

Port Ol'val
Pride of Corellia
40 ABY

Twin LL-30's screeched as a volley of expertly aimed bolts hit their targets dead between the eyes. The mechanical constructs twitched, jerked, and promptly fell to the floor.

"Boom, no-scope! Did you see that!? Wynning."

"Mhm..."

A beskar spear glistened, whirred, and drove tip-first all the way through the chest of a cybernetic thrall. It flailed, hissed, and then went limp as the woman wielding it twisted and ripped through its chest cavity to free the spear.

Wyndell and Socorra had become a well coordinated sphere of death and destruction, as the Fly On the Wall rogue robot corpses began to pile up around them. Socorra had given up correcting Wyn that they were technically *cyborgs*. Anything at range was gunned down by Wyn's annoyingly sharp marksmanship, and anything close met a frustrated Mandalorian.

The couple *had* been trying to enjoy some quiet time after the events on Selen in their nice, quaint little flat on Port Ol'val. There had always been a comfort to this place for Wyn, and it helped that he could be close to his brother, but more importantly, his niece. Socorra had agreed, but now...

"I told you we could have moved somewhere else."

"Yeah, like Selen? What could possibly go wrong there. Oh. Wait..."

"—And here any better!?"

"But Ol'val is usually—"

The discussion apparently had been going on for quite some time. The smell of burnt ozone and singed metal from energy weapons clashing with cybernetic limbs and flesh alike. While their banter back and forth seemed heated, both were equally focused on defending their neighborhood.

Wyn's nerf-leather jacket was around Socorra's bare shoulders, a halter top and compression leggings the only other clothing she was wearing. Wyn, by contrast, was just wearing a tanktop and his blaster holsters over his boxers. Pants, apparently, had not occurred to him in their knee-jerk reaction to being suddenly under attack.

Their shoulders bumped as they each dispatched another foe. Wyn took a moment to turn, and stared down at Socorra's backside. She turned a moment later, caught his eyes, which were now downcast on her chest and flicked his forehead.

"Eyes up here," she said with a furrowed brow but a quick smirk. It passed quickly back into her warriors visage as she let out a fierce yell and skewered another robot-cyborg-whatever.

The duo continued to dance their makeshift way towards their address of interest. They had already checked the Tyris-Aarave flat, and found it empty, which meant that his brother, niece, and sister-in-law were at their only other haunt on Ol'val.

Now, they stood outside the *Delpin Aarave Apothecary & Clinic*, and were about to enter when the door opened all on its own.

A man stepped out wearing a dark cloak. His ashen hair was evenly parted over a well groomed beard and handsome features that were definitely from the man's "Tyris" side. His eyes, however, gave away his Hapan breeding. Despite the dark circles under them, those eerily blue eyes were sharp as sapphire shards.

"Atyiru went to go help the local Enforcers with evacuation and healing," he explained without preamble. He took quick note of Socorra and Wyn's attire and quickly raised a hand and made a face that said: *don't know, don't care*. "How is it looking out here? I've been monitoring from my terminal inside."

"Well, you know deal with Paladins and Cartel," Socorra drawled. "We're being advised to support one or the other, and to clean up the mess that's become of Ol'val. Intel suggests..."

Marick listened to the Director of the DIA's briefing, but became distracted as he glanced behind Socorra and Wyn and saw some of the bodies. He clued in to familiar details almost immediately, his instincts flaring with visual memory.

"...this is Collective tech," Marick stated, his low, monotonous voice getting a clip of tight-laced aggression to it.

"Yes, seems be old, but the wavelengths and algorithms at play definitely match signatures we've cross referenced with AIN archives. Reek of the Technocratic Guild," Socorra explained.

Marick's expression darkened significantly with grim determination.

"They need someone to lead a strike team down into the bowels of Ol'val," Wyn quoted, checking his earpiece and listening to it. "...get past ancient security measures overtaken by the Collective AI virus, and reboot the Ol'val holonet. Or, you can help the Paladins get the Fly On the Wall rogues under control..."

“Paladins, from what the data file says, would be an interesting change to infrastructure,” Marick shrugged. “But I’ve had my fill working with zealots of any kind,” he continued.

“The Cartel has been here longer than any, and I doubt we’d ever truly rout them. Better, I think, to use this error to bring Fly On the Wall under the Blindman,” he offered. “But, I will leave that decision to the Quaestor. Zig and the Voidbreakers are protecting the ship and helping where they can....”

“Papa?” a small, bright voice called out from inside the doorway.

Kirra Tyris-Aarave poked her head out. She easily recognized the other two and ignored her father. “Aunny Sock! Un-cool Wyn!”

Wyn sighed and knelt down to his niece’s level. “Un-cull, kiddo, not cool. Un-cull Wyn *is* cool!”

Kirra giggled behind her hand and then got a bit more serious. Her messy curls had grown down her waist and framed her round face and unique set of eyes: one from her father, one from her mother, irony notwithstanding on the latter.

“Can you both stay here with her and make sure the clinic stays safe?” Marick asked.

“I mean, sure, but don’t tell me you’re going to try and stop this all by yourself,” Wyn narrowed his eyes.

“Yes,” Marick replied shortly. Then there was a chirp from his shoulder. The BD-unit droid, Biddy, seemed offended. “No, Biddy will tag along as well.”

Socorra and Wyn both sighed. Both knew Marick well enough to know not to stop him. “Okay, just be careful,” Socorra asked of her former Master.

Marick nodded. He knelt down, kissed Kirra on the forehead, and then said, “I need you to protect Aunty Socorra and Uncle Wyn. Can you do that for me while I’m out?”

Kirra nodded her head gravely, as if understanding the huge undertaking and weight of the responsibility being passed on to her. “Yes Papa, I will,” she replied with a determined smile that was so much like her mothers it caused emotions encased in stone deep inside of Marick to crack along the edges, bit by bit.

With that, Marick ruffled her hair, rose, and turned to leave. Wyn and Socorra moved inside with Kirra, and the door closed behind them.

The *Ghost of Port Ol'val* was a moniker Marick had long retired. The time for subterfuge had long since passed, and he was not as young or idealistic as he was when younger. Still, navigating Port Ol'val, crisis or not, was like a casual stroll through a familiar park.

So when two Paladins and two Fly On the Wall cyborgs got in his path as he made his way towards the center of the Ol'val, he did not bother with formality or subtlety.

“You, citizen, step away from—”

“*Ki-ll ki-ll kil-l for John Le—kill—R-r-a-th-kill!—*”

A pair of scintillating, lightsabers scythed cleanly through the speakers necks, removing their respective heads with preternatural precision. Marick Tyris Arconae did not so much as lift a hand as his lightsabers, guided by a splintered but dedicated part of his mind, made a series of follow up strikes—double tapping as always—before moving on to the next. The plasma blades made quick, neat work of the remaining obstacles.

Both lightsabers returned to Marick's sides and hovered protectively on both flanks. He gripped the molded hilt of his dual-phase saber and made sure it was not set to its stun-setting.

While it was true he should value life before death, when it came to anything related to the Collective, and threats to his home, nothing was more serious to the Master Arcanist.