

Flood The Station
Great Hunt VI
First Blood
By Shimrah/Tuuka

Mimic Space Station
Somewhere
41 ABY

Shimrah and Tuuka stepped down the landing ramp of the ATR shuttle and directly into a warzone. Blaster bolts whizzed by and struck the side of the landing shuttle. A fiery burst from his jetpack sent Tuuka flying away from the shuttle and seeking cover behind a stack of crates. Shimrah, on the other hand, pompously strode down the ramp as if nothing could harm him.

The kukri in the Battlelord's waistband began to levitate from its holster, moving with the Sith just above his right shoulder. The blade began to spin, slowly at first, quickly picking up speed as it spun frantically on its axis. Shimrah outstretched a hand as he walked forward and the amethyst kukri shot from its position like a boomerang, removing the arm of one Fero guard and decapitating another before returning to its master's hand.

The Sith put the blade back into its holster and unclipped the double bladed lightsaber from his belt. With a *snap-hiss* each end exploded their crimson plasma blades. At the sight of the lightsaber the lesser trained guards split but the harder, battle hardened Mandalorians redoubled their efforts.

A Mandalorian set Shimrah in his sights and fired a series of shots that were deflected into the ceiling with a twirl of the saber. An outstretched hand from the Sith yanked back and snatched both of the blaster pistols out of the Mandalorian's hands with the Force. He drew the beskad from its sheath, closed the distance and swung at the Sith. Shimrah easily parried the attack, countered with a twirl that left the sword clattering to the floor and the Mando with stumps for hands.

The firefight in this landing bay had died down, Tuuka moved in next to the new Aedile. "Was that really necessary?"

He shrugged at the Mandalorian. "They're replaceable. Plus, " he added, "it'll be a constant reminder of what making us the enemy gets you."

"Damn. That's cold blooded."

Shimrah shrugged again. "The weak get what they deserve. It's the Sith way."

"Haven't you ever considered its not the RIGHT way?" Tuuka shot back.

Shimrah paused for a second to consider the question. "No." He said flatly. "It's the way of the universe. The strong eat the weak to survive. This..." he motioned to the battle scene, "is just dressed up to be more..." he struggled to find the word. "Civilized."

"What if it doesn't have to be? What if we chose to be different? Benevolent?"

Shimrah scoffed. "Don't make me laugh. You've been a pirate, a bounty hunter, you've preyed on the weak."

"That's different!" He shot back. "I didn't leave them with nothing, or kill them, and I most certainly did not chop off their limbs!"

A disgusted look rolled across Shimrah's face. "I wasn't aware your constitution was so limited."

"I do what I have to do when necessary." He defended himself.

"And there we have it. The strong, eating the weak. Being nice about it is a good way to get yourself killed, especially when you start dealing with the other clans."

He was glad his T-visor helmet covered his expression, because he was seething at the fact that he knew the Sith was right. "Enemies can still make potential allies and you'll need allies for your galactic domination." He mocked.

"Let's go. We still have more of the station to clear before Korvis and Juda touch down." Shimrah responded, heading deeper into the space station.