Obsidian’s R&R

The touch of the needle as it speeds in and out against his skin like someone is scratching a sunburn is what he said if felt like in the beginning. Now Obsidian is becoming more accustomed to the feeling and his skin feels a little less painful each time he updates them. Both arms have about 80% his arms done and his back is about 80% complete in color but 100% done in black and white. The images are from his life and the dreams he has had ever since the death of his parents. It has taken some time since he has been able to find an artist who practices the old ways of using a needle gun to tattoo. With the technology now tattooing is done by a computer and the ink has a natural anesthetic so the pain is minimal and the computer that does the inking is fast. Much faster than this being currently doing his tattoo but well worth the money to take his time.

Obsidian is sitting there in a meditative state feeling the needle going to work on his art and the feeling brings Obsidian back to a time when his parents lied on the deck of the that cargo ship long ago. His mother’s head in his lap with that vacant look in her eyes. The pain from that day has haunted his very being for the last eight long years. Even the memory loss from the moment he touched the pyramid shaped holocron doesn’t bother him nearly as bad. Those days are forever etched into his being and he has been taking the event out on anyone who crosses the line Obsidian has created from that moment with him.

The sounds of the needle gun in his ears and the sounds of the other patrons outside the curtain keep him focused. The smell of the various beings now in the building talking and chatting about so many things but Obsidian ignores that part out. He just wants to sit here for whatever time it takes to add color to a part of his back that has been black and white for a couple years now and feel the pain. He had been off world for a couple weeks helping the Clan with some missions and gathering information. He enjoys the time alone and the times when the missions and information need a strong hand to ensure its success or acquisition. Those moments bring him closer to stability emotionally than any other thing in his life. One day it will come, if he could truly believe, when he will once again sit with his family.

Obsidian sitting there in meditation begins feeling fellow Clan’s men state of unease. He attempts to focus the force a bit more like tuning in a radio but still new to the use of the force in this manner doesn’t bring in any more information. The emotions are now beginning to run higher and then like an off button is hit the strength of the feeling changes. He isn’t sure what this could mean but it feels like trouble. Obsidian begins to pull himself out of the meditation and then tells the tattoo artist to stop for a minute. He comes fully out of the meditative state and gets up from the chair and walks to the window of the parlor. Outside the tattoo shop he sees some people hurrying down the street away from something but he still can’t see what or whom that is.

He stands there for only a moment, 30 seconds or so but then he sees other Clan members now coming into view and now comes the obvious reason why energy weapons are being fired in their direction. The Clan members are some of the new recruits that have just been inducted into the clan and are here for training. One blaster bolt finds a recruit in the back as they turn to get a better position and another still learning the use of a lightsaber catches another bolt in the chest attempting to deflect the bolt. Now just barely in view Obsidian sees the beings firing the rifle bolts at his brother Clans men. B1 Battle Droids. What is going on here he thinks as he quickly turns around and then he remembers.

He is not alone. Three customers and the one living tattoo artist is standing there with a look of a combination of shock and uncertainty. Almost frozen as their bodies don’t move but just from the neck up as they watch blast after blast find its home on someone or something outside the window. Obsidian moves into action once more and heads to the curtained off area he just sat to recover his equipment and gear lying there. He quickly throws the weapons into position and feels that he doesn’t have time to completely dress so holds onto his upper armor.

“What are you waiting on? GET OUT! Before it’s too late!” Obsidian yells.

One of the customers “We are not going out there! You have to be crazy.” They stammer as they look to Obsidian.

“Your one of the Clan here and are trained, we are not.” Another squeaks off.

“You all are expecting me to take care of you?!” He fires back incredulously.

“Who else here is carrying a lightsaber and a blaster?” The youngest of them all says with a plea.

Obsidian looks at them and does see that none of them accept the tattoo artist even looks like they have even had a bad day in their life. Obsidian feeling disgusted by the thought of having to deal with these beings and the droids outside. Obsidian looks around the shop and he looks for someplace for them to take cover but this isn’t his normal routine to attempt to hide other beings. One of the customers gives a yelp and starts pointing outside the window toward something. Not a second or two later a blaster bolt shatters one of the front windows. It seems as Obsidian looks out the window the droids surprise assault has caught the new recruits by surprise and lies dead upon the street not far from the shop.

“Alright everyone get back here and down. NOW!!” Obsidian commands of everyone in the shop.

Everyone jumps at Obsidians voice and quickly moves to the back of the shop. Obsidian focuses and the front of the shop darkens as thought the sun went down but not totally black. He doesn’t want it to look too out of the ordinary. The others are attempting to take cover behind things and keep as low a profile as possible. The B1 Droids are not the heavy hitters of any droid force but a lot of cannon fodder but even in numbers they can be a force to recon with. He watches as the initial wave of droids begin to pass the shop. All in nice neat row. Firing in the direction my new Clan mates were headed which means at the far end of this street is the new headquarters of the Clan.

This hiding place isn’t going to last long with the sensor sweeps of the droids active. Obsidian can only hide so much and he is not used to having to hide more than himself. He is an Assassin not a baby sitter but maybe if he can keep them alive he can maybe, especially the tattoo guy, they will owe him. Obsidian knows that this place will not be safe for long so he thinks it’s time to set up a trap should they need it.

“Everyone get up and on top of something.” Obsidian demands of everyone.

Obsidian looks around the room and sees a sink to the left where he believes that someone could wash their hands or anything else if needed. He moves over there very carefully not to his anything and draw the attention of any of the droids. He takes some of the paper towels and stuffs the drain with them and then turns on the water slowly until the water is running almost full blast. He stays there paying close attention to the movements and actions of the droids. Once the water overflows over the sink edge he moves back to the back of the room very carefully and then looks around the room and finds the tattoo gun that the artist was using on him. It is one of the old fashion kind that needs a plug to use. Obsidian takes and unplugs the needle gun and then takes out his knife and cuts the wires and exposes them. He then, holding the wires out, careful not to touch himself or anything else with them.

“Listen.” Obsidian looks to the tattoo artist. “I need to weed down the numbers a bit outside. I can’t wait here with you all and allow the droids to kill off my brethren.”

“So I am going to go outside and destroy some of these bastards but I will stay close. If they start to come inside just drop these wires into the water now pooling on the floor, but wait until there are enough inside to do good not just one. Do you understand?” he explains to the tattoo artist.

The tattoo artist gives Obsidian a nod. Obsidian quickly pulls on the rest of his armor and adjusts his equipment. With his lightsaber in hand he jumps forward and out the broken window he roles. He rolls out onto the sidewalk and come to a crouching position as his lightsaber comes to life. The dark blade not making a sound as the weapon comes awake. Even without the sound the droids sensors now pick up Obsidians presence and turn to his direction. He pushes off and heads directly toward the nearest line of droids. Focusing the force directly ahead of him an invisible barrier that only he can perceive comes into existence. The barrier deflecting blaster bolts as he closes with the nearest droids. He vaults over the line with a windmill motion taking one droids head off with his lightsaber and he nearly kicks off another as he passes over them. Coming to a stance with his lightsaber in a backward position swings around with an arch motion with it and takes two more droid heads off.

The line behind him quickly take aim on him as he holds out his hand and the line act as though someone kicked each of them off their feet. Out the corner of his eye he catches the electricity arcing out of the shop and the sounds of crackling as the electricity fries whatever or whoever is standing in the water within the shop. Obsidian pulling the force into himself filling his muscles with power and strength bolts forward and toward the shop. The electricity fades from the shop and Obsidian rushes into the shop. There on the floor lie maybe eight droids still sparking from the electrocution. The tattoo artist squatting on a chair and the three customers huddled on a cot just behind him. One of the customers has a blaster wound but it looks like it was superficial.

Obsidian now was hearing the movement of more droids and was now not sure what more he could do for these beings. He is used to killing them not saving them this shat is for the Damn Jedi not him. He turns to the front of the shop and there changing direction toward the shop are six droids now making their way to the shop. As he prepares himself focusing again to create a barrier between him and the droids the sounds of tie fighters are now in the air.

“Way to go guys!” Obsidian calls out as he begins to take up a stance preparing to fight.

The sound of tie fighter pulse cannons ring out and hammers the droids on the street along the street in front of the shop. Obsidian jumps to the window and with a swing more with agility than power to catch one of the lead droids that was headed his way and cuts the forearms off the droid. The lightsaber doesn’t need a great powerful chop if used right. The droid just pauses and turns knowing it had nothing to bring to the fight now but survival. Obsidian catches it in the back of the head as it turns only to fall to the ground. The tie fighters are now cleaning up the droids and Obsidian turns to the customers and the tattoo artist they are now climbing down and coming his way.

“Shit they are going to thank me.” He grits his teeth and looks away.

“Thank You for your help mister.” The youngest says as she holds the arm of the one with the blaster hit. “Without you we would be dead.” One of the other ones says.

The tattoo artist is the only one who says anything that Obsidian even wants to hear.

“I owe you.” He states.

“Yes you do! And you will pay.” Obsidian says with a grin.

Obsidian looks down the street toward the headquarters building and decides it would be a good idea to head there to ensure the droids are cleaned up. He looks to the beings there and with his lightsaber in hand jogs off toward the headquarters.