

Snowblind: Support

Law and Order:

Jor'ana was sitting on the *Nightfall Prism II* when the holocom flashed, the projector displayed the logo of the local bounty hunting guild and a high priority marker, she jumped from her chair and slid down the stairs to find her cousin, this was something they would both need to see. Edema was outside training with KayCee, her cybernetics had been giving her some grief so, after some adjustments, she was doing a few training routines with her droid. The Sephi heard her cousin yelling as she almost flew down the open ramp

"Urgent message from the Guild E, just came through"

Edema rolled her eyes as her cousin stood there breathing heavily

"Catch your breath my dear then we can go see what they have to tell us"

Edema nodded to her droid who promptly went to do other tasks. The pair walked back into the ship and climbed up to the bridge and the waiting holocom message.

Edema punched a code into the unit and her guild ID and registry flashed up, authorizing access to the message. They were both taken aback by the size of the message, this was no ordinary bounty or mercenary contract offering. The message had a voice file attached to it along with a large list of bounties connected to a specific job, the recording was clearly made by one of the guilds but its mechanical voice was clear and concise.

"My ladies, law and order has broken down in the city of Celeste. Local authorities are no longer able to maintain peace in the city and a large crime gang has taken over much of the city's streets. The constabulary has put together a rather generous package that includes bounties on the heads of this gang as well as a contract to, as they put it, clear up the streets of Celeste. The contract has been offered exclusively to our Arconan clients and your names were the first ones to appear on our system. Should you wish to accept the contract, simply enter your guild code into the unit, have a pleasant day"

The Droid was not kidding, there were a dozen names of high profile targets wanted DoA, the fee was the same for either option, plus there was a sizable chunk of credits being offered to "clean up the streets". Edema punched in her code to accept the contract and turned to Jor

"Looks like we are gonna become Law Women, lets go clean up the town"

The *Nightfall Prism II* thundered over the dark city, power was out everywhere, no wonder the local authorities were having such a hard time dealing with this mess. The Ship landed in the center of the blackened plaza, all around them were clear signs of the gang that now controlled these streets, but not for long, removing scum would make a nice relaxing change from the

recent tough jobs they had been given, heck it may even be fun. Jor'ana went to the armory, she would be needing something a little different for this job, going through the various weapons her cousin had available, she picked a nice F-11D, a good sturdy carbine, it would be perfect for the close quarters combat they would bound to get embroiled in. Armed to the teeth, the pair, along with Pred and KayCee departed the shuttle, Number One was left behind to keep a close photoreceptor on the local area.

Walking across the plaza they could see gang signs sprayed on walls, the Aurebesh denoted them as belonging to the Phantom Dragons. The pair looked at each other and then to their droids, KayCee shrugged, or at least the closest he could get to a shrug.

"I have not heard of these mistress, however the name correlates to the one listed on the contract"

The droid held out a guild puck and the hologram flashed into life, the readout showed the targets names and in the sub text it referred to them as the Dragons, aka Phantom Dragons. He deactivated the puck and replaced it onto his belt.

"It seems like these are the scum we have been sent to dispose of mistress"

The Droid unslung his blaster, had he been able to make a facial expression, you would see he was ready for this, it had been far too long since he had been able to carry out his combat programming and he was looking forward to this.

The foursome left the plaza and began to patrol the streets. There was no one around, but they could hear noises in the distance, cries and the sounds of laughter and blaster fire, perhaps their first customers. Seeing a pair of heavily armed and armored Mandalorians walking the streets accompanied by a pair of lethal looking military droids, would probably cause the terrorized populace to run for cover, that was fine, it would reduce the chance of collateral damage. Closing onto the sounds they turned a corner, the sight that they witnessed boiled their blood. A dozen gangers were surrounding two females, both of whom had been stripped of clothing and were clearly terrified. The HUD of Edema's helmet flashed up, two of these individuals were on the wanted list, this was excellent news. For this engagement they decided to go for an overt approach, more subtle tactics could be used on other engagements, granted a pair of heavily armored mercenaries walking into a street was bound to attract at least some attention. Jor'ana activated her helmet's external speaker system.

"Joknar Rand and Korven Slipe, give yourselves up and this will go much better for all of you"

Neither of the Mandalorians thought this would happen, but it's nice on occasion to at least appear to be the "good guys". The laughter and blaster fire quickly answered their question. The team split up, Edema and Pred took Joknar and the few suicidal fools that were attempting to protect him, Jor and KayCee took on Korven and the rest of the idiots.

Pred shot forward, what he lacked in armament he made up for in the desire to tear apart fleshbags, blaster fire ricochet off his armour but most were wild and inaccurate shots, the sight of the menacing black droid with its red glowing photoreceptors would make anyone pause, especially when it was hurtling its way towards you. Edema made use of the distraction and dispatched the first two gang members with her wrist blaster, to her left she heard a blood curdling scream as Pred tore the arms off the first of his unlucky prey, his other manipulators having punched through the man's upper chest, lifting him into the air. After all this time Edema thought she would be used to her psychotic droid, but his mechanical sounds of malicious joy still sent a shudder through her. Two more fell victim to cryoban darts and her murderous droid and then they were left with Joknar.

Across the street, KayCee and Jor'ana were having fun with their targets, blaster fire pattered harmlessly off their armour, none of it was particularly dangerous, cheap blasters and even cheaper gas, unfortunately for the gang members the incoming fire was significantly more lethal and they dropped like sand flies, Like her cousin, they were left facing a gun toting but shaking Korven, Jor took one look at the pitiful fool and put a blaster round through his chest, making sure to capture the kill on her armours recording system.

Joknar was significantly more of a cocky target, he had some surplus imperial armour on his upper body and a pair of blaster pistols.

"You Stupid fools, do you have any idea who I am? I am Joknar and I own these streets, they are mine, how dare you try and muscle your way onto my tur...."

His tirade was cut short by a blaster round to the forehead and Edema gave a short response

"Shut up you pathetic windbag"

With their targets eliminated they turned to the two women who were huddled in cover, their faces covered in tears. Jor'ana approached them and removed her helmet, she knelt and spoke to the two.

"It's ok now, you're safe, do you have somewhere you can do where you will be safe and hidden?"

The two women nodded, got to their feet and ran towards a nearby apartment block.

The Arconan's continued their roaming of the city. They made their presence and intent known to the free civilians that they encountered, with luck word would get around on both sides of the conflict, Justice had arrived and it was wearing Beskar'gam. They were approaching another one of the plaza's when suddenly both of their force senses lit up like warning beacons, ahead was something bad, perhaps a trap or ambush of some kind, surely the gang couldn't have organized themselves this fast? They sent Pred on ahead to scout the area, his sensor package would give him the ability to locate anyone planning something. The droid floated into the air

and made its way towards the large open area, its black armour making him blend into the darkness, normally his photoreceptors would give him away but he lowered their power output, his sensor package gave him more than enough information anyway. Floating above the plaza he picked out three groups of fleshthings, two groups of four were trying to take hidden positions on either side of the plaza, the third group made up of six individuals, milled around in the open plaza area, clearly these meatthings were some kind of distraction, he shot back to report to his mistress.

The information gathered by the droid called for a more, unusual approach to this engagement. This would require the force and their skills at stealth and illusion, it had been a while since Edema had needed to force an illusion into the minds of so many, but it was a simple image and should be well within her ability. The group split, the droids would function as part of the illusion, there was no way either sephi could hide them so it made sense to incorporate them into the plan. Edema took the left group and Jor the right and the pair of Equites vanished from sight. The gang members and mercenaries in the middle of the plaza looked bored as they paced around, knowing that they were the bait probably didn't make it any more fun for them, either side of the plaza the two ambush groups were jittery, they had been told their targets would be here by now, the lack of action was making them nervous and jumpy. Suddenly they heard a noise on the plaza, two droids emerged from the gloom flanked by the Mandalorians they had been told about, the ambush teams knew they had to wait until the decoy team had them in the perfect position. The two mandalorians walked calmly into the plaza as if they had no worries or idea what was going to happen to them, one of the mercs at the rear of the right hand party took a look over his chosen cover when he felt a tap on his shoulder, turning around he came face-to-face with one of the very Mandalorians he was supposed to kill, his brain had no time to wonder how or what was happening, it was too late. The Illusion vanished and on both sides of the plaza, lightsabers and blasters activated. Edema gave the man a light slap on his face as she plunged one of her blades into the man next to her, her other blade arcing around as it decapitated the three others in the party, she looked at the man before her, he had clearly soiled himself based on the puddle near his feet.

“Don't worry my dear, i have use for you”

With that she clubbed him over the head with her saber hilt, knocking him out.

On the other side of the plaza, Jor'ana had met with equal lack of resistance, surprise had been their ally in this situation and on top of that, the “bait” group had surrendered to KayCee, Pred however was itching to disembowel at least one of them, perhaps it was the sight of the not yet dried blood on the droids chassis and manipulators that helped the mercs in their decision to surrender, who knows. The two Sephi, Edema dragging her unconscious prisoner behind her, made their way to where the droids had their prisoners. Their weapons had been piled on the ground and they all sat on the ground as if awaiting their fate. Edema looked at her cousin and she simply nodded, on any other occasion they would have been merciful, but this was their home and no one threatens family. The Dark Side surged around the two Force Disciples and Pred needed no more encouragement, when it was over the ground was covered in blood, Pred

was dripping in gore and had six decapitated heads hanging from his main body, the two Arconans felt good, allowing the Dark Side of the Force out for a change was exhilarating and the merciless slaughter of these prisoners was delightful. Still fueled by the dark energy, they turned their attentions to the surviving member of the ambush teams, he was awake and fully aware of what just happened to his comrades, blood splashed across her armour, Edema approached him and knelt before him, reaching out with a bloody glove, she stroked his chin, leaving a line of red in its wake.

“Now my good friend, you are going to be a good boy now aren't you? You are going to tell us where we can find the rest of your little band of savages and your leaders, aren't you?”

The mercenary was very vocal, at least until he died, his life extinguished by the Force strangling the very essence from him. The location of the leaders of this petty little band of scumbags was in the city hall, they had made it their base of operations and “seat of power”. This called for a less than subtle approach.

The party made their way back to their ship and set off towards where the city hall was located. As they flew, Edema sent a quick message of apology to the clan summit, apologizing in advance for what they were about to do. The ship flew low and over the building. Making enough noise that the scumbags inside would know something was happening, the ship hovered close to the front entrance, they almost decided to offer them an ultimatum until on the upper landing emerged the head honcho himself waving a blaster and hurling expletives, it didn't take a linguistics expert to decipher he wanted them to get the frack off his property, the burst of blasterfire from various windows further compounded the response. The return fire from the *Nightfall Prism II* was dramatic to say the least, heavy laser cannon fire punched through the upper floors like they were made from flimsi and turned the former gang leader into red decoration across the rubble. Laser fire raked across the upper and lower floors, demolishing the building and decimating those stupid enough to use it as their base, what felt like an eternity passed but it was mere moments and the building was a shattered hulk, Edema pressed a button on the console before her and a cluster of missiles emerged from the ship's concealed launcher, further demolishing the rubble, nothing could have survived the onslaught, the missiles would have seen to that. They turned the ship around and left the scene, the remains of the building burned in their wake, a shattered husk of its former beauty, but nothing a construction droid or two couldn't fix. The ship headed back to base, they had a report to file and a long discussion to be had with their summit with regards the excessive destruction of property, but it was worth it.