

Lyra Colony

The streets were silent this time of night, the only sounds were those of two sets of footsteps echoing from the buildings around. One came from a dark haired man of average height, the other from a looming figure adorned in a breathing mask. The second of these figures stood a good six inches above the first, and whilst the darker haired man walked with assured steps the second almost appeared to have an uneasy gait, that coupled with the hacking coughing that escaped the mans lungs gave the impression of someone close to death.

Out of sight and prowling along the back streets a great beast followed the pair, following some beacon only it could sense. The odd light reflected against it's steely gaze and fanged maw. At one point a local drunk was sure he saw the beasts tail whip around a corner and ran to see, but it was gone long before he managed to stumble his way there.

"You should really get a doctor to check those lungs out," Bentre muttered as Kojiro hacked again. "No good to the Clan dead."

A steely silence followed his words and it took the Consul of Naga Sadow some moments to realise the second pair of footsteps had stopped behind him. Kojiro had frozen in place, his head raised and fixed intently on a spot some three hundred yards down the road.

"Wha..."

Kojiro simply raised a hand to silence as he closed his eyes and let the Force flow out from him. Something felt wrong. He opened his eyes again and looked down the road before them. Whilst where they had come from lights had been on in the buildings and shadows of the occupants danced across the men's vision something seemed oddly quiet down this part. Lights were on but Kojiro felt little in the way of movement...or even residents. He knew his ability to sense others wasn't the greatest but this just felt off.

"Nothing, let us proceed."

And they did. Kojiro had slowed his pace down to allow the Consul to proceed and as Bentre approached a darkened building he felt something grab him, lift him and hurl him sideways through the closed window of a building to his right. Kojiro had felt something was wrong and reached out with the Force, lifting the Consul and hurled him through the window just as the buildings to the left exploded outwards.

Debris showered the Keibatsu but as he had held back only shards of rubble struck him and those larger pieces he swept to the side with the Force but a few sharp segments of glass and duracrete still found their ways into his flesh. Pain raced through his nervous system but as it did the pain relief from his implants flooded into his system causing the Clone to feel light headed and struggle to stand. As he steadied himself a barrage of blaster fire soared his way

and he could do little but dive to the side and hope. As he hit the ground a second explosion ripped through the air as the building he had moments before thrown the Consul for safety ignited in its own blazing inferno.

“Well...sithspit,” Kojiro muttered as he pushed himself up. The sword at his sword scraping free from its scabbard. He had a choice, check on the Consul or go after the assassin. He chose the latter. A thought went out through the Force as he lurched towards the location that the blaster bolts originated from and somewhere close by a monstrous form picked up speed and raced towards the scene. “Where are you...there!” Kojiro felt the would be assailant through the smoke before he saw her.

His sword raised with a practised ease and with a few well timed deflections he heard the familiar surprised grunt of someone hit by their own weapon. The Clone stalked towards his prey and as he did so the sound of pain turned into the sound of panic as a guttural snarling met his ears. As he approached he saw the form of the would be assassin pinned to the floor by the weird and power of the Sith hound that had its fangs inches from womans face. It was a Nautolan and from what the Clone could see the deflected bolts had struck her arm and at least two had punctured her thoracic cavity, potentially puncturing her left lung. This diagnosis was confirmed moments later when the woman began wheezing and struggling for breath before calming down.

“You sound like crap,” the Clone mused as he let out his own chest burning cough.

“No...better than you by the sounds of it scum,” the woman replied. The hound snapped in her face understanding quite well the tone of the womans voice. “Get this over with. Kill me already.”

“I want your name first, those who die need to give their name,” Kojiro squatted before the woman and observed her. For an alien she was rather pretty. It would be a shame for such a potential specimen to die before he could work on her, but her injuries made her a flawed experiment. What to do.

“I’m not telling you my name, I’ll die knowing my mission is complete and your precious leader died by my hand,” she let out a hacking cough.

“Tell me your name,” Kojiro wasn’t in the mood for hard cases and thus applied his will via the Force.

“Ghafa Ordam,” she replied without a second thought. The look of disgust that crossed her face almost amused the Keibatsu.

“Well Ghafa, I am afraid you are wrong on the front of being by your hand. If I hadn’t put him through that window your plan would have failed. But luckily it likely did as I can still feel him in there. But I’ll get to that later as it’s an unimportant factor,” a confused look crossed the woman’s face and she began to question him but he held up a hand to silence her. “It matters not because I care little for the leaders of this supposed Clan. I do things as I want and my want is you to live as I want to enjoy a more even grounded conflict with you later.”

Before the woman could respond the Tuk’ata moved back, knocking the woman’s blasters away with its paws as it did so. Kojiro knelt beside her and began rummaging in his kit bag finally finding his medical supplies and setting to work to do what he could.

“Who knows maybe you and I could even work together, I did appreciate your work with the bombs though you were a bit clumsy in the setup. But the chaos you caused was almost beautiful,” he worked in silence for a few minutes. His hands working as quick as they could patching the woman up. “There, that should temporarily do. I am going to go down there and do my supposed duty to this organization I found myself trapped in. You are free to shoot me in the back as I walk away or you can leave.”

And he did, Kojiro repacked his kit, stood and walked towards the wreckage of the destroyed building. His pet followed behind. Neither of them glanced back. Ghafa rose, collected her weapons and conflicted she resheathed them. Something caught her eye as she moved away and she stooped to pick it up. It was a card as she looked it over she realised it contained the details of the man she had just encountered. The woman moved to toss it, thought again and pocketed it before disappearing into the night.

It didn’t take long for Brotherhood forces to arrive on the scene to assist in the recovery of the Consul. When Bentre was pulled free he was confirmed alive if albeit unconscious with a severe burn ratio and numerous broken bones. He’d live but that wasn’t Kojiro’s concern or where his thoughts were. No, they rested elsewhere and the possibilities of what the collective could offer.