

A Grimm Reality

The jungles of Myrkyr were dense and alive with the call of the wilds. The desired one was nothing more than a blip on a scanner. A coordinate that seemingly possessed the answers that both Clan Odan Urr and Clan Plagueis sought and were desperate to obtain.

It didn't matter much to Grimm as the spikes of his pauldrons sliced through the foliage in unison with his customized arbir blades. His slices were deliberate which left the vegetation to lay in a seemingly natural state, his tracking abilities just as sharp as the deception he used to cover his tracks. A job was a job, and though retirement was always just out of reach, he couldn't pass up just one more adventure. One more boon to his credit account or one more story to elevate his already prestigious name.

His footsteps, despite his size, were delicate as he traversed the terrain. He was always very careful to not leave any lasting traces of his presence, an ever present train of thought for a beast-hunter turned man-hunter. Opening up a few clicks to the north, the Okami followed a game trail that ran adjacent to the edge of a cliff. A vantage point that allowed his eyes to soak in the location of what created the pinging on his scanner. While he was not surprised to see a hollow, cleared away by excavation attempts, he was surprised to see a familiar specimen kneeling at the mouth of a bore hole.

She was a rather large creature with hair pulled back tightly into a tail. The flesh of her left eye socket was replaced by a glowing metal contraption and her Cape flicked straight back against the wind blowing in from the west. It was enough for the Okami to see the impeccable uniform often hidden by the fluttering garment.

She's the head, to kill the body, I'll need to take her first. Grimm's lip twitched beneath his fanged helmet upon seeing two guards shift from around the corner of a broken down stone structure. They maneuvered into a formation behind their leader as she rose up. She towered over her two guards and her build was even more solid than the mandalorian perceived as he made his way down the cliff with the grace of a Vornskr taking to the trees.

I was never one for sneaking into a fight. Grimm chuckled to himself, standing strong as his feet met with the ground below. He loved a good fight, his honor demanded it, face to face.

The hunt was over, now it was time to seize the prey. Stalking forward, he no longer covered his tracks but released a sharp whistle that caused the guards to turn.

"Hey!" one of the guards shouted before looking to the skies as a shriek rained from the heavens. A slurry of flapping wings and feathers covered his face and the screams of agony creased the Consul's lips. Blood streamed from mauled sockets as the guard pawed his face, feeling the gloopy remains of what were once his eyes. Grimm closed the gap, using his hawk as a distraction to produce the time he would need to make a hasty advance.

As the mandalorian berserker ran in, he planted his foot on the fallen tree separating him from the Plagueis soldiers he launched himself forward amid a volley of blaster fire. Bolts pinged off of his beskar'gam and as he feet were reintroduced with the terrain, he spun, guiding the bladed edge of his weapon through the throat of the bloodied, panic stricken warrior.

A head thudded at the feet of the other guard which caused him to backpedal, but the bull-rush caught up with him. His body nearly folded in half as Grimm's shoulder drove into his sternum, grounding him. He screamed as the sole of the mandalorian's boot became the only thing he could see before everything faded to black.

Grimm roared as he felt the pop and crunch of bone beneath his boot, wiping it in the grass as his visor locked onto the Consul. She was standing there, unmoved, arms folded across her chest. Ordinarily, when someone witnessed Grimm's prowess, there was a brief moment of praise. Ronovi? she was not impressed.

"Odan-Urr has resorted to hiring mercs now?" She broke her silence.

"I am Okami, Plagueian." Grimm's voice was muffled within his helmet.

"Okami, Odanite, makes no difference. You will fall just the same," she snarled, "you're interrupting important work, you also made a mess of my guards." She pointed to their remains.

"I suggest getting better guards."

"They're merely for image, I don't need them," her face contorted into a smirk as her hands slid to an elongated metal cylinder strapped to her waist.

"We'll see about that," Grimm replied, activating two orange plasma blades that gave the illusion that his skeletal weapons were breathing fire.

Ronovi snarled and two blue blades screamed to life and with a whirl, she fanned them towards her enemy.

Grimm growled and caught the forward blade and parried it to the left, but the back blade followed and stabbed forward. The Mando slid back and batted it away with his offhand. Just like that, a battle raged on. Crackles of energy filled the jungles of Myrkr as the two leviathan's embraced battle. Ronovi was quick for her size and carried herself with a level of pride that told Grimm she was always ready for a brawl, but so was he. He grit his teeth and pressed forward, not allowing his adversary to gain an offensive advantage. As she stabbed in once more, the Okami allowed the blade to spark off of his armor and he retaliated with his own form of anger and determination, a determination that would help him guide the blade of his dominant arbir blade into Ronovi's upper thigh.

She growled and twisted her body away, instinctively reaching out with her left hand as she rested her weapon behind her back with the other.

Grimm grumbled as he felt a force smash into him, pinning him to the fallen tree he used as a springboard in his opening volley. He fought himself forward, but his eyes grew wide as the hulking woman rotated her palm and a current could be seen crackling between her fingers. Instantly, fingers of lightning slithered from her hand and began to fry the Reaver's armor. The targeting reticle in his helm began to go haywire but for the time being, his shock resistant Beskar was insulating him from the charge. He pushed onward to Ronovi's dismay but she became distracted by a shouting voice over her comm-link. In that instant, her world froze and the hissing engines of a low flying shuttle grew louder and louder.

Grimm shifted his eyes towards the vessel and braced himself as it fired several shots into the ground in front of him, blowing him back several meters. Ronovi growled.

"We aren't finished, mando!" Ronovi shouted, using the force to propel herself to the lowering ramp of the hovering shuttle. Like a phantom, she disappeared inside and the ship ascended in a flash.

"Grimm, Grimm!" hissed a voice that rang in the human's ears.

"Urok?" the mando grumbled, assessing the minimal damage to his person. He was rattled but for the most part, unharmed.

"Aura Ta'var hasss obtained the desssired one."

"Great," the Okami sighed and his head thumped against the ground. "This is great news," sarcasm oozed from his words feigned enthusiasm. "Glad I could be of service."