as blaster bolts spread across the room, the sound of screams echoing out. The Falleen crossed her arms and smirked, waiting for the combat to cease. As the screams died down and the firefight ceased, the commander returned from the smoke with a datapad.

“Director, there were only citizens living in this settlement. The backdoor was open, so it was possible they heard us coming, and fled. They did leave an active console,” He reported, his augmented voice clear and concise. With a wave of her hand, she spoke.

“You will hack into that console and download anything you can,”

“I will hack into that console, and download anything I can,” The tricked commander said, as he turned and returned to the scene. Rylla groaned as she turned to face the shuttle in the market, her eyes scanning across the datapad. Information on Clan members, damage reports, triage status. Her target was here, if only she was sooner.

“I will find this useless squid, even if it’s the last thing I do!”

Somewhere in the Judeccan plains....

In and out. In and out again. Relax the muscles, concentrate on the calm winds and the sounds of grass blades. Lexiconus thought. He lay calmly in the middle of the field, his shirt and labcoat neatly folded next to him, the saberstaff resting on top. Orbiting around him, various rocks, boulders and a skull circled, on their own unique path from each other. The peaceful scene represented his calm and blissful mind. Palms placed softly onto his knees, his mind went to the peaceful memories of Dac. Rare pieces of memory from a time when he was very small, swimming with friends, collecting fish, coral and pearls. It all seemed like a distant memory now, far from the chaos he was thrown into here.

“Quaestor Qor, we have found Rylla Vargo. She took the bait of the fake safehouse and the console was hacked. Dek received the signal from his own console this morning. How should we proceed? I can surprise the fools and silence them right now!” Jurdan Krennel, the half-brother of the late Shadow Guard leader, Delak, reported the findings. Muscular and bald, the Human male was wearing a polished and cleaned guardsman armour infamously belonging to the royal Palatinaean guards. Sighing deeply, Lexiconus grabbed his saberstaff and stood, turning to the man.

“That will be all, Jurdan, we will let the professionals over in Excidium deal with her assassination. Such is the plan.” Lexiconus replied. Jurdan was driven to reply harshly, but he bit his lip and nodded. Gripping the saberstaff behind his back, the Quaestor walked with the Human and kept his chin high.

“Jurdan Krennel, you are strong, capable and proficient with your lightsaber and blaster. I have no qualms that Delak would be proud of your dedication to your training and the Sith. But you are brash, incapable of thought before acting and a bully.” The Quarren continued, he could sense the anger boiling in him, but on the surface there wasn’t a twitch.

“But I am short of a leader for my Stealth Infiltration Unit, Delak’s tactics were flawless and successful. I need someone who can replicate the same outcome, or improve it. If you wish to remain under my command, prove to me you are a capable warrior for Imperium, and I may decide in making you the next ‘Guard leader.” He challenged the Battlemaster, and the Seer could feel it was working. A sensation of eagerness and pride boiled in Jurdan, as they finally walked up the path to the rebellion campus.

“Understood, sir. I am my brother’s sibling, I will complete your goals. I have seen several capable of Excidiac assassins, a marksman named Zehsaa Hysh attracted my attention.” Jurdan replied, as they entered the command tent.

“Excellent choice, you will need to buy her services, however. I don’t think that should be a problem. Dismissed, Jurdan.” Lexiconus waved the Human away, who turned and rushed off. As Lexiconus entered, a variety of admirals, generals and experts in tacticians discussed things around the holo table. Some were missing and pronounced dead, while others were represented as a hologram on the table itself. Elincia Rei the Grand Marshal, and Mune Cinteroph the Grand Admiral stood at the head and edited the tactics. Lexiconus coughed to gain their attention.

“What did I miss?”

100m above Ohmen City....

“A perfect spot, the target should be passing through here in about thirty seconds,” Zehsaa Hysh, a female Togruta and expert marksman said, her eyes scanning the cityscape. Perched on a mountain cliff, the mist hid her presence while the sun blocked prying eyes from viewing her. A hologram of Jurdan Krennel was hovering from her palm. Slowly and carefully, she placed her E-11 sniper down, then got into a flat position and searched through the retina scope.

“Did you transfer the credits?” She asked, her scope slowly following the traffic.

“It is pending transaction, the Clan’s shadow finances are meticulous in their laundry of credits,” He replied, anxious of failing the transaction.

“Listen buddy, I wanna shoot this Rylla as much as you do, but I am not doing this for free. Pay up, or I’m flying home.”

“Okay, okay! It’s transferred, now take the shot and end her miserable life!” Jurdan interjected, panic in his voice. Zehsaa smirked, her canine piercing through her lips, and her eye rested on the scope again. Her eye watched the incoming traffic, patiently looking for the vehicle marked with specific registration codes. She knew the speeder was a dark grey, two seater and convertible. But she didn’t need that information. Her scope immediately locked onto the green complexion of the infamous Falleen, who proudly cruised in the traffic line.

“Easy now, Z, gently pull the trigger, and...”

Her finger gently pressed the trigger, and the recoil shot her shoulder back. Within seconds, her eye caught the Falleen head slam against the speeder’s door, and the vehicle plummeted to the ground. A bubble of orange and gray exploded from the ground.

“Target down. One less New Dawn Disciple. Now, if you excuse me, I have the authorities to dodge.” Zehsaa said as she winked, then grabbed her rifle and made a dash for her speeder.

With the Clan reforming one step at a time, it won’t be long before Fallax reacts.