The warrior stood motionless, staring at the planet below him. He watched as small orange lights emerged in various places on the surface almost like a virus casting spots across a petri dish. His comparison to the seemingly devastating explosions being witnessed not just by himself, but by hundreds of Mandalorians along the ship, was with its similarities. Both killed indiscriminately, a perverse sense of justice which was rare in a galaxy such as this.

This world had always been something of a fascination to the warrior. How billions of people could make do in the dark underbelly of a city that covered the entire expanse of a planet made him feel sickly on the inside. It was much different to the forested landscape of his homeworld and the simple items that he lived on to survive whilst there. Where he came from, there was little political scheming and cases of dishonourable cruelty that beings inflicted on each other; there was only brotherhood, like a chain that was strengthened in battle and made more complex all the time in between.

"Commander." Mumbled a voice behind him, the tone concealed with a communication unit which was standard for all *Beskar'gam* helmets.

"What is it?" Replied the sage-coloured veteran, crossing his arms. He continued to face the carnage below him, noting how other destroyers in the fleet prepared for their own bombardments.

"Most anti-air installations have been disabled by our initial attack. Mandalore himself is ordering all Protector units to launch within the hour."

The shorter Mandalorian did not wait for his superior to speak. Instead, he quickly scurried off, no doubt because of all the preparations that needed to be done and what little time he had left to achieve them.

Grunting in passive amusement, Commander Kalon Dane Beviin turned from the observation window. He scanned the interior of the bridge with his deep hazel eyes, the trademark customised helmet he usually wore was tucked beneath his left armpit, creating minor clanking noises as it came into contact with his chest armour when the Mandalorian began to walk down the gangway. The Commander knew his team were already in the process of entering the shuttles down on the hangar deck and so wasted little time to pick up his blaster rifle and *beskad*, using the strap to sling the weapon across his shoulder and in turn place the knife in his belt holster.

Several years had passed since he had won the duel against the Dark Jedi Knight on Dxun, the duel having lasted many hours and pushing him to the absolute limit of his special forces training. Even though victory was his, it was not without its price. The deep lightsaber scar that ran across his forehead and down the left side of his face was an intimidating sight, he could still feel the burning as if it had been given to him only yesterday. Forever it would remind him of his

greatest triumph. Reminded of the memory, Kalon patted the lightsaber resting besides his *beskad*, dried blood of its previous owner caking the surface.

The trip down to the shuttles was silent. Anyone who crossed his path just nodded silently, a clear indication of the respect and honour he held amongst his fellow Mandalorians. Mandalore himself had taken note of Kalon's abilities, hence why he now led one of the most elite Protector squads into combat.

The hangar bay was mostly empty. A large number of the fighters had been deployed to combat all resistance being encountered by the planet's defending fleet. The only vehicles left were massive transports equipped for the main forces to land along with smaller shuttles. One of which Kalon recognised as being used by his squad. He could tell this by the large onyx-armoured warrior leaning between the ramp and the landing gear. Walking over, the Commander watched as he straightened up, no doubt because he noticed Kalon coming.

"Commander!" Said the buffed Mandalorian, holding out his arm towards Kalon. It was quickly taken in a warrior clasp, the noise of their armour interacting resonated across the empty space.

"Skip the pleasantries, Lieutenant Fal'aner." Replied Kalon, a grin appearing on the edges of his face. He had participated in almost a hundred battles over the years, and most of the time it was with his second in command by his side.

"Of course, you crazy *di'kut*." Chuckled the older soldier, his visor notably containing a tint of crimson.

Kalon continued to grin, placing his helmet over his head as he entered the dim red-lit interior of the shuttle. In the seating racks to his left and right were six warriors. All with basic green armour with the Mandalorian Protector iconography inscribed upon them. He heard Fal'aner enter behind him, pressing the red button which in turn caused the ramp to slowly close. The unmistakable sound of the seals pressurising upon the ramps closure was a noise that Kalon liked, it reminding him of his time as a starfighter pilot in his younger days.

"My brothers." Began the Mandalorian, waiting until Fal'aner had sat down before continuing. "Our objective is simple. We will be 'landing' on the roof of a security tower in the Northern facade of the industrial sector B2-X."

Kalon took hold of the railing above him with one hand, feeling the shuttle suddenly kick as it left the deck of the ship below them and made its way out of the hangar.

"Our job is to make our way down the side of the tower and get to the forges located nearby. Once there, we will plant explosive detonators on the key support columns of each forge and relocate at the border of city sector D4-AF where we will join Captain Dar'gam's squad."

The Commander almost lost his footing when the shuttle suddenly rocked violently, a result from the pilot's sharp angle of atmospheric entry which was considered crazy by even Mandalorian standards. It seemed like several minutes before a gruff voice came over the intercom.

"Commander. Twenty seconds to jump."

Understanding what this meant, Kalon looked to his men, all of which were staring at him silently beneath their darkened visors.

"Unbuckle and prep your jetpack." Ordered the veteran, watching as his squad stood up and knocked on each other's pack to ensure they were fitted right. Turning around, he allowed a shorter Mandalorian to do it to him before he returned the favour.

Just as everyone came back ready, the red light turned to a pure green, signalling that the time to commence with the mission was now. The Commander went to the red button, slamming it and allowing the first slivers of light to seep through into the darkened bay as the ramp opened up.

Wind began to slam into the Mandalorian warriors, the feeling numbed with their armour and protective clothing worn underneath. The orange-tinted blue sky seemed pretty clear, except for several large clouds around the area. Small flashes of bright light indicated that the space battle above the planet was still going on, but not as badly as it had been the past several hours.

"Mandalorian duty!" Said Kalon, taking a step forward. He was joined by his squad, all seven of them ready to jump feet first into hell with him, such as they had done many times before.

"Mandalorian might!" Roared the assembled warriors, finishing the ancient warcry before joining their Commander as he stepped off of the ramp and plummeted downwards.

The increased rush of air against his visor and clothing was an odd sensation. Perhaps on a natural level, the unlikeliness of what was happening made it feel as such on his body. It wasn't Kalon's first jetpack drop, but the last time he had partook in one was during the Yuuzhan Vong war, where he had jumped from the Mandalorian Motors tower during one skirmish.

An altitude meter in the top lefthand corner of his visor told him that he was now one-thousand metres up. He could see the sizeable tower beneath him, along with the great, dull forges smoking uncontrollably to the east side of him. In the distance all around he could see other skyscrapers and tight packs of tall buildings that made up the surrounding city sectors. Focusing his mind back onto the task and not the scenery, the warrior noticed that he was now at nine-hundred metres, the top of the tower only a couple of hundred metres below him.

Quickly activating his jetpack and setting it to full burner, Kalon righted himself. The fact that he had waited until so late to activate his pack meant that he hit the roof of the security tower with enough force to make his body give way on impact, falling awkwardly to the side as he failed to

remain on his feet. Thankfully, the burner had saved his life, the resulting bruises nothing but a minor hindrance.

The Commander quickly dumped the pack on top of the building, noting that he had used the majority of the fuel already, and because he no longer needed it it was an unnecessary amount of dead weight which would slow him down in the coming operation. Kalon approached the eastern side of the building as his comrades now hit the roof. Setting up the wire and clipping it to the roof took only a few seconds, leaving him time to lean against the railings and watch his fellow Mandalorians also dump their jetpacks and set up either side of him.

"Looked like you had a hard landing, sir." Noted one of warriors, the blue set of jaig eyes on his helmet set him apart from his peers.

"It happens to the best of us, Sergeant." Replied Kalon, waiting until Fal'aner gave him the all clear. "Remember, these wires are only going to be able to take us down half way. Watch your corners and look for the stairs. Let's not put our faith in turbo lifts."

"Yes, Commander." Confirmed the Mandalorians, all of them slowly releasing their grip on the wires, causing them to slide down the side of the tower, blaster rifles in hand.

For Kalon, he found 'walking' down the side of a building to be a bit of a nuisance. The blood would rush instantly to his head if he did it incorrectly and so he would have to adopt a crouching position. This made him feel rather unprotected as he could not see directly below him very well, meaning an enemy might spot them without his awareness and as such the whole mission would be over before it begun.

It wasn't too long before Kalon reached the end of the wire, his comrades formed a line across the floor and looked at him, awaiting orders. The veteran accessed the building's schematics with his wrist-mounted datapad. Intelligence on the mission had been good, the building had not exactly been classified material on a military level and so it wasn't hard for the experts to get a hold of all building information, routes and schedules which related to the operation. This greatly helped out the Supercommandos on the ground. Kalon being one of them.

"Looks like we're on the forty-ninth floor." The Commander reached into his belt satchel and pulled out a pen like device. Upon this act, all of the squad did the same. Pressing the pen against the window, Kalon drew a large circle in the window. The 'ink' was actually a form of acid which bit through the glass like a lightsaber through flesh. This made the window a point of access for the warriors on the outside without making too much noise, stealth being a key part of the mission until they were out of the tower and at the first forge.

A gentle push caused the now separated piece of glass to fall inwards, hitting the floor rather with a thud, causing the nearly perfect circle to crack and shatter. With the door now present, Kalon jumped through the gap in the window, quickly regaining himself before he could slip back

out again. He unclipped himself from the wire in seconds before dropping to one knee and raising his rifle, taking a view of his surroundings.

He had known that the room he was jumping into was empty, an instinctive check that even the most pathetic of races would have done beforehand. In the window slide next to him came the jaig eyed warrior he had conversed with on the roof. The Sergeant quickly moved up to the door on the for side of the room and dropped to one knee. It was an office, a desk and several shelves made up the entirety of the otherwise dull space. Several uninteresting portraits and a couple of cheap metal chairs were also to be found tucked both in front and behind the desk.

Although this room was clear, the Mandalorian's keen hearing could pick up minor struggles both sides of him. No doubt the other rooms had been occupied and so the Protectors had adapted to use the element of surprise a window entry had to offer. Either way, the Commander was not at all concerned by the struggle. Each warrior could easily handle a dozen men in close-quarter combat, and he doubted there would be that many hostiles in such a small space similar to this office.

"What do you see, Sergeant Atin'dar?" Asked the Commander, moving over to the other side of the door where the shorter warrior was peering through a small opening, a result of twisting the handle and pushed the door ever so slightly.

"A corridor, seemingly running the expanse of the floor." Began the Sergeant, his eyes trained to pick even the smallest fraction of detail from what little view he had of the building's interior. "There are rooms running the surface on the opposite side of the corridor. They look like identical offices but I can't tell as the doors are shut. There seems to be a two elevators further along and what appears to be a metallic door which must lead to a stairwell."

"What about targets?" Inquired Kalon, keeping his rifle pointed at the door just in case an unsuspecting hostile entered from the Protector's blind spots.

"Nothing." Answered Atin'dar, getting ready to move back a little when he suddenly froze and went back to look through the door. "No...wait. Two hostiles have just came from one of the elevators. Republic uniforms with standard-issue weapons and equipment. It looks like they have their backs to us.

The Commander nodded, using a hand gesture to indicate that they should eliminate the infantrymen. The faintest trace of violence from the other offices had faded, it seeming that his men had killed the targets they had fought with. Or so he believed. No alarm had been raised yet if it was otherwise, which put any sliver of doubt in his mind at ease.

The Mandalorian veteran watched as his Sergeant silently opened the door, peeking his head left to made sure that the corridor was completely empty besides from the two confirmed Republic soldiers.

With it all clear to move, Atin'dar entered the corridor, slinging his blaster rifle over his shoulder and unsheathing his *beskad*. Kalon followed him, doing exactly the same thing. The fact that they were wearing heavy armour meant that they could not get too close to their enemy undetected. Throwing their *beskade* at the troopers would have been one option, but the Commander didn't want to risk his aim or that of his Sergeant's being faulty. That would spill disaster for not only himself, but for the entire squad.

"Atin'dar. I'll take the one on the left." Said Kalon, switching his squad-comm unit on. He had waited until now for doing so as it was protocol for the entire unit to maintain communication silence until broken by the squad-leader. Everything that would be said on the encrypted channel would still be vague, just in case enemy hackers had managed to gain access and would be on the lookout for any information. They were amongst the first Mandalorians planet-side, a fact that they were going to try to use to their advantage.

Luckily the Republic didn't know that any warriors had made it on the ground yet, but this didn't mean they should forsake any protocol, they needed to stick to the rules that had been drilled into them through years of intense training along with experience gained in the fires of battle.

"Affirmative." Replied the Mandalorian, readying himself as the pair approached the fifteen metre mark.

In an almost synchronised move, both warriors broke into a run. Before both troopers could turn around, the Protectors were upon them. The force of the three-hundred kilogram wall of beskar slamming into lightly-armoured plastisteel maimed the Republic men and forced them to the ground. Kalon pinned his troopers head to the ground and forced his beskad into the man's upper back. The force of the stab penetrated the soldier's armour, biting cleanly into his soft flesh, producing little blood which had been the reason Kalon had aimed his attack there. No doubt the sight of a pool of fresh blood on a metallic surface would cause the alarm to be raised. The Commander pulled the blade from the now dead soldier, sheathing the stained red weapon back into its holster. Looking across at his Sergeant, he saw him do the same thing. Atin'dor had chosen the upper chest to penetrate with his blade, the position the enemy had fallen upon contact helping him do this.

Regaining his posture, Kalon activated his helmet's commlink once again, choosing the squad channel.

"Targets in the corridor have been neutralised. Everyone regroup out here immediately."

Several replies of brief confirmation came as a response to the Commander's order, just as he expected. The pair in the corridor turned to watch as several office doors opened, all the members of Kalon's squad piling out one by one, closing the doors behind them. Some of them had blood on their gauntlets or chest plate, a result from the hidden battle he had heard earlier.

Automatically, the men formed a line, crouching down to one knee. Two of the warriors took hold of the freshly killed bodies that lay rather pathetically on the cold, metal floor and carefully dragged them into the office they had just come from.

"Corporal Solus'ures. You take point." Ordered Kalon, indicating that the warrior with a red stripe on his left arm go to the front.

"Yes, sir. Stand back ladies and gentlemen." The youngest warrior of the squad mused, raising his rifle and beginning in the direction of the stairwell, the squad not far behind. It was still a long way to go before the first chapter of their mission was complete. But Kalon had no doubt they would all get the job done as effectively as was expected for the most elite of Mandalore's warriors.

The stairwell was rather spacious, easily giving access to the armoured warriors who began the walk down to the ground level far below them. The squad were still using a single file formation with Solus'ures at the front. So far they had climbed several floors down without incident. Most of the employees in the building would probably be at home, thinking of a way to escape the crumbling cities that they had once been so familiar with. Now mostly Republic soldiers remained.

"Wait. Contact." Commed the Corporal. Instantly everyone in the squad dropped to one knee and waited motionlessly. Below them, the sound of footsteps echoed upwards. Kalon guessed there were around five infantrymen below him, most likely a squad on a routine patrol of the tower.

"Let them pass." Said Kalon, leaning forward over the side of the railings. He could just about see the several enemy troopers two or three floors below him. They had reached a door and had opened it, but were now standing and conversing with each other. With luck, the Republic men finished their conversation and disappeared through the door, closing it behind them. If they had taken even seconds more to stop talking, then the Commander would have ordered his men to take them out as they could not afford to waste anymore time.

"Continue on. Keep to the same formation." Grumbled Fal'aner as Kalon nodded the all clear towards him.

Without further incident, the team made it to the ground floor. Waiting at the bottom of the stairwell, Kalon leant against the wall besides the door, Fal'aner in front of him. Arin'dar and Solus'gar were facing in the direction of the stairwell, just in case any unexpected visitors made themselves known.

"See anything, brother?" Asked the Commander, glancing down at the blaster rifle in his hands to make sure that it was all in working order, a precaution before entering into combat.

"Yeah." Replied the Lieutenant, bringing his own weapon to bear as he continued to peer through

the semi-open door, much like their Sergeant had done before. "I count around eight targets guarding the door or at the reception desk. Looks like that's where they've decided to set up their HQ. There could be more hostiles around but it's impossible to tell from here.

Kalon patted Fal'aner on the back in confirmation of his words, now turning to indicate his men form up against the walls either side of the door.

"Weapons ready, looks like we're going to have to go loud. The Lieutenant here will be on point so follow his orders on where to go."

As all the Mandalorians present responded in affirmation, Kalon took a thermal detonator from his belt and handed it over to Fal'aner who spent several seconds looking at it, he then tilted his head, now looking at the Commander.

"A Class-A thermal detonator?" Said the older warrior, turning the deadly silver ball around in his hands. "I heard someone destroyed a one-hundred and two story palace with just one of these."

Kalon looked at Fala'ner, smirking slightly.

"Yeah, Xizor's palace. I want you to use this when we're out of the building. Use your standard grenades to start the attack and hopefully we won't be bogged down with no cover in here."

"You got it."

Kalon watched as Fal'aner took a slightly smaller thermal detonator from his belt, attaching the Class-A grenade to himself in its place. His thumb slid over the red activator, pressing it which caused the dim red glass to light up and beeb. The Mandalorian chuckled as he aimed for the three Republic infantrymen at the desk and threw the explosive with force.

After a couple of seconds, nothing happened. It wasn't until an awful rumble shook the wall and the Commander in turn. The helmets of all warriors present had auto-dampeners to cope with explosions and as such Kalon could not hear much of the initial detonation of the grenade. Within seconds of the shaking subsiding the Lieutenant had opened the door fully and disappeared through, swiftly followed by several Mandalorians. Kalon laughed in excitement, getting up and swerving through the door and into the lobby.

The first thing the Mandalorian Protector noticed was the large crater in the middle of the white, shaded room. The explosion had blown all the electrical lights on the ceiling out, making the lobby darker as the large windows on either side of the door provided all the light. Wooden debris and body parts littered the otherwise bare space. The gathered troopers having not stood a chance against the full brunt of the thermal detonator's force. The shock alone would have killed them.

The remaining five soldiers had turned to face the attack with expressions showing surprise and confusion. A couple of the Republic defenders had been knocked back by the explosion's blast wave, they groaned and struggled to get back up again. Raising his rifle and without breaking stride, Kalon squeezed the trigger of the weapon. Red bolts emerged from the barrel of his weapon and impacting against one of the prone troopers, silencing him forever. From the corner of his eye, the Commander could see Fal'aner take down another guard whilst the warrior on his right did the same to another grounded hostile.

"Behind the support columns!" Yelled the Lieutenant, being the first to reach the convenient cover that fate had provided them. His armour hit the supports with considerable energy, the metallic noise would have been painful for Kalon's ears if it were not for the helmet.

The remaining two Republic soldiers had taken to using the walls of the tower for cover, firing into the lobby from the now smashed window slots. As the Commander reached one of the pillars, he briefly checked his blaster rifle's power level, obviously finding it still pretty full as he had only fired a couple of shots so far. The rest of his squad had joined him now, and were all systematically firing at the last remnants of the defenders. A cut off shriek indicated that another hostile had gone down.

"They are nothing before us!" Roared Fal'aner in delight, a long chuckle spilling from his mouth. Before he could make any further boasts, a blaster shot came across the lobby, hitting the column that Kalon was resting against. Shards of durasteel and granite pinged off of the Commander's helmet as he instantly flicked his head to face the location that the shot had been fired from.

He could see several dozen Republic troopers spilling from the elevators, the stairwell and the side corridors in the lobby. It appeared that the explosion had alerted all hostiles in the building as well as raising the alarm for others around the complex. This was to be expected, but it surprised Kalon how quickly they had readied themselves to respond to the threat. He could tell his warriors had noticed the enemy as well and had now brought rifles up to bear.

"No!" Yelled the Mandalorian Commander, signalling his comrades into the direction of the building's entrance. "Fall back and regroup outside. Fal'aner, arm the detonator."

"Yes, sir." Replied the Lieutenant, swiftly taking his payload from the belt and slamming it against the column, pressing the red activator like he had done with the tuned down version of the grenade a few minutes earlier. Once it was in place, he swung round the column as more blaster bolts hit the ground around him, his legs carrying him into a sprint to catch up with the rest of the Mandalorian squad who were making their way out.

Kalon watched as one of his men aimed his blaster pistol at the last Republic defender at the window, firing two shots which impacted against the man's chest and face. A cloud of red formed as the trooper fell silently to the ground, the Mandalorian who killed him chuckling under

his helmet.

Before he could congratulate the Protector, a rifle bolt flew past the Commander's shoulder. He could feel the heat against his skin, even beneath his armour and protective suit. The bolt continued to fly forward until it came into contact with the warrior directly in front of him, the projectile singed into the back of his neck making him drop his weapon and spin awkwardly. The Mandalorian let out an audible gasp on the comm unit, stumbling as he could no longer control his legs.

Kalon dropped his blaster rifle, the strap catching it and letting it knock against his right thigh plate whenever he moved that leg. He grabbed the unlucky warrior before he could fall to the ground, turning away from the door so he could drag the limp man with his arms under his.

"Warrior down, I need some covering fire!" He yelled over the comm unit, satisfied when the familiar sound of friendly rifles echoed across the lobby, green blaster bolts coming into contact with advancing Republic troops and sending them almost into disarray, such was the intensity of the unified defence that the Mandalorians provided their leader and the fallen.

More help also came in the form of Fal'aner, the Lieutenant having now reached Kalon's position. He also let go of his weapon, letting it catch on a similar strap before lifting the legs of the downed Protector. They were able to move much faster now and reached the door in no time. The squad had formed up behind the windows and were continuing to fire at the oncoming Republic forces, more and more of the inexperienced troopers hitting the ground with every metre gained.

"Keep going!" Rasped the Commander, watching his troops fall back once again as soon as the words had left his mouth, a result from the training that each warrior had gone under when introduced into the elite Supercommando unit. "Fal'aner, they'll cut us down once they reach the door. I need you to blow the detonator now!"

After several seconds of unusual hesitation, the Lieutenant nodded. Shifting his hold on the fallen Mandalorian's legs, his now free hand now able to access his wrist console. On the pad there was a flashing red light much like the activator on the detonator, this button was obviously the one that Fal'aner needed to press. His finger promptly pushed against the button, the flashing stopped and it stayed red, signalling that the resulting destruction was imminent.

Kalon didn't have time to even look up before the thermal detonator activated. The shockwave hit them first, the intensity of it knocking the Mandalorians off their feet. The Commander landed some six metres away, along with his Lieutenant and the fallen brother. Next came the explosion, the bright orange ball of flame filling up all visible space within the confines of the lobby. The sound wave that came afterwards hurt the Mandalorian's ears, even with the audio dampeners integrated into his helmet. The sound did not stop however, as the building now had no supports to rest on.

As the concussed Commander tried to get to his feet, the rumbling of the ground forced him back down. Looking up, he could debris from the building fall as it swayed dangerously. Shards of glass sliced into the ground all around him, thanks to his armour it only pinged off of him. Finally, the last of the supports gave way and the building pulled itself down one story, crushing the first floor and all who had been there. The structure stood still for a second before it began to tilt right, objects such as furnishing and even people falling from the windows above.

Before the security tower began to fall over completely, some debris came into contact with Kalon's helmet. He could feel the metal bent ever so slightly as his head was pushed into the ground. For a moment all he could hear was the constant ringing in his ears and all he could see was a blurred image of his comrades running in his direction. He did not remain conscious for too long and he leaned back, the darkness in his vision made itself known and rushed to meet him.

The sizzle of blade on lightsaber reverberated through the dense forest. Two men stood with their blades locked in an intense duel, neither showing signs of backing down. Around the battling pair lay several bodies, some dressed in Mandalorian assault armour and the others in robes and thinner forms of armour. In the distance they could both hear battle raging on, blasters firing and explosions from a variety of explosive weaponry.

"Give it up." Said the shorter man, his brown robes reaching the fertile grass and dirt beneath them. The blue lightsaber shone brightly, a sharp contrast to the dark, grey beskad it was pressed against.

"Mandalorians don't surrender." Replied the armoured figure. His helmet lay on the ground, the visor cracked in several places. Brown eyes stared at brown eyes, locked in a battle of the eyes as well as one of the blade.

With nothing more to say, the Dark Jedi took a surprisingly strong step forward, pushing the warrior back and making him lower his guard as the lightsaber forced his blade down further and further. The Force-user pushed forward on his weapon, aiming to impale the struggling Mandalorian whilst the opportunity presented itself. Luckily, the Protector saw this coming and threw himself to the left, breaking away from the combat with the Dark Jedi.

"I am Sanguinius Tsucyra Entar, and you will fall this day." He remarked using the force to pin the armoured man against a thick tree trunk.

They had been fighting for many hours and the Mandalorian could feel the muscles in his arms and legs begin to ache. He could not hope to hold out against this far superior foe for much longer. He needed to bend the rules of combat in his favour. As the Obelisk Templar drew

nearer, he swiftly reached to his belt and pulled out one of his knives, using a considerable amount of power as he threw it towards the Dark Jedi.

He hadn't bothered aiming as he knew he had no time to do so. Nevertheless, the throw was partially successful, the blade cutting into Sanguinius' left shoulder. The wound distracted the Obelisk momentarily, allowing his Force power to falter.

The Mandalorian dropped to the ground, quickly recovering himself. As the Force-user withdrew the knife and let it go, he regained himself and began to sprint forward, weaponed raised and ready to strike. However, this had been foreseen by the Entar, lashing out with his saber as soon as the warrior had gotten close to him.

The scarring of the blade ran across the Protector's chestplate, the wounds deep enough in several places to draw blood. Biting back the burning sensation he felt, the warrior grinned, lunging with his blade.

Sanguinius parried the attack, twisting his body to deliver a decisive strike to the warrior's right side. The sage-armoured Mando dropped to one knee, the saber skimming the top of his head. The heat against his scalp was uncomfortable for the warrior, even if it had only been for several seconds. He drew his blaster pistol, aiming a shot at the Obelisk's stomach whilst he stabbed forward with his blade, aiming for the same area.

The Dark Jedi swiped his blade in a large arch to protect himself from the dual attack. The crimson blaster bolt was blocked by the sapphire-coloured blade, the returning projectile smashing into the ground between the two, spraying dirt in the Mandalorian's face. Unfortunately for him, Sanguinius had not successfully had time to block the blade. It sliced into his chest, just enough to puncture his lung and cause the organ to deflate. The saber hit against the beskad, unintentionally forcing it into his chest even more.

After a couple seconds of hesitation, the Templar began to gasp, shock evident on his face. The warrior smirked slyly, pulling his last knife from his belt as the Dark Jedi dropped his deactivating saber to the ground.

"I am Kalon Dane Beviin, and you have fallen this day."

With a mighty cry, Kalon stood up and pushed the knife into Sanguinius' neck, not stopping until the expanse of the blade was halfway in. He kept it both blades in place until the moment had gone, pulling both blood coated blades out with a wet sound, not unlike meat being hacked with sizeable knives designed for such a thing.

Before the fresh corpse could fall forward, the warrior used his knuckles to force the Dark Jedi to the ground, landing on his back with a heavy thud. The sounds of battle in the forest around him had begun to fade, the enemy forces either being pushed back or slowly gaining ground as he stood there.

As he was about to leave, Kalon spotted the metallic cylinder laying upon the ground. He had never been one for trophies, but he felt that he earned the right to this one. It was not a usual occurrence for a child of Mandalore to defeat a seasoned Jedi in combat, not since the time of Jaster Mereel that was.

The warrior knelt down and picked up the saber, attaching it to his belt. He also retrieved his helmet and the knives he had used in the battle against the Dark Jedi, sheathing each and everyone of them just like he had done to his beskad and combat knife moments earlier. Prepared once more, Kalon left the small clearing of the forest and the dead body of Sanguinius far behind him, slipping into the darkness that the shadow of the trees provided.

"Kalon?...Kalon?!"

As his conscience returned to him the voices grew louder, images suddenly returning to him.

He was looking towards the rust-tinted sky, a testament to the scale of industrial pollution in the atmosphere. The faint flickering from ships firing and dieing in turn were noticeable if he focused hard enough. The Mandalorian could also see streaks of white much like comets shoot across the open expanse, most likely projectiles or ships being ripped apart by the heat of forced re-entry. Then after all this did Kalon notice the concealed T-visored helmet staring down at him, hands on the Commander's shoulders and shaking him.

"Kalon?!"

The veteran lifted his arm up, pushing Fal'aner's hands away. This being the signal that he was alright. He sat up and looked around, aware of a sharp pain along his spine from his neck to ass.

"Status report.." He rasped, his voice returning from him. It was then that he realised he wore no helmet, the piece of equipment lying next to him with several large dents caused by debris. Looking down, he could see similar markings along the rest of his armour, cuts and ribbed clothing beneath it showing where the parts of falling rubble had managed to cause greater damage.

"Solus'ures is dead." Said Fala'ner grimly, gesturing towards the body to their left. There the bare head of the Mandalorian lay silently and unmoving, his once bright blue eyes now stared off into the distance with a depressingly empty quality, his short onyx hair covered in dirt and dust. The evident burn mark on his neck saddened the Commander to an extent, knowing now that the Corporal was the one that had been injured in the lobby.

Kalon began to feel fairly dizzy now that he had sat up, it taking a minute for him to get his

bearings before making it further onto his feet without any assistance. He surmised that he had suffered a minor concussion from the falling debris and he was probably not the only one. Now all he was concerned about was whether this would drastically affect the performance of his squad and completion of the mission.

"Strip Solus of ammo. His body stays here." Said the Commander, shaking his legs and rolling his shoulders. The warm air felt nice against his revealed head, the long brown hair matching the colour of his eyes. He took his helmet from Fal'aner who passed it over to him, slowly placing it over his head and completely on again.

As two of his squad went to work removing the blaster cells from the Corporal, Kalon kept watch with his blaster rifle raised. He could see no one else around, however the thin layer of dust that remained in the air, reducing seeing distance by a couple of hundred metres was an obvious threat to the Mandalorians.

It wasn't too long before they were ready to move again, the team moving in single file and keeping low. Slowly but surely they began to leave the burning wreckage of the building behind, the the fact that there were no survivors becoming more and more evident. Although the team kept low, stealth was now out of the question. Everyone in the sector and probably beyond that would know realise that the Mandalorian's were present, distress signals sent before the building went down would ensure that the Republic forces would understand the reason behind the evident destruction.

Despite the odds now stacked against them, Kalon remained calm, leading his men onwards under Coruscant's unrelenting sun.