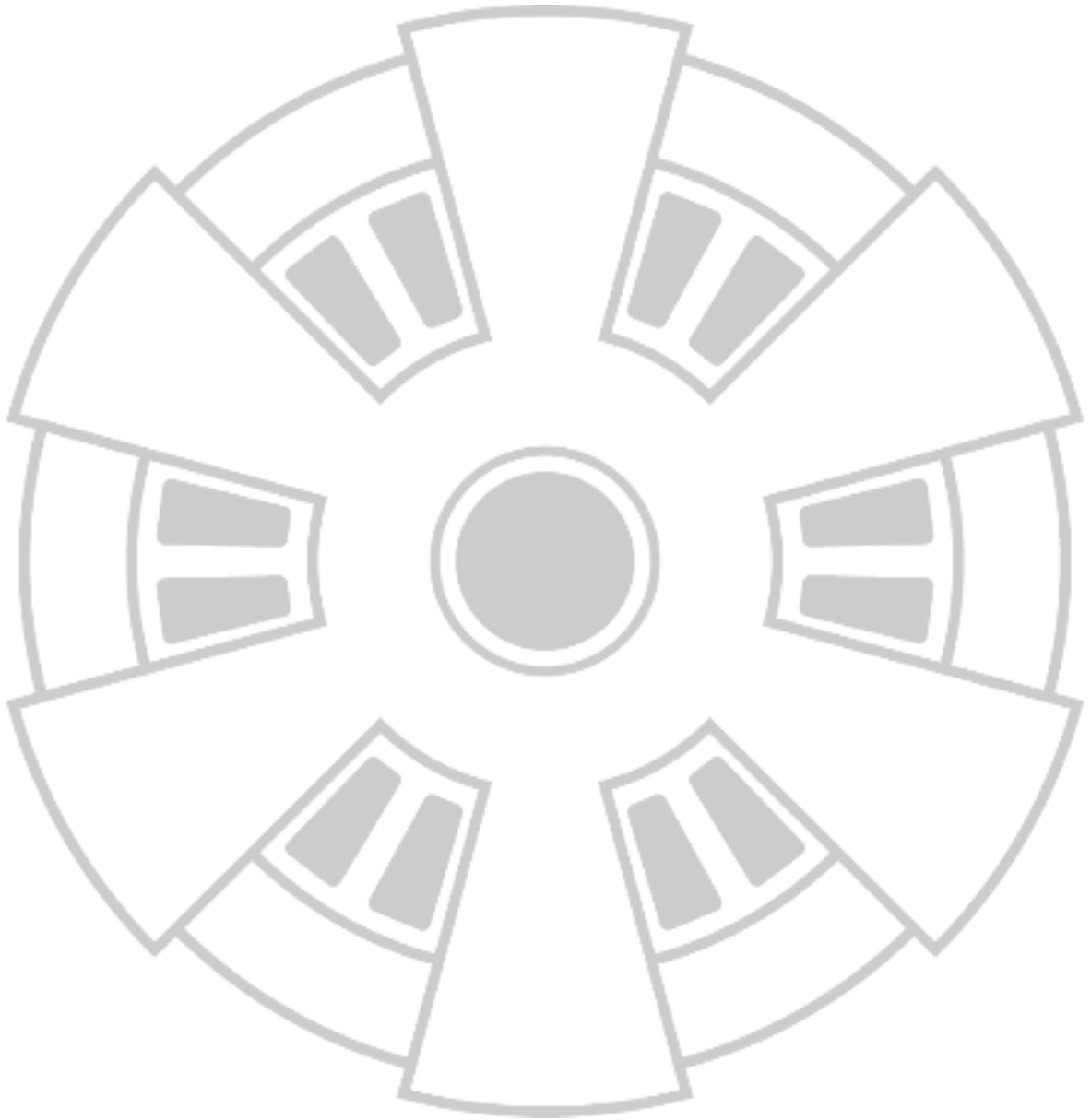


The Mercenary



By Aylin Sajark
14505

Ankira Irr was overlooking a promenade where people were on their way home or to their nightshift. She took another glance at the data she had gotten from G!gggle\$. She had no idea how she had been found by her, but the pay was too good to pass. The message was short. It said that she needed help taking out Chelsie "CC" Crimson in the Lyra Colony, in an attempt to win favours. It didn't matter to her which favours this G!gggle\$ wanted to win, she enjoyed the promising challenge and payment.

She went back inside the cantina. It was slowly getting busier and people were moving around to find a table to enjoy their drinks. A quick question round earlier revealed that Crimson enjoyed to spend her time drinking here most of the days. Ankira hoped today was such a day too.

Sure enough a small group entered the cantina and went to the bar, ordering their drinks. It was quite obvious that Chelsie Crimson was one of them, still wearing her black and red armour. When they had their drinks they walked off to find a place to sit, only to find her blocking the way.

Chelsie looked her over before she shook her head slightly, "What is a scrawny mando like you doing here?"

"I'm here for you," said Ankira evenly, not moving a muscle as the two companions got ready to defend their leader.

"Me?" Chelsie let out a chuckle and waved them down, "Did you bump your head to many times?"

People in the cantina started to get curious and took a look at the scene unfolding in the cantina. Ankira glanced around the cantina and then stared back at her.

"Meet me here, in 10 minutes," she pushed a data chip in Chelsie's chest and left. Pushing past the two companions.

"Are you going to take on this?" She heard one of the companions ask Chelsie.

"Of course, I'm going to teach that mando a lesson," Chelsie replied.

Ankira was resting against a crate outside on a training field and was idly checking her Westar when she heard footsteps approaching.

"You got nerve to set the fight here at my training field," Chelsie said with a smirk on her face.

Ankira took a few steps towards Chelsie and rested her Westar at her side. "Perhaps."

Chelsie mirrored her action. The two comrades had followed to see the fight and stood a little off to the side of the field.

“Ready to eat dust, mando?”

“You first.”

As soon as the words left her lips they both exploded into action and shot at each other, narrowly missing each other. Ankira drew her other Westar and started to shoot with both of them at the evading Chelsie.

Chelsie returned fire and rolled behind a crate for cover and motioned to her comrades for a second blaster.

When one was tossed towards Chelsie, it got shot from the air by her, which earned a few strong words. It only made the grin grew bigger on her face. She wasn't intending on giving her much more time to cover behind the crate and ran around it only to be met with more shots at her. Quickly she dived for cover and returned shots at Chelsie.

The smirk on Chelsie's face had turned into one of determination. The longer the battle went on, the more annoyed it seemed she became with Ankira. Ankira on the other hand was enjoying the fight, Chelsie promised the challenge she had hoped it to be. But it was time to get this fight to an end as ammo was getting low.

Ankira came running out of her cover and jumped over Chelsie's cover, twisting in the air and shooting down at her. Chelsie was faster and jumped up, ramming a fist up in her gut. A shot of pain ran through her and she stumbled back onto the ground, losing her blasters. Chelsie stalked like a predator at her, fists ready.

Ankira kicked herself up and Chelsie quickly followed in. Kicking towards her side and trying to go for her head with her fists. Ankira blocked and returned the hits. For a short while it only looked as if fists and feet were traded between each other. Until suddenly Chelsie stumbled back. Fear and disbelief was written all over her face as she dropped to her knees.

Blood glinted from a knife on Ankira's vambrace as she took a step towards Chelsie.

“I enjoyed our fight, but it ends here.” With a swift move she slit Chelsie's throat and watched her topple over.

The two comrades of Chelsie stood there, disbelieving that their leader was no more. In a rage one of them started to shoot at Ankira. Quickly rolling out of the way she picked up her Westar and shot at him, quickly ending his life. The other started to run in panic.

Picking up her other Westar she holstered them both and dusted herself off a bit as she walked away from the training field.

