

Lyra Colony
Office of the Head of Security

The incoming message light blinked on Amara Cirrus' desktop holocommunicator, she looked at it curiously the sequence indicated it was a call from outside the colony and was encrypted. When she activated the line a hazy blue image of an armored torso and mandalorian helmet appeared in front of her.

"Good evening Miss Cirrus, my name is Val Cole and I am second in command of Vizsla Tactical Solutions. I believe our organizations can benefit from a mutual arrangement based on recent events."

She scoffed, "I'm aware of Vizsla's affiliation with the Dark Brotherhood. We don't need any more of you in our colony right now, the Principate is conducting its own internal investigation into the attacks by your parent organization."

The helmet tilted slightly to the right, "Contract, not affiliation Miss Cirrus."

Her brow furrowed in confusion at the remark, "Excuse me?"

The Mandalorian spread his hands as he explained, "Vizsla is contracted with the Dark Brotherhood, but we do operate with contracts outside of the organization as well. The Principate provides a unique opportunity for the Brotherhood, however... I won't hide that we believe a contract between the Principate and Vizsla could be quite profitable. Vizsla stands to gain nothing if the relationship between the Brotherhood and the Principate crumbles. Are you willing to hear my proposal?"

The woman brushed a strand of hair from her face and nodded for him to continue.

"Vizsla Tactical Solutions will commit its services into the investigation and apprehension, or termination, of the individuals responsible for the attacks on your Colony. We will provide these services at no charge, under the condition that our organization receive first opportunity to take future bounties set by the Principate. Obviously if our resources are not the ones to uncover the individuals orchestrating the attacks this contract would be void, but we would appreciate your consideration for opportunities regardless."

Amara rubbed her right cheek as she thought about the offer in front of her, "The citizens of the colony are quite on edge related to anyone from the Collective or the Brotherhood poking around lately. While this is an interesting offer I'm concerned the impact it could have on the public when a few dozen hunters from the Brotherhood show up."

The Mandalorian nodded, "I understand, I'm sure that attacks such as the ones your colony has been subjected to have been widely publicized and media outlets are already casting blame towards the Brotherhood. Our hunters are all veterans of their trade, they can operate discretely and remove out any Vizsla or Brotherhood markings from their equipment. Our higher profile hunters who may be able to be associated to the Brotherhood by name, such as Declan and myself, can also operate under

aliases. As far as your general populace are concerned we would all simply be Bounty Hunters brought in to investigate the incidents.”

Amara weakly smiled, “You make an interested offer Mr. Cole. I’ll discuss the particulars with Jar’deon and Jacinta and communicate our decision back to you.”

“Of course, Ms. Cirrus. Thank you for your time to hear Vizsla’s proposal. We look forward to hearing back from you and working together to solve the mystery of the terror attacks on your colony.”

Zsoldos

Office of the Consul

Two days later

Declan was reviewing mission briefs from the Inquisitorious network on the Principate situation when the figure of his Proconsul appeared in the doorway.

“Just got word from the Principate, boss. Operation Ghazaliyah is a go. They requested full discretion, no Brotherhood or Vizsla markings on our assets.”

The older Mandalorian nodded, “Good. This is a great opportunity to secure more contracts for our organization. Have Montessor inform the Battleteam leaders we are mobilizing tomorrow.”

Lyra Colony

Office of the Governor

13 days later

Jar’deon rubbed his eyes, sleep had been hard to come by since the attacks had begun. Constant attention was necessary to ensure the Colony didn’t spiral into pandemonium. He heard a knock at the door and looked up to see Amara and Jacinta looking towards him with faint smiles on their faces.

The weary administrator frowned, “If you’re smiling and not about to deliver me some good news you need to get the frack out of this room right now.”

Amara approached his desk, her face unchanging, “Actually Governor, we do have some fantastic news. A few minutes ago we received this video file from our associates at Vizsla. We think its quite interesting.”

She placed her device onto the governor’s desk and hit play. A short scene began to play out where known Collective officials were shown briefing individuals dressed in Iron Navy attire. They responded on que to commands indicating their allegiance to the Iron Navy, then the clip cut out.

She looked into the wide eyes of the pudgy older man, "It seems the Collective has been trying to play the Principate and Brotherhood against each other. I've taken the liberty of instructed our contacts to continue their investigation and detain the Collective officials responsible, I assume"

The politician weakly nodded, "Yes... yes, of course... well done. Maybe I can finally get some sleep... and even win the next election."