

The Fortress of the Unchained

41 ABY

After Evelyn had previously crashed her ship, she fought her way towards working ones that just had dead pilots. It didn't take long for Evelyn to take to the skies again. She and a few others had a goal in mind: take down the Nightmare Machines to gain a winning chance for the Brotherhood. Those remaining from Siren Squadron and several other pilots from other Clans had joined in, a show of unity to shut down the crystal spitting piece of -

"Incoming!" Ka shouted down the comms.

Multiple ships were already swerving left and right to dodge the incoming red fire of blasters. Evelyn yanked her ship to the left and down, coming back up, or so she thought. Her ship was yanked down, to the right. Her stomach spun. All she could do was to focus and attempt to regain control of her ship. Her head spun, trying to make up for the upside down gravity but pushing through her. She succeeded, but was already several seconds too late. Her eyes widened at the rapidly approaching Nightmare Machine. Her hand instinctively reached for the eject button. Evelyn was thrown up and out of the ship, falling out and hitting the ground.

She was alive? What the kark? Her second ship crashed into one of the Nightmare Machines, the explosion blasting through the air above her. Crystals fell onto the ruined ship as the crystal skull caved in.

Without warning, Evelyn turned and vomited on the ground, right on top of a rotting leg. Despite being shot out of her ship, through what should have been a thirty foot drop, the gravity had been her saving grace. With a grimace, she checked her surroundings and wiped her mouth with the back of her arm. There were dead bodies and fallen debris as far as the eye could see. To her right was a solid red wall of crystal. It belonged to the Fortress of the Unchained. She could tell that she needed to press on. There was no point in wasting her time and energy to find a working ship out in the field.

There was a collective gasp and wails from the Brotherhood's army as cheers from the Children of Mortis suddenly chorused through the air. Her eyes darted around to see what they were looking at. Her head shot up and she ignored the pain from her brain rattling in her skull.

The chain. It had cracked.

Her shoulders dropped and she felt heavy. Her breath was stolen from her chest and she held onto it. Should she keep fighting on? For a moment there, she had lost hope. The Brotherhood army roared a rallying yell and the fighting resumed. Groups after groups rushed into the fortress. Steadying herself, she placed her hands on her knees and got up to follow. She unsheathed her electro-sword and activated it, watching for a moment as the blade was engulfed in electricity. Another group had started charging into the fortress and Evelyn joined onto the back of them.

They had to walk over the bodies that were littered everywhere. There was no time to recognize if they were a friend or foe. Each step they took splashed, crossing through the blood of the fallen. One of the forward groups suddenly halted. She moved her sword to her side to avoid any casualties from her own weapon as people pressed together. Her narrowed hues looked at their surroundings. They were about to enter the hallway. She was sure this was going to be one of the many hallways. .

“Something is wrong,” a female voice spoke up.

“... and what is that something?” A male’s voice responded, exasperated.

“I-I’m not sure, it was a vision-”

“Oh kark off, visions aren’t always true.” He shoved through the group and took a step towards the hallway. The hallway lit up, red and white burning into the watching crowd’s eyes. The roar of the fire shrieked down the hallway. No one had time to warn anyone, surging to get the kriff out of the way as much as possible. The male who shrugged the woman’s vision off was burned beyond recognition as his melted body crumbled to the ground. His comrades went to his side but not Evelyn. She safely sheathed the sword and squeezed through a few people, she looked down in the hallway. The flames were licking the ceiling and the red crystal walls. The smell of burnt flesh, singed hair and burning bodies was pungent. Her eyes gazed down to the floor and watched as a flame danced on a trail of blood. She could feel the heat radiating from the hallway and engulfing her face.

“Incendiary mine,” her voice sounded impassive, “We need to find another way. Unless you want to wait fifteen minutes.” Whoever stepped on that mine was long gone. It was too dangerous to continue on an ongoing burning hallway. White phosphorus loves oxygen and she had no idea how long this hallway goes on for, Nor if there were anymore mines planted.

“We don’t have fifteen minu-”

“Then let’s continue on.” Evelyn turned around, back the way they came to find another way, with several others from the group following.

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The silver-eyed male took a deep breath. He was getting too old for this. His gaze scanned across the slain enemies he had slain. He made sure they weren’t moving. Being an Enchani had its perks. That was not the case today. Every single one here he had fought and believed they were all dying for the greater good. Fools. It was sickening. Only the Father can provide the greater good they seek. Kalmen didn’t look at his soldiers. It disgusted him to see some of his men laid dead on the field. Did he not train them? Did he not teach them?

Their death was their own fault, and he had nothing to do with it. As they slayed the last of the enemies in the area, it seemed another group had arrived. With a weary sigh, he tilted his head for his Flamesparkers to continue to do what they do best.

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Evelyn's sharp green gaze scanned the room. Flamesparkers. And they were charging towards them. Among them was a heavily hooded cloaked figure. The cloaked figure currently had his green lightsaber activated. She braced herself as a Flamespaker attempted to strike her down. She brought her baton up to block the attack, the entire baton vibrating under the blow. Her arms felt pins and needles. With a grit of her teeth, she lifted her leg and kicked at the enemy's chest. One of the males she was traveling with had sliced the Flamesparker's head off with his blue lightsaber. Evelyn saw an incoming attack on the ally and swirled the staff around and smacked the helmet of the attacker. The distraction was enough for her ally to get out of the way and retaliate.

Evelyn watched as the Flamesparker made no movement towards her. There was a sharp hit at her back as she fell forward, her hands tightened the grip on her baton. She landed on one of the deceased bodies below her, not having time to pay attention to it as she rolled to the left, not knowing what was going to happen. She scrambled to her feet, running out of the way to think of her next step while tossed the baton away. It wouldn't be useful against them. She reached over and grabbed the hilt of her Electro-sword and activated it once more. She rotated, aiming her sword at the hooded figure that was suddenly far too close to her.

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Ah, Poshu mused to himself. So she was better with a sword. Her clumsy posture for the entire battle had been frankly embarrassing. He wouldn't allow her to be a soldier. That was until she pointed the sword at him. Despite his sudden swing to slice her sword in half, she easily slid back and even made a jab towards him. He watched her movements carefully. She wasn't like the others. She was fighting for the so-called greater good, yes, but there was something more. Hidden behind. Poshu needed to fight her more to pull it out. It took longer than Poshu would care to admit for him to finally slice that annoying sword in half.

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Her jaw tightened as she backflipped, still holding on to the sliced sword. She had nothing against a lightsaber. One of the male in her group swung his lightsaber towards the cloaked figure, distracting his attention away from her. She just needed one jab. The poison lacing the sword would take him down. Unwavering emerald hues stared at the hooded figure's silver ones. He spun around, so she stepped forward, blocking his movement by having her forearm hit the hilt of his lightsaber. With a free hand, she punched him across the face. Her ally, who helped her earlier, swung at the hooded male, gave her time to give distance.

Evelyn had no intention of dying on the battlefield. With a quick look around, she saw a blaster on the floor by a dead body. She raised the blaster and aimed, he easily deflected it with his lightsaber. Using it as a distraction, she threw the blaster down and gripped the hilt of her half broken sword. She spun it around and swung it at him. Despite not being able to use a blaster, her pose in wielding the sword was flawless. She dropped to one knee, her toe pointed and ready to move at a moment's notice. The hooded figure stepped forward and swung at her sideways. She rolled back, before leaping forward once more as she attempted to slash at his arm.

The impact was enough to yank his head back and his lower hood. She could see that he was a balding male. He pushed her back. The back of her foot hit something solid and she fell back. The back of her shoulders hit the ground hard and a solid crack from her skull hit the crystals. She gritted her teeth roughly to keep from screaming in pain. Wasting no time, the male raised his saber, aiming to stab straight down through her chest. She froze, heart pounding in her ears as she couldn't move.

A blue blur tackled the cloaked man. He was no longer above her. Evelyn sat up to see a familiar blue skinned female. Her hair was a vibrant sky blue. Her hands were on the hilt of the cloaked man's dual lightsaber. His silver eyes widened in surprise at the sudden appearance of this woman. Evelyn knew who the Chiss was.

"Aketa?"

Was she really alive this whole time? For a moment, the pilot thought her wife was alive. That she hadn't died six years ago in the war at Nancora. Until she observed the blue wisps surrounding the Chiss's body. She got up and watched Aketa's hands go through the lightsaber's hilt and found the kyber crystal, shattering it completely. The dual green beams flickered out of existence. Aketa's red eyes darted to Evelyn and her hand flicked to her, the hilt of the broken sword was thrown at Evelyn's feet. She went for it right away. Broken, but it was still laced with poison.

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Enraged, the Warden flung Aketa back to Chaotic Hells. He tossed the double bladed lightsaber hilt away and unhooked his regular one. Posha was raging yet intrigued. He did not expect to be attacked by the Spirit Avatars in this realm. He assumed they were all going to be targeted by the Brotherhood. He was wrong. With a deep scathing breath, he used the Force to bring Evelyn to him and his hands wrapped around her neck. In a rash movement, he lifted her up and slammed her down to the ground.

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With a rallying wail of pain and determination, she plunged the half broken sword into his chest. He stopped moving. She heard him exhale but there was no inhale. She watched his bright

silver hues slowly fade into dullness and nothingness. His body went limp. She wasn't sure if that was the poison working its way in his system or was he dead. Her hands were shaking but with the last strength she was able to muster, she plunged the sword deeper in. The gravity helped as his body started to feel heavier, she pushed him off to the side. She felt sick. She never watched anyone's life leave their eyes before.

Her head was spinning. She raised her arm and started to aggressively rub her eyes with the back of her hand and tried to see again. Everything was too blurry. Her hand reached out and touched the coldness of the crystal walls. Pressed against it, she slowly got up and onto her feet.

'Keep moving.' Aketa's voice seemed to whisper to her.

With a deep breath, she took a step only to trip over a corpse. A defeated groan escaped from her lips. Hands forced herself up so her back rested against the wall. The wall was smeared with her blood. Everything was starting to feel heavy. Pain was slowly fading away. Loud chaotic noises from the battle nearby became a hushed whisper. Everyone always talked about Death's cold grasp.

'I'm coming home, Aketa.' She didn't know if her wife could hear her yet.

Death's embrace wasn't frigid. Instead it was warm. A beautiful, heavy, warm and alluring blanket. Everything became serene and quiet. It was still. Her breathing slowed and she stopped fighting to keep her eyelids open. Her muscles relaxed.

She felt a familiar soft hand rested on her cheek.

'Vah are nah tsaco, ch'eo ch'acah,' Aketa demanded. Evelyn's lips curved into a smile. Her late wife was always a bit bossy. The warm comfort of Aketa's hand faded away. Evelyn felt two massive fingers pressed against her neck. The pilot took a deep breath and the fingers snapped away. Everything was painful again. Her body trembled slightly while her eyelids opened to see a familiar pair of unblinking red hues stared at her.

"Stay awake, Wyvern," Foxen's hands went to work to wrap and patch her up the best he can in short amount of time. Evelyn grimaced but did not complain to him or pushed him away.

"I got better," murmured the pilot.

"Good. Stay awake, soldier." Evelyn's tired eyes glanced over to behind him and she saw that Foxen had few people with him. And a familiar face. His world. His everything.

"Okay," Evelyn promised. She felt something cold pressed into her hands, it was one of the blasters off of a dead body nearby. She watched him get up and leave with the rest of the group. In this particular room, everything was still and quiet.