

## Collective Bargaining

### **Freelancer's Cantina**

#### **Daleem**

#### **Kiast System**

The pair of Odanites entered the bar slowly, casually, not trying to draw attention to their presence. This was an unusual visit for the two. They were not often to frequent newer establishments on the Daleem social scene. Generally, the two enjoyed dive bars and familiar haunts to have a meal and drink to their hearts content. The two humans were in a real need for some down time, and did not feel like traveling closer to Sky Breach Base. In truth, they wanted some distance from their type and the fact of being unknown to the other clientele.

They slowly eyed the layout of the bar and made their way to the back of the establishment to sit in a corner booth. They sat, sullenly, not to draw any unwanted attention. They ordered a drink and relaxed, a slight bit. The band was playing an old spacer instrumental, and a few dancers languidly swayed to the beat. The minutes swung by slowly, and the crowd gradually got more animated over time. Mauro Wynter slowly looked up, and cast a questioning glance to his friend. "Maximus...are those?" He did not need to finish his sentence.

It was surprising to them, that for two such astute men they had not noticed it yet. Banners festooned the walls, and a lively chorus rang out as the band opened up with a raucous song. "I know that song...and those banners..." They both attempted to get up without drawing any attention. Before they could, a pair of Weequay, burly as could be, stepped towards their table. In a heavily accented basic the foremost of the two spoke to them in a spattering of tongues, "Leaving so soon friends?" The question was not kind, nor was it without its meaning.

Using the Force, the two could tell they were in for trouble. However, it was obvious the enemy did not know who in fact they were. Collective scum. Wynter thought fast, eyeing his odds and calming Maximus. While the enemy did not know who they were, their mannerisms and body language made it obvious they were not friends of the Collective cause. How much did they know?

Before he could act, Maximus flung his lightsaber forward, using the Force to push the two Weequay away. "Damn." Wynter scowled, and did likewise, pushing those around them back and creating a small barrier in the Force. They had to leave, now. The Weequay were startled, and hit the deck. Eyeing the crowd, no one expected anything more than a bar brawl but the flashing saber wielded by Maximus caused many to grab blasters, and cautiously fan out around the bar. They would have to fight or better yet...

"Run, now!" cried Maximus and Wynter ran headlong to the doorway, using Force lightning to lash out at all that got in his way. Clearing a small path, Maximus rapidly made his way forward, slashing wildly as he went more so to keep the enemy back, trying not to engage the enemy closely. They made it to the door and ran headlong into the night, never looking back.