

, AVD: Love is in the air

The Grandmaster sat on his throne, he chuckled lightly to himself. “Those fools” he thought to himself “They seriously thought I would waste my time with another Deathstar, ha!”.

Arcona was quickly becoming a gibbering wreck. Almost the entire clan were engrossed in sappy love acts, showering affection on each other and mass kissing. Few of the clan were still free of the plague of love that was reducing the once mighty clan, to a gooey pile of luvyduvy.

Rins'zler stood in his holochamber with his wife and recently returned daughter. Around them was a reconstruction of the system, they were trying to tie down the source of the problem. It wasn't easy though, Olvar was slowly succumbing to what ever it was, and she was getting more silly as the hours passed. Edema seemed unphased by it all, like her mother, she had a heart of durasteel, it would take something great to impact it.

The hologram mapped out the initial outbreak, and showed the spread of its effects. It had started in the citadel, however its advancement was like no plague or disease he had ever heard of, it had a mechanical feel to it. Concentrating was becoming evermore difficult, Oliver was now kissing his armour, trying to wrap her arms around him, Edema on the other hand was doing her best to stop her step mother's advances. Rins'zler tried his best to shut out all external distractions, he needed to think. His mind clicked around, metaphysical cogs sliding into place, slowly an image began to form in his mind, but it was not clear enough.

Pacing around the hologram, Edema currently pinning Olvar to the floor on the opposite side, the Mystic thought through the situation, starting from the beginning. Who would want to destroy Arcona? Well the list was quite long, however Pravus was at the top. So he had the who, now for the how, he watched the hologram play back, the mechanical nature of the field of expanse was trying to tell him something, then it hit him... the field of expanse.

“I know what it is. It's an energy field of some kind. It's feeding from the citadels power systems. Some kind of master control device must be inside with smaller sub units spread across the system”

Edema looked up at her father, Olvar had ceased her struggles and lay glassy eyed on the floor.

“You have got to be kidding, a machine did this. Who in their right mind would... never mind it's him isn't it, that fool Pravus, there are days that I wish I had killed him when I had the chance all those years ago”

She slammed her armoured fist into the deck, her rage building.

“We don't have time to think on things we should have done in hindsight. We need to get to the citadel and fast”

Rins'zler and Edema ran from the ship, the access corridor linking the spaceport to the city stretched before them. Without a second thought the pair activated the jet packs fitted to their armour and rocketed down the tunnel. The use of the jetpacks cut the travel time in half and they were soon at the city. All around them people lay, kissing, cuddling, making love, oblivious to the two mandalorian warriors jetting their way past. The citadel lay before them, no guards were present, and the doors were wide open.

Edema spoke to her father over the com,

“The throne room, it has to be in there, that's how it's connected to everyone”

Ignoring the fact that his cybernetics were tearing up the fine marble floor, the Mystic ran alongside his daughter. They reached the throne room, what they saw horrified them. The scene was like something from an adult holonovel, they tried their best to ignore what they were seeing, focusing instead on the device now strapped to the throne. Edema wasted no time, she ignited her blades and stuck the device, nothing happened. The device was clearly made to withstand a lightsaber, damn that idiot Pravus. Rins'zler realised that the only way to stop it was to sever its power source... this meant destroying the throne.

Edema turned to her father,