

Zig had some things to work through. Sometimes, that meant simply letting go of your fears, your emotions, and just ***letting loose on some shadow-spawn creatures***.

The engine to her Flare-S Swoop purred like a hunting cat as it idled on the streets of Celeste, just outside the “fancy” district. Now that she was in the more...financially stable part of the subterranean city, she oddly felt less concerned for her surroundings. The people here were well off enough to have insurance, she was sure. She had already made her way through the smaller residential area, and had been much more careful in how she worked. Now? It was time to go huntin’. If only Sera was there to join her. Alas, the Zabracki huntress was occupied elsewhere with her team.

That just meant more for Zig.

Clad from head to toe in her modified beskar armor, Zig rolled her shoulders and cracked her neck from side to side. The visored helm sported two Zygerrian-ear shaped protrusions instead of the conventional radio or targeting reticles. She had other ways of tracking things. Kaliska tapped a button on her vambrace-clad gauntlet and tapped into her Swoop’s sensor bubble scanners

It had taken her sometime, but the Scavenger had been able to use data from the previous campaign against these shadow creatures, and modify the scanners to detect their unique signature. It wasn’t one-hundred-percent accurate, but it gave her a rough idea of when something big and nast was up ahead. The sensors tied into the HUD of her visor, which she made a quick motion gesture to slide to the left side of her vision.

“Go time,” Zig’s modulated voice intoned. She tapped another button and patched a playlist labeled *Monster Mashin* and let the first song fill her helmet. A staccato percussion triggered a flurry of energetic string strumming, the pulse of the song causing her to tap her foot against the pedal of the Swoop. She made another hand gesture and slid the compressed playlist to the right of her vision. Once the lyrics joined the hard rock tones, she knew she was ready.

***When I get high-I get high on speed
Top fuel funny speeder’s A drug for me!***

The Zygerrian revved the throttle and kicked the speeder into full gear. *Kaylee’s* custom paint job blurred into a clash of crimson color, dashes of dandelion and some strokes of sapphire crafted into intricate patterns and jagged lines. The local theater whizzed past her on the left, and the augmented reality overlay of a map of the city let her take the turn up ahead smooth and tightly, like a tiger. Right into a long stretch of side alley. The music continued,

My heart, my heart!

Thanks to her sensors, she knew that one of the beasts would be waiting for her. Sure enough, the creature unfurled from a crouch and rose to its full, lumbering height. It was a big’in, that

was for sure. Taller than Alaisy by at least a meter, but much less appealing to look at. Black ichor dripped from its version of fangs, arms spreading out in an ursine fashion.

Always got the cops Coming after me...

Without taking her hand off the throttle, Zig casually lifted her left arm and fired off a wrist-rocket from her vambrace. The projectile crashed into the creatures belly, smoke and ichor fusing as the detonation matched the beasts roar. As she burst through the smoke and came out behind it, the armored Zygerrian slammed on her e-break and slid into a sideways drift before rounding out to face the monsters back.

Custom built bike doing '103...

"You looking for a tilly?" Zig drawled, slipping into the backwater accent she tended to use when drunk or in the heat of a fistfight at a bar. "Let's go!" Zig shouted as she activated her jetpack and flew up into the air.

Ooh, yeah!

Kickstart my heart, Give it a start!

The bear-like shadow beast whipped its head around, just in time for Zig's Purge Electrobaton to smash into its gnarled muzzle. The static discharge rolled through the beasts face and down into its neck, causing it to rear back. It swiped blindly with its sickle-like claws but missed the hovering, swerving Zygerrian.

Say I got trouble, Trouble in my eyes

Kaliska darted in again, both hands gripping the baton as she put the full weight of her shoulders and her propelled motion into the next swing. This one sent the shadow-bear's head jerking back violently with a meaty **thwack!** It staggered backwards and somehow managed to stay on its feet. For now.

I'm just looking for Another good time

Zig avoided another flurry of angry bear swipes, steering herself right in front of the creature's ugly face. She sheathed the baton and with a grin behind her visor shoved her right vambrace into the monster's face. A cone of concentrated flame lashed out, the flames cackling and dancing with ochre delight as they engulfed the monsters shadowy flesh. Whatever...matter the creature's strange body consisted of began to *crackle*, *hiss*, and then *pop*. It began to waver.

Oh, yeah, baby Oh, yeah

Zig balled her fists, static discharge shrouding the shock boxing gloves with energy. She landed back down on the ground at the monsters feet, planted, and then burst upward again with a boost from her jetpack. Her right fist thrust upwards towards the monsters jaw with a vicious

uppercut that had enough torque and force to send the creature teetering backwards until it fell to the alleyway floor with a deafening *crash*. It twitched a few times, but then seemed to give up its fight. The body started to dissolve into the strange ichor they had encountered at the Selenian temple.

Kickstart my heart Hope it never stops

Zig flew back to her swoop bike and settled back into the seat. She scooted over towards the remains of the wilting creature and scooped up some of its blood as a sample. Alaisy would know what to do with it, hopefully.

Zig still had some things to work through. For now, she definitely felt better, though. The armored Zygerrian revved the throttle and took off to the streets, adding one more shadow beast to her tally board.