*Sithspit*. *This is not good.* Zoron remained frozen for only a moment before deciding on his plan of attack. He couldn't take down an entire team of Nephilim, especially now that he could feel them preparing for his next move. He hadn't worked with any before, but he knew they were formidable. With a Force-user in play of unknown power, he probably couldn't even escape. He couldn't reason with these soldiers and it was likely that their chain of command had been somehow infiltrated by One Sith. His only course of action was to play along and hope that Jac would sense the attempt in time to defend himself.

He didn't dare actively pushing his senses toward the killers behind him as he figured that would set off alarms for the Force-user. He kept his focus forward for the moment and spoke up. "Alright, you heard the order. Sergeant, this is your operation. I'm here, frankly, as backup. What's the play?"

As the Nephilim leader responded, Zoron turned slowly to look at the group. Whichever member had the saber had already deactivated it and it was hidden from his sight again. *Damn. That would have been good intel to have right about now.*

"The target is in a thinly protected building here." The Sergeant pointed at a location on a holomap floating in front of him. "He's in a conference room with a number of Kuati businessmen. They are acceptable collateral damage. We're going to split into fireteams and come around into a three-pronged assault. You will go with team two, going from the roof of the neighbouring building - " Another building pointed out on the map. "- and you will move down until you're in the conference room directly above. The other two teams will be approaching from the ground level and will split so that one remains below the conference room with the other approaching from the same floor. When we are all in place, we will strike and eliminate the target."

Zoron nodded to the Sergeant's plan while he considered the implications of this new information. The team assignments gave him an important clue. *The Force-user will be in the same team as me. They need him to counter me since they obviously don't fully trust me. Good. If I can tie him up, even momentarily, Jac may have the chance to escape or strike back.*

After another moment while the teams reviewed the map of the area, Zoron and the four members of team two set off through the winding alley, moving from shadow to shadow as they closed the distance on their target building. Zoron hung back as far as he was able and tried to figure out who the enemy Force-user was. Something was nagging at him, but with all the other thoughts racing through his brain, he couldn't isolate any one issue.

As the unit worked their way through the adjacent building, a lone security guard was unlucky enough to stumble into them. A surprised shout came from him, but before he could draw his weapon or key his mic, two Nephilim pumped a handful of shots into him and he crumpled to the floor. As they passed the body, Zoron glanced down and focused on the wounds. While they had certainly killed the guard, the shot placement was a little irregular, with a wider spread than he expected from such trained super soldiers. *Odd.*

Continuing past the guard, they found their way onto the roof and quickly secured ziplines to the target building beside them. They flew silently across the gap, no more than black blurs against the night sky.

Working silently, a pair of Nephilim set up on the rooftop access door with breaching tools. Zoron saw an update flash across his helmet's visor from the Sergeant: *Security Net Neutralized*. With that, the Nephilim cracked the access door open and the group flowed inside. The encountered no guards on the way to the third floor.

As they entered the room above Jac's conference, the Nephilim quickly set to work placing a number of tunnelling charges on the floor so that they could drop in once the go-ahead was given. Zoron stood out of the way and racked his brain for a plan. That uneasy sensation had grown, but since he was about to be an unwilling participant in an assassination on the Brotherhood's oldest Grand Master, that was to be expected.

Another update flashed across his visor: *Team Three In Place.* He was running out of time. He had moments, if not seconds to disrupt this plan.

*Think!* His mind worked through possible plans in a panic, trying to come up with one that wouldn't leave him dead and would help Jac as well.

*Wait a second.* That nagging feeling was insistent now. It was pulling his memory back to the blaster shots. *Why?* After a second, it clicked. He'd worked with Taldryan Special Forces on a regular basis throughout this campaign. He'd seen elite troopers make snap shots at distances double, if not triple, the distance that the guard had been at. Those Taldryan Darkfire troops had groupings no larger than his fist even at that range. The shots tonight had been spread out across the entire torso. Nephilim were supposed to be the absolute finest troops that served in any Brotherhood armed forces.

*These aren't Nephilim. These troops aren't even in the same class as Taldryan Special Forces. These are infiltrators!* Zoron's mind scrambled with a purpose now. How could he use this? *I might be able to actually take these troops. Just need to figure out which one has the saber and deal with him first.*

He spun through the last few minutes again and a pattern popped. One of the troopers hadn't been engaged in any of the military tactics thus far - he hadn't been one of the pair to shoot, he hadn't been at the door, and now, he was the only one not laying down charges. *That's him.*

His visor flashed again. *Team One In Place. Awaiting Team Two.* Time to act.

Zoron committed himself to the attack and, in a single motion, snapped the safety off while levelling his rifle at the unoccupied trooper. As he was only a few feet away, he didn't bother to aim, instead using the stance-directed fire to bathe the trooper in red lasers. He watched a half-dozen blasts strike home as the trooper tried to react. The heavy rounds punched through the armour and nearly cut the man in half. As the trooper's body fell over, Zoron saw the saber rolling out of the man's hands.

The burst of sound shocked the other three troopers into action, but Zoron was already sliding behind a heavy wooden desk by the time they brought their weapons to bear. Splinters sprayed as their shots chewed chunks out of the desk's back, but none punched through.

With the Force-user eliminated, Zoron opened his senses and searched for Jac. He found a searing beacon of Dark Side energy below him, already moving through the lower level's doors at the not-Nephilim team there. *Good. He should be able to deal with them.*

He focused on the troops still shooting at him and tried to access to the combat net to pull up their locations. All he got were error messages and warnings flashing on his visor. *That was quick. Guess they* really *didn't think I'd play ball.*

He tried a different approach and pushed his senses out, picking up that two of the troopers were still in the location he had last seen them. Only one had the sense to reposition. These definitely were not top-tier soldiers.

Briefly dismissing the repositioned soldier, he found the trigger mechanism for the tunneling charges and activated it. Thunder roared as holes were ripped through the floor. Praying that the distraction had worked, Zoron popped up and sighted his rifle at the repositioned soldier. The man was clutching the side of his helmet in a vain effort to gather himself after the unexpected explosion. A series of shots from Zoron's rifle ended the man's suffering altogether.

Sprinting to the fallen man's position, he dove down before the other two troopers saw his maneuver. They sprayed shots aimlessly at his previous cover while they tried to shake off the concussion from the explosion. They hadn't noticed the death of their comrade yet.

From his new spot, Zoron had an unexposed line of fire to the two men and took full advantage of it. He unloaded the remaining shots from the rifle's power pack and saw both men jerk before keeling over onto the ground. He smoothly changed the power pack before putting a pair of extra shots into each fallen trooper in the room. He pulled out his lightsaber and struck down onto the fallen Force-user's saber to destroy it.

*Jac. It's Zoron. I'm coming down.* He scooped up a handful of grenades from the troopers before jumping through the holes left from the tunnel charges. He hoped the old Grand Master would recognize his Taldryan armour.

Landing heavily on the conference room table, he looked around incredulously. The room was absolutely destroyed. Every piece of glass was shattered. The table was covered with massive spiderweb of scorch marks. The smell of burning flesh hit him and he nearly gagged. He counted at least five of the not-Nephilim lying in pieces around the room. The businessmen that had been meeting with Jac were lifeless in their chairs, riddled with blaster holes that were still smouldering.

Standing in the doorway, dual sabers glowing, was Jac Cotelin. "Hello, Zoron. You have some explaining to do."