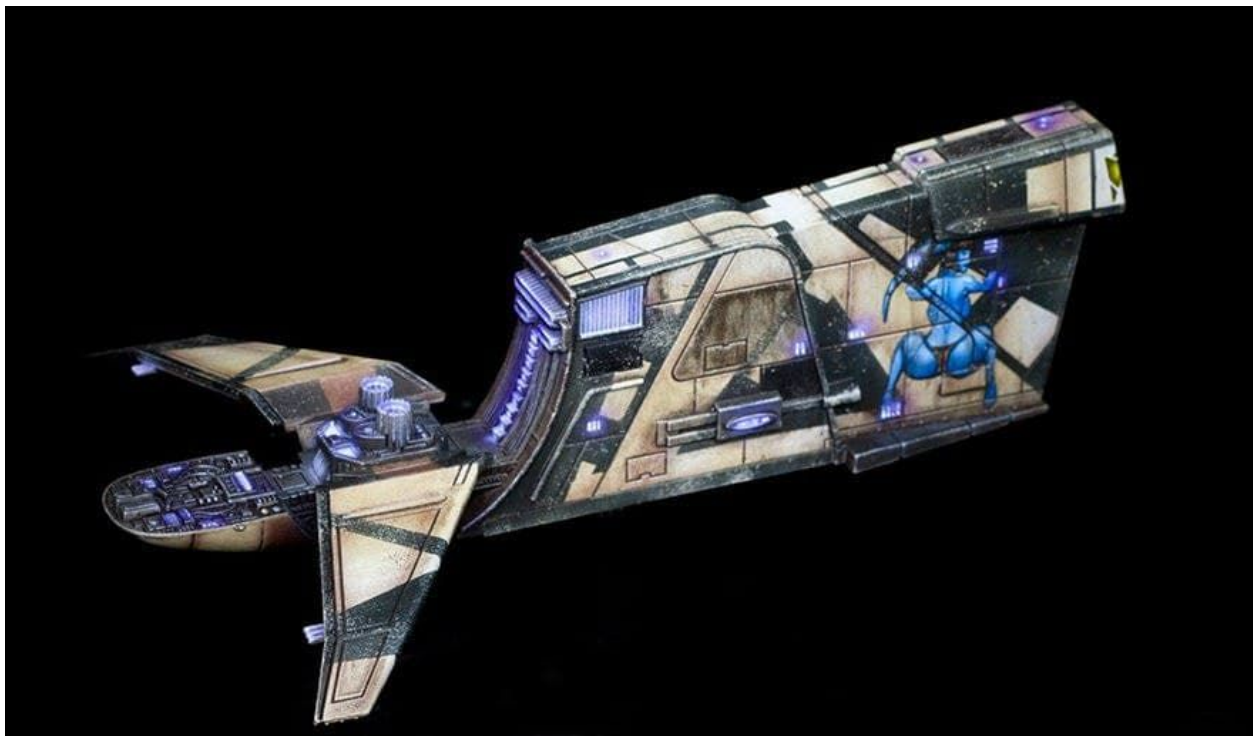


“Oh yeah, you weren’t kidding. Completely exceeded my expectations,” Creon couldn’t help but say to Jael. He wasn’t one for sarcasm, but being told to oblige his Battleteam Leader in trying a new cantina, only to be held at gunpoint upon entry gave need for the remark.

Jael’s intent was to help Creon unwind. The man was an excellent addition to the Wildcards, but had very little chill in his off hours. He took time to make bonds and build rapport with the others, but never relaxed or had fun on his own. He’d spend his time in the gym or in his barracks within the Idiot’s Array, and nothing else. Jael felt he needed to get out more. Plus, Jael liked the guy personally, and thought it would be funny to see him drunk. But the bar he had in mind, infamously known as the Twerking Twi’lek seemed to have undergone some changes.



The club itself was actually a ship. It served as both a intergalactic cruise or transport service, as well as a bar and hotel resort. It would signal its location and destination during it’s stops for fuel or exchange of patrons, as well as take paid requests to certain locations. What it was really known for was it’s customer service, with quality that easily made it Jael’s favorite getaway. But now it was obvious they were under new management. Collective banners, signs, and colors were all over the place. And upon Jael and Creon’s entry, lightsabers at the hip, they were immediately confronted with blaster barrels in every direction.

Jael could feel Creon’s intent. Their arms were raised, but he could tell Creon was prepared to draw upon the Force and grab his saber. He was ready to fight his way out. It was suicide,

they'd be dead before the sabers even ignited. What they needed was a distraction instead, something Jael could provide to the situation.

Jael focused on the force, both in manipulating the technology and the room and manipulating the senses of the people within. The lights in the club began to go out, replaced with strobe lights and a different array of color beams. Mist rose from the ground and heavy dance music started to fill the area. Jael pulled Creon to the ground as the chaos began, and the two started to crawl their way out as blaster fire zoomed out of the misty smoke in the room. Creon followed Jael without question, who led them towards the exit. However, upon coming to the doorway, two collective personnel spotted them. They were quickly handled by Creon's pistol drawn from the hip. He nodded to Jael to continue and the two scurried to their feet and sprinted down the hallway.

"Any ideas on how we can get out of here?" Creon asks.

The ship itself was a YV-666 Light Freighter, Jael knew. He knew there were three levels. The lower level was engineering and the kitchen, the mid deck the lobby, and the upper deck held bedrooms for guests and the "exclusive" room for the man in charge. "We need to split up," Jael responds.

"What?!"

"I need to go to the lower deck. It has the main terminals and engineering systems that run this ship. If anything, I can prevent this ship from going anywhere else. I'll need time, and a distraction. If you head to the upper levels, you can take out who's in charge. Likely that will draw the majority of the ship to you. Think you can handle it?"

Creon sighed, he wished he had brought his On-duty armor and made a mental note to never leave it out of sight again. "Understood. I'll fight my way up and then back down to find you." He then ducked after a blaster bolt zoomed overhead.

The bar patrons made their way one by one into the hallway and began firing at the two Jedi. Creon drew his saber and deflected a few, and then generated a barrier with the Force from wall to wall to protect them both. He looked to see Jael using the keypad on the door with his prosthetic arm. He managed to hack in and open the doors that held stairs to the upper level. He then nodded to Creon and then proceeded further down the hall. Once he was out of sight, Creon dropped the barrier and deflected blaster fire with his saber until he reached the stairs. He knew they would be close behind, and used the force to amplify his jump to get as much time ahead of them as he could.

"Excuse me!" Jael said as he weaved passed frightened cooks and servants in a jumbled mess of stoves, ovens, and other cooking appliances. He took advantage of them by slinging them

around with the Force, both in attempts to clear out the employees in his way by causing a panic and to take care of the security both in front of him and behind him. About halfway of the ship's length, he came across a sealed door. He looked behind him to see thugs from upstairs try to make their way at him and firing more blaster shots. He needed space to work in opening the door to the engineering hall, and even more time to access the mainframe of the ship. Jael reached out and crashed as many appliances as he could together. Stove crashed into oven, and refrigerator units piled on top of them both. He was created a wall to hopefully buy him some time, but inadvertently caused an explosion and fire that began to spread in the entire kitchen. *Frak it, that will work* he thought.

His came to the access console to near the door and pressed his prosthetic hand to it. The hand opened up and injected a access port much like how a droid would link up. A display screen of the security programs showed up in a holographic image on the prosthetic forearm display screen. He analyzed the security softwares, override them by inserting a virus that masked him as the administrator, and was able to open the door within a little over a minute.

Once he was inside, several engineers were huddled together aiming either a blaster pistol or a torch cutter at him. There were also security droids present as well. He drew his saber in hopes to intimidate the organic life form employees, but handling the security droids was going to require a more intimate method. Instead, he pulled his mind into that of the security droids, and re-organized their primary programming. This took a moment of pause, to which the others were kind of looking to each other in confusion and assurance. However, once the security droids began turning to face them with their weapons drawn, declaring to allow Jael to pass, it was clear he had control over the situation. The engineers and collective organic security all dropped their weapons and kept their hands raised. While the security droids held them detained against the walls, Jael made his way to the main terminal console. A ship like this wasn't all that complicated. It wasn't a war ship, and he was confident the Collective wouldn't try to get involved in the mainframe to make it more difficult for him. This wouldn't take long. He took a knee next to one of the openings for an astromech receiver and inserted his prosthetic arm just as he did before.

The rooms in the upstairs were a lot more quiet than below, though the muffled sound of the club music could still be heard. Creon knew it wasn't going to stay this quiet for long. He kept his lightsaber off, and let his cloak try and conceal as much of his appearance as possible. He assumed the end of the ship containing the private area for whoever is now in charge would be guarded. However, most of the hallway looked to be uninhabited, at least from the outside. Two twi'leks however, came out of an empty bedroom. They weren't well covered, and immediately took notice of Creon's approach.

"Are you our lucky man?" one asks with a curling smile on her lips. Creon stopped short once the two girls laid hands on him. They softly caressed the armor plates underneath his robes and

along his jawline, "Such heavy attire. You must be very strong to have to carry it all the time. Let us help ease your burden," the other said suggestively.

Creon felt awkward. He didn't want to be rude, but he also knew if he lingered that these ladies would be put in danger by the collective goons that were following him. "Ladies, this place is about to become a very dangerous war zone. I need you two to retreat back into the bedroom and stay there until the fighting is settled. You will get hurt if you are seen with me, do you understand?"

The Twi'lek's looked to each other. Their alluring playfulness dissolved into a serious concerned expression. They nodded in silence and retreated back into the bedroom and locking the door. Creon proceeded with a dashing sprint once he heard voices coming around the corner of the staircase.

Two security droids held up blasters at the ready and fired at Creon. The Jedi deflected the blaster bolts back and reached out to one with the Force and slammed it into the other which caused them both to collapse. He then dashed forward with amplified enhancement and tore through them both with his blade. He sensed danger coming from the other end of the hall and let the Force guide in his deflections against incoming fire from some of the collective soldiers from the bar. He opened up his barrier once again with the Force and took notice of who was all against him. Not all of the thugs had gone up, which means Jael was likely to receive some company downstairs.

"Ooo hoo, you're a naughty girl," Jael told the AI of the ship. He had full access at this point. Every door, every light, the engines, navigation port, the works. It was all in his control. "Open those legs of yours darling so daddy can get to work," he said playfully. He sent a ship-wide command to open every door, excluding the hangar, in the ship. It was quicker and easier than sifting through which door was which in the command prompt, and Jael knew Creon would likely have trouble getting into the private room upstairs. He also decided to cut the power and make it difficult for the engineers to restore anything once he left by putting a software firewall of his own preventing access to anyone but him.

"You belong to me sweetheart, nobody else." He actually did think about keeping the ship once this was all said and done. It was nice, and would earn some sweet credits on the side. The only one who could really tell him he couldn't would be Kah since there was a temporary vacancy for Hoth's Quastor.

"Aaand sleep."

The lights flashed out in the entire upper room for a moment before replaced with a dim red light. They were the emergency light when power had failed in the ship, which means Jael was a success. Doors in every room of the hallway were being unlocked and opened all at once. Some with worried voices, others with just silence. Some screamed at hearing blaster fire just outside their open door. Creon looked to see the 'private room' door be opened. He quickly retreated inside and forced the door back closed with his telekinetic pull. He then turned to see who he now shared the room with.

Two twi'lek women sat on both sides of another female on a loveseat. All three had blasters aimed at Creon as if he was being expected. If he drew out his barrier anymore, it would tire him from it's already excessive use. He had to rely on the Force to guide his saber if they decide to fire. He would think that the twi'lek girls didn't have a choice in the matter, and perhaps they still don't. The center woman looked somewhat of a hybrid species, perhaps zaleen mixed with zeltron or something. She was very easy on the eyes, but donned a suit of armor and equipment that showed mercenary experience. She was analyzing Creon, judging her situation while also learning from just Creon's presence as much as she could.

"I've killed more of your kind than most," the center woman said rising up from her seat.

"Wouldn't know, never heard of you," Creon replied turning his saber to keep the blade in front of his body.

"Because none of my victims are able to escape and spread my name, unless I allow it."

"Well, this is one of those days where one of your victims manages to escape, nameless or not."

"The Lady," she admits, "And you are?"

"A Jedi," Creon replies.

She opened fire on her blaster without much delay. Creon brought it up and deflected the bolts away from him into the room. If he opened the door, he'd be met with the thugs outside most likely. The door itself was starting to spark on their end, indicating a torch cutter was being used to gain access. There was no other escape he could see or sense. As he continued the spins of his blade in deflecting fire, he reached out and yanked away one of the blaster pistols one of the twi'lek girls held. She wasn't very proficient in them to begin with, and Creon could make good use of it without having to close the distance. Creon then pulled the lounge furniture towards him, along with a few tables, to make improvised cover as he returned cover fire with his newly acquired pistol. The twi'lek woman ran for cover behind a bar, but Lady still held her ground. When Creon looked to see her again, she had a helmet on.

"Lady, I hope you realise there isn't a way out for you. I'm not alone, and your thugs outside

won't be enough to-

"THE Lady," She exclaims with blaster fire that tore through the furniture. Creon rolled out of the way and slowly moved to make his way for another clear shot. The furniture barricade wouldn't protect him, only conceal.

"What?"

"Not Lady, the lady. Yes that includes the "the" before lady." She then fired off another round that struck Creon in the shoulder, causing him to yelp and return fire. His blaster bolts that hit only made her body fidget a little. It seemed the armor protected her a lot better than what Creon anticipated. He was forced to forgo the pistol and revert to his lightsaber again. The only way he could make it out of this was to get in close or repel her shots. Luckily, Creon was proficient in a form that only needed one arm and could easily redirect blaster fire with focus.

Slams came from the door, and dents formed on the inside. Both Creon and the Lady turned their attention to it once it began to slide back open forcefully. Creon reached out to try and stop it, but let go once he felt the presence on the other side. Once it had opened, Jael walked in by stepping over the unconscious or dead thugs that were gathered at the door. His saber pointed directly at the Lady, and he turned to look at Creon with a wink.

"Frak off, lady," he told her.

"The Lady," both Creon and The Lady corrected in unison. Jael leaked a small expression of confusion before going back to being serious. The Lady lowered her weapon and stepped backwards. She bid them adeu and made it clear they would see her again. A sliding door on the floor then opened up and allowed her to drop to the floor underneath her before closing once again. Jael cursed to himself and started running back down the hallway he came through to try and cut her off near the stairs. Unfortunately by the time he made his way down, she had already taken a hyperdrive capable pod and escaped.

"I'm thinking about keeping this," Jael told Creon while pouring himself a drink in the bar. The ship had become nearly empty, save for a few necessary employees to keep it running and comfortable. They held no loyalties to the Lady, rather they were cooperating hostages.

"Pretty sure whoever this 'The Lady' is will come back looking for it. Probably bring friends too," Creon told him while trying to get comfortable. He sat in one of the lounge chairs and adjusted his now wrapped up arm and shoulder.

"That's what we want, right? Apparently I was informed by one of the employees here that she had been using this to lure FUs to enslavement."

Creon sighed, he knew about the hate that has surfaced between FUs and NFUs. Some believe it's the progression of natural selection, the ability to utilize the Force, and others simply don't want to be ruled by them. When you are able to manipulate the world with just your will, it does give most a sensible power trip. Creon didn't care personally. He just wanted everyone to get along with each other. "We should report this to the higher ups," Creon suggested.

"Sure," Jael replied, "But until then, let's enjoy the cruise. I'm the boss now, so all expenses are on the house."