



## Meeting with the Mafia of Scythians

29 OCT 3302

Brom Base

Scythians 1A, Scythians



"This meeting is not advisable sir. This individual, this Shadow Captain from The Dark Armada is not to be trusted. My men tell me he's a dangerous, violent individual. He attacked Harding Bastion today, killing 5 of our people, and wounding 17 others. We..."

The muscular man was silenced mid-sentence by a wave of the hand from the important looking individual who was seated in a large office, with panoramic views of Scythians 1A's landscape stretching off into the horizon.

"Yes, yes, I know all about this CMDR White Shark. Unfortunately for him when this meeting ends, he won't be leaving in one piece. Relax. His arrogance will be his un-doing."

The important looking man straightened his tie, and reached for his glass of whiskey. He watched the door across the room from him which was flanked

either side by two more bodyguards, heavily armed. He knew full well the danger his visitor presented. But he needed to neutralise this threat quick. And quick it will be. His criminal syndicate has flourished in recent weeks. Thanks to external support from a Communist faction, his personal network was booming. He cared not who the support came from. Politics was never his interest. Only money, and power was all that mattered to Capo Hansor. But then, isn't that what politics is about?



The Mafia of Scythians was now a major player in the system, equalling its influence with the dreaded Dark Armada. But of course, no support is ever free. The Communists backed his syndicate on the condition that when the time comes, he would play his part in a war with The Dark Armada. And he would. After all, it wouldn't be him having to sit in the cockpit of a combat ship, and fly into a war zone. Others will take on that "honour".

Hansor looked out of the window from his upper floor office, situated on Scythians 1A, Brom Base and heard the rumble of an approaching vessel. It was a Keelback. His guest had arrived. He was surprised. He would've assumed something more powerful than a Keelback. Hansor took a swig of his whiskey, and slouched back into his leather chair. He pressed a button on his desk, which immediately displayed a hologram in front of him displaying local news. A reporter spoke frantically, from the cockpit of an Asp Scout, looking down on the damaged and burning structures of Harding Bastion. The report suggested this was possibly the result of a feud down to criminal elements. They had no real idea, as usual with the media. He waved his hand in front of the screen, swiping

it across to his personal stock market figures. Commodities the Mafia of Scythians had invested in had dropped. The Dark Armada will pay for this, starting with this Shadow Captain...

The door to the office slid open, and in came a figure, dressed in heavy duty combat clothing, boots, with a hood covering his head, and some sort of gas mask covering his face. Theatrics. Hansor had no time for it. CMDR White Shark was followed in by a 4<sup>th</sup> body guard. The door slid shut.



“Ah, CMDR White Shark, a pleasure to meet you”. He gestured for him to sit.

“Spare me your pleasantries. The only reason I agreed to this meeting, is that I hope you are going to discuss the terms of your surrender.” White Shark said harshly, with a deep, muffled voice.

“Now now, there is no need for that, CMDR. You’re lucky we even asked to meet with you, considering you have carried out an unprovoked attack on our base, killing my men. Who do you think you are?” Hansor said angrily.

White Shark tilted his head slightly.

“Unprovoked? Let me explain something to you. Your criminal gang allies itself with elements from one of our most hated enemies. Then, your ships, piloted by thugs begin to attack Imperial trade ships, and you expect not to face a retaliation?!”

“Our business ventures are no concern of the Empire. We are free to do what we want and...”

White Shark leaned forward, and pointed across the desk, directly at Hansor, cutting him off.

“Oh no you’re not. You are operating within an Imperial system, under direct leadership from The Dark Armada. Know your place, you stupid little man. Lord Mysteron is seething with rage at your actions. You’re lucky we’re currently fighting a war deep within our enemy’s systems. Otherwise, the Shadow Wing would have obliterated every single one of you gangsters, and turned your precious bases into piles of rubble.”

White Shark clenched his fist, as he finished his sentence.

The man sat for a brief moment, opened mouthed, surprised that this fool had the audacity to speak to him in such a way, in his own office, surrounded by 4 bodyguards, who were getting increasingly agitated.

“Considering your current situation, I don’t think you are in any position to raise your voice, and make threats, CMDR. You’re a fool to come here. I’m a reasonable man, and I thought we could discuss this like sensible men, but I guess not.” He said through gritted teeth.

He looked to his bodyguards who pulled out their automatic compact weapons, and moved around White Shark.

“You’re now a prisoner of the Mafia of Scythians, and if your Armada does not back off, we will be forced to send you back to them in pieces. Guards, take him away.”

White Shark leaned back in his chair, not fazed by the threatening situation he was in.

“Before you consider doing something so idiotic, it would interest you to know that in my Keelback’s cargo hold, there is over 30 tons of explosives, rigged to a detonator. Plenty to take out this base, and you with it. If I’m not allowed to leave this base in my ship, it will blow. Only I can disable it. And don’t think about trying to coerce me. I have a fellow CMDR, keeping an eye on the

situation, who is under strict orders to pull the trigger, should I fail to emerge.”

Hansor sat still for a moment, thinking hard, absorbing what he had just been told. Surely not. He knew this Shadow Captain was dangerous, but suicidal? Or just plain psychotic?

“You’re bluffing. You would be killing yourself too.”

White Shark stared back at the man, through the lifeless expression of his mask.

“Death and glory in the void, my insignificant friend. We willingly give our lives to the Empire and The Dark Armada.”

The bodyguards by this point had taken a step back, without realising, and were looking to their boss for an order, or reassurance, they weren’t too sure which one. Capo Hansor leaned back in his chair, and let out a deep sigh.

“My men told me you were dangerous, but not insane. You leave me with little choice. Ok, fine, you are free to go, but I want an assurance from you that you will cease attacking my organisation?!”

“You’re in no position to make demands.” White Shark snapped, as he stood.

“Look, I promise you, and The Dark Armada, that we have no intention of going to war with you. We are simply business men.” Hansor stated reassuringly.

White Shark stared back, motionless. He despised the disgusting lies dribbling from this suited scumbag’s lips. He played along.

“I will report back to Lord Mysteron. He will be pleased to learn this.”

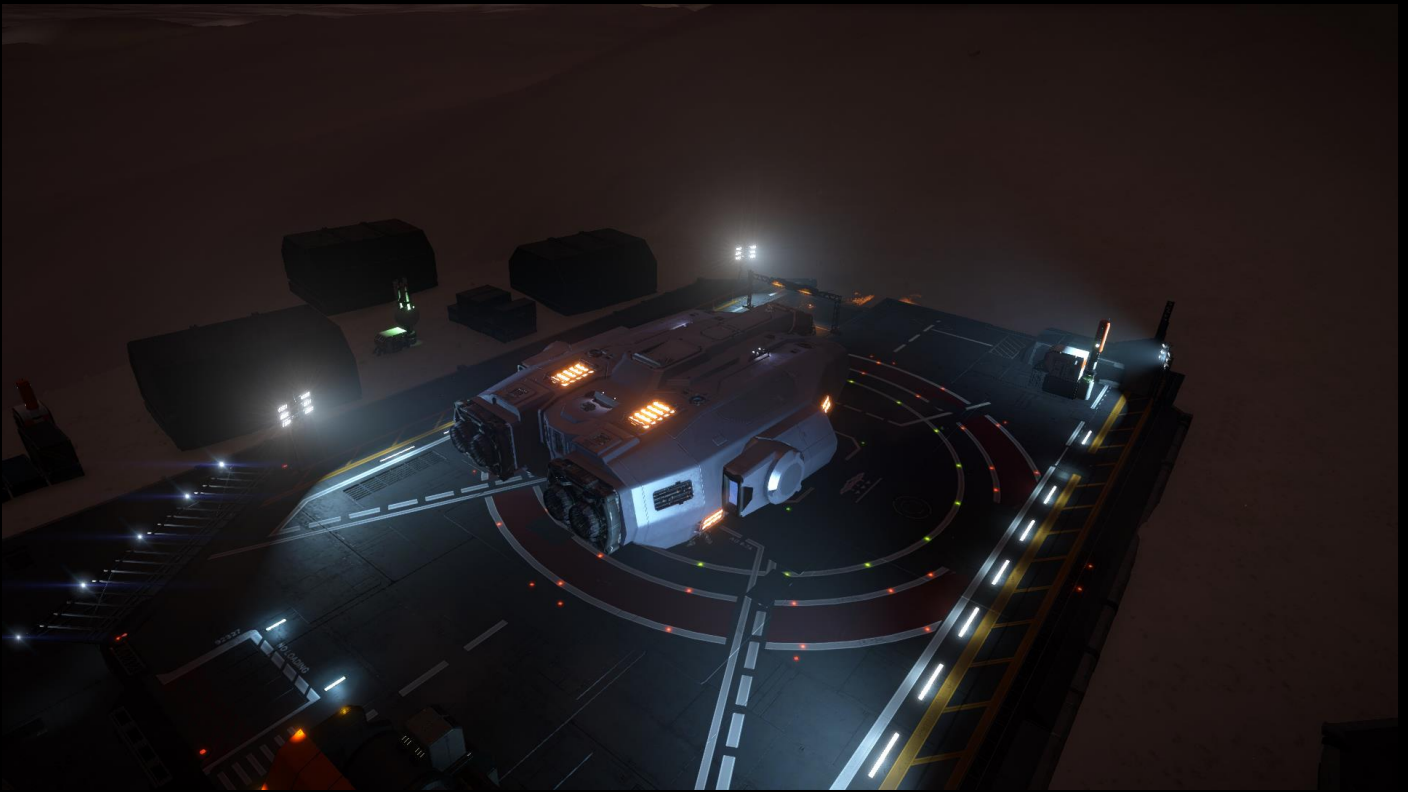
“Ah, excellent, excellent. Why don’t we celebrate and have a drink before you go?” Hansor said as he pulled out a second glass.

“No, that’s ok. I have to go and report in. I have no time to share a drink. You enjoy it, and savour it, every last drop.”

“Suit yourself, CMDR. Goodbye.” The man said as he took a gulp of whiskey.



The door slid open, and White Shark stomped out. Hansor got up and walked to the window, to watch him board his ship, still with glass in hand.



The muscular guard moved to the window alongside his boss.

“What shall we do with him sir?”

Hansor stood for a moment, and continued to drink.

“Wait until he leaves our atmosphere, then order our ships to give chase, and wipe him out. I doubt he will be able to fend off 2 Cobras and a Vulture. Then get our friend from that Communist group on the feed. I need to inform her what has happened here.”

“Yes sir.”

They watched as the Keelback took off, and began to leave the base. It would be the last thing they would ever see.

As White Shark sat in the cockpit, he pulled up a display, with a detonation trigger. Those morons should never have allowed him into their office. Whilst he was sitting across the desk, during one of the exchanges, he had fixed a mine to the underside of the desk with enough explosive to destroy the entire floor.

As he circled around the tower block from a safe distance, he pressed the detonator, and watched as an angry plume of flame ripped through the windows to the office he had just been sitting in minutes ago.



He engaged his hyper drive to a nearby system he had pre-programmed into the ship's FSD before landing and safely jumped away. As he watched the beauty of the hyper drive space phenomenon float by the windows of his cockpit, he pulled up a display and a list of contacts. This would be a blow to the Mafia, and to the Communists. But this was just a single strike. He began to type out a coded message.

*- Meeting has taken place with Mafia of Scythians representative. Meeting over. Non-cooperative individuals. Targets: Brom Base and Harding Bastion. Destroy everything. Kill everyone. -*

More devastation was yet to come...

