

Kalan Amak #13802 (It's Drac, yo!)

Multi Fiction Prompt #3

### ***Lyra Colony – Office of the Governor***

#### ***Essaga Sector***

#### ***37 ABY***

Kalan Amak stared out the window of the governor's office at the smoldering ruins of the city below. Smoke from burning buildings mixed with raging fires cast a strange orange glow throughout the office. Seated in the chairs behind him were Declan Roark, Val Cole, and Montresor, the assembled leadership of Clan Vizsla all in one place. Kalan ran his fingers over the grip of the Westar blaster at his hip. If the Governor truly believed the Iron Forces were responsible for the attack on Lyra, then all four men were in danger. Declan had brought Kalan along to overwatch the meeting and to protect the three leaders as they negotiated a contract to provide protection to the Lyran population.

"He's keeping us waiting." Declan Roark grumbled. "Be on your guard, Amak."

Kalan turned and moved to a new position at the back of the room. From here he could see the moment the Governor and his head of security entered the office. If either brandished a weapon they would be dead before they crossed the threshold.

Val Cole turned his helmet over in his hands, "What's the plan, boss?"

"We capitalize on the governor's fear. Scared leaders make quick decisions, especially when it comes to their own personal security. There's a lot of credits to be made during war. The governor will pay anything to ensure he remains in power and, more importantly, alive."

The corners of Declan's mouth turned up into a slight smile.

"The Grandmaster of the Brotherhood won't take well to us profiting off what is happening. He'll expect us to come to the aid of the Iron Forces." Val mused while continuing to turn his helmet over in his hands.

"The hell with Mav," Montresor quipped. "We are part of the Brotherhood for fame and fortune. Not to serve as their lackeys."

Kalan stood sentinel over the discussion, listening but not speaking. He still had to prove himself to Roark and the rest of Vizsla. *I'll get my chance soon enough*, he thought as the men continued to plan and scheme the best methods of credit farming in the wake of the disaster raging outside.

The sound of the door panel opening immediately silenced Roark, Cole, and Montresor. Kalan readied his weapon.

A tall, gangly man with slicked back black hair entered the room, flanked by a woman with sand colored hair who was armed with a blaster rifle. The woman's weapon immediately trained on Kalan, who raised his weapon in response.

"Now, now, there is no reason for hostility, Governor." Declan Roark said calmly, still leaning back in his chair.

Jar'deon Blazio's eyes narrowed. "You have an armed man standing in my office and you claim there is no reason for hostility?"

"Just a precaution," Roark replied. "You can never be too careful in times like these. Amak, lower your weapon and go stand by the window."

Kalan hesitated, and then slowly holstered his pistol. "As you wish." He moved to the window, never taking his eyes off the woman with the rifle.

Jar'deon took a seat at his desk and motioned for the woman to take position next to her. "Do not lower your weapon, Amara. Not until I am certain these—bounty hunters—will not be a problem."

"Your house, your rules, Governor." Roark smiled coolly. "Now. What can we do to assist you?"

Jar'deon Blazio stared skeptically at the three men seated across from him. "Assist? You are part of the force attacking us! You are members of the Brotherhood. Why should I not have you killed here and now?!"

Roark laughed. "Governor. We hold no allegiance to anything other than credits. Highest bidder wins our support. You are speaking to one of the few clan leaders who is willing to do anything and everything to protect you, your people, and your interests. Anything and everything at a cost, that is."

Cole stopped turning his helmet and addressed Blazio: "We have men staged on the outskirts of the city. Say the word, and we can begin the evacuation of Lyra's citizens, as well as begin hunting down those responsible for this atrocity."

"Clan Vizsla is full of men and women who possess unique sets of skills. We have Trackers. Mercenaries. Assassins. Pilots. Former members of the Brotherhood's Council. In short, we are your best hope for survival and swift justice."

"And how much would this survival and swift justice cost me?"

"That can be negotiated. We see our partnership as mutually beneficial. In exchange for access to your planet's computers and resources, your unwavering support, and of course a healthy amount of credits, we will ensure you continue to serve as governor to a colony populated with living people." Blazio said nothing, so Roark continued. "Think of it, Governor. The man who brought down those responsible for this vile and unprovoked attack on your planet. You might even be named Senator one day."

Jar'deon's eyes flashed and a small smile appeared on his face, disappearing as quickly as it had come.

"I'm willing to listen to what you have to offer. But not with your hired gun standing watch. Send him out and we'll talk."

Roark smiled again. "Indeed. If you will agree to remove your head of security as well. We are all unarmed, and it isn't like we are going to choke you to death with our minds."

Jar'deon frowned, then nodded. "Amara. Wait outside with the hired muscle."

Amara Cirrus scowled, but lowered her rifle and stepped outside. Kalan followed, making eye contact with Declan. A look from his Consul was all he needed to know what he was expected to do. He stepped across the threshold and the door slid closed with a soft hiss.

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Amara Cirrus paced back and forth outside the Governor's office. She was not comfortable with leaving Blazio alone with the Vizsla leadership. She stopped every so often to glare at the door, and then at Kalan, who was leaning against the wall, his foot on his helmet and wearing an extremely bored expression on his face.

After what seemed like an hour, she walked up to Kalan, and stopped well within stabbing distance. Kalan did not move, but angled his head and opened his eyes a bit wider in a clearly sarcastic anticipation of whatever she had to say.

"It's despicable what you and your friends are doing. Taking advantage of us while we are at our most vulnerable."

Kalan simply stared at her. "Credits are credits, lady. And I'm not doing anything except making certain this wall doesn't fall over. What's it to you how we are reciprocated for our services, anyway? You should be grateful. We're going out on a limb offering you protection."

"Out on a limb, bah. I don't trust you. You are members of the Brotherhood. You are part of the force that attacked us."

"How can we be attacking you if we are here?" Kalan quipped. "You think our own people would continue to assault this place if they knew we were here? We are part of the Brotherhood for our own gain. You heard what Roark said. For the right price? Anyone can be bought."

"Not me."

Kalan rolled his eyes. "Well, aren't you just the picture of loyalty?"

"You're just a hired gun. Nothing more than a murderer for hire." Amara spat on the ground in front of him.

"And proud of it, lady. Now, if you're done lecturing me on ethics, I'm going to go back to holding this wall up." Kalan leaned his head back against the wall and closed his eyes.

Amara turned and walked to the end of the hall, leaning against the sill of a large window and looking out on the orange, smoke hazed skyline.

Kalan cracked one eye and watched Amara Cirrus as she gazed over the destruction that was the Lyra colony. "Women and their feelings. I'll never get it." Kalan reached into one of the pouches on his belt and pulled out a small data pad. On it he saw reports from the Brotherhood and Clan Vizsla communications networks. The rest of the Brotherhood was actively trying to figure out who was responsible for the surprise attack on the system. The Vizsla traffic was mostly discussions about who had the most money, fastest ship, or where you could get the best roasted porg.

There would be money soon enough for all of them to buy the best ships and eat every damn porg in the system soon. Declan's plan was coming to fruition. While he worked a guaranteed contract with Lyra, Kalan was to tap into the security system to attempt to identify who the attackers were. If it indeed was not the Brotherhood, Kalan was to contact the Dark Council to offer aid against the Collective forces. Double payment for doing one job. If it was the Brotherhood, then at least they were getting paid no matter what.

Kalan opened the top of his data pad and pulled out a wire with a dataport connector. He crossed the hall to a terminal and plugged in. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that Amara was still distracted by the scene outside.

*It's sad, really. But don't worry, sweet cheeks. You'll pay us, we'll save the day, and you can go back to your normal moody, brooding self.*

Kalan turned back to the data pad. Images were streaming onto the screen. Ships clad in Brotherhood colors were attacking civilian settlements, space stations, and government facilities. It seemed that no matter what, this was a well-planned attack. It couldn't have been the Brotherhood, though. Vizsla monitored every single communications platform used by the Iron Forces. Even the GM's communications were monitored. If something was planned, Vizsla would know.

And then he saw it.

The symbol of Clan Arcona, emblazoned on the side of an iron grey ship attacking the Thuvis shipyard. He'd found it. Complete and total proof that the Brotherhood was not behind the attacks.

Quickly, he pulled the connector from the data port and tapped out a rapid message to his contact on the Dark Council. Then he moved back to his position along the wall, just as Amara Cirrus turned around.

The door to the governor's office opened with a hiss, and Declan Roark, Val Cole, and Montresor stepped into the hallway.

"Thank you for agreeing to our terms, Governor. I think our partnership will be most beneficial to both parties."

Blazio scowled, and beckoned Amara to enter the office, the door closing rapidly behind him.

The four men moved towards the lift at the other end of the hall.

"Well?" Roark asked quickly.

"It isn't the Brotherhood, sir." Kalan said, holding out the data pad.

"How do you know?"

“Look at this ship. See the symbol on it? That’s the symbol for Clan Arcona. The thing is, the ship is iron gray. Arcona ships are all painted in that ludicrous rainbow color. One hundred percent of their ships, even the freighters and the garbage trawlers. That is not one of their carriers. Sir, the Collective is behind the attack.”

Roark smiled the same sly smile he made when a large number of credits was on the table in a Sabaac game. “Did you contact your friend on the Council?”

“I did, sir.”

“Excellent. It looks like we’ll all be getting paid well for this little Collective stunt, boys!”

The lift opened, and the four Vizslans stepped inside, a sense of purpose in each of them as they prepared for their next big payday.