

A full out street war had erupted down below. Shard was hovering in a shuttle with a few of her men about 20 metres above the scene. She was called in to assist the local police and possibly take over to give them a break. She jumped down below, followed by her squad. The police were exhausted and not nearly as prepared as they were. The troopers had armour more properly equipped given the circumstances. Though she didn't have what she normally did with her, she made do with her basic necessities.

She carried a small bag of poppers that would barely take out a droid wave, but it would be more than enough for what they were tasked to do. The opposing side had more people on it than her squad, but she was able to drop quite a few in a matter of seconds. She relayed orders to her men almost as quickly as she had fired her pistol. They curtly nodded and split off into squads of two to three people. They were able to corner a rather large group of them. Shard looked one dead in the eye after taking off her helmet and said with a snarl, "Who do you think you are?"

The one she had pinned up against the wall struggled against her vice-like grip. His comrades attempted to go after her but her men held them back, shoving them roughly against the nearest brick wall. They looked at Shard and her men with wide scared eyes. The one Shard had in her hands swallowed hard and stammered, "We-we're merely doing our job ma'am."

"Who hired you? Who are you working for?" she snarled at him.

"I can't say."

Shard dropped him and signalled her men to do the same. She didn't say another word as she let one blaster bolt into his chest and watched him crumple to the ground motionless. She backed up a few steps and finished off all but one. She whipped around to face him, her men guarding the alley so they wouldn't be disturbed, and said, "Consider this a warning. I'm here to finish what you idiots started and I will hear none of this again. Am I clear?"

He looked at her defiantly, holding his head up high, "I take orders from no one. I'm here to do a job and I will finish it."

"And I'm sure your boss is one hell of a guy considering he isn't man enough to come fight himself."

"You disrespect him, you disrespect all of us."

"Respect never existed in the first place since you're here," she spat back.

"Like I said before, I'm here on his orders. I don't listen to girls," he smirked at her and she back handed him, making his mouth bleed.

"Sir, was that necessary?" her captain, Coric, said.

"No it wasn't. But it was fun," she smiled at him.

She turned back to the thug who was still looking smug. He had a pistol in his hand behind his back and pulled it out, shooting Shard in the shoulder. She screeched in pain, the fire in her eyes prominent.

“Consider that a warning miss,” he smirked.

“I could end your life right now if you so choose,” Coric said in a sickly sweet tone to the man. He glared at Coric and spat, “You won’t do anything. You’re not man enough to.”

Coric looked at Shard with a begging look. She shook her head, “We have a fight to finish, this little twat can wait.”

He nodded and took his squad back to the streets where the police had sent in a few reinforcements. They had turned their blasters to stun and rapid fired, knocking them to the ground. It gave the police a chance to put all of them in binders. The commander in chief approached Shard and thanked her and her men for their help. He explained how that particular group was a “crime legend” as he quoted.

Shard gave her last condolences as she ordered her men to load up the shuttle. She took one last look at the ripped up street. She knew that not far away there were others that needed her help. She vowed that she would return to aid those who needed it.