GJW XI Fiction by 4856 Macron Goura Sadow

*“Be careful what you ask for.”*

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Entrance

Valley of the Dark Lords

Korriban

The ground was old beyond measure. The grit, sand, and stone had seen many wars. The bones of the dead literally blew in it’s winds, motes of powdered bone afloat on the aethyr. The Sith and Rakata had fought here, later the Exiles, then numerous assaults by other Sith, Jedi, and the Republic. It is said a place retains the energy that it has seen and even draws those of like mind in. By that maxim hoary Korriban is one of the most negative planets in the known galaxy. Old as it was, the husk of a world still hungered for blood and souls.

The smoke continued to bellow all around as this part of Korriban became even more hellish than before. It could sense the raw power of the Force users on it’s rugose skin and longed to drink them dry.

“Whosever controls the academy will control one of the few, primary access corridors directly to the Valley of the Dark Lords.” The words echoed in the soldier’s mind as he closed his comlink and dropped it in a vest pouch. The hard-eyed Tatooine native raised electrobinoculars and squinted at the opposite valley wall. Between the blowing desert dust, the smoke from burning troop transports, and debris falling from the skies it was difficult to make out much. He grimaced. Though Korriban was a desert like his own homeworld, it was a cold one.

“Those gorram reinforcements better get here soon,” snarled the grumpy soldier. “We’re holding for now, but we won’t hold out long against both the One Sith and Grandmaster Cotelin’s traitor forces. Sergeant Keffel, how goes the perimeter operation?” The Tattooine native turned to regard his Kiffar second in command.

“We’re still working on it. The Dark Jedi are engaged with a bunch of droids and what appears to be a One Sith operative on our eastern flank by the rocks.” The enlisted warrior shrugged. “Everyone is giving their all, and yet we don’t seem to be making huge amounts of progress.”

“Well-God-damn skippy,” shouted Colyn. “I send a bunch of motherfucking babies in there to do a man’s job. They probably haven’t even popped their mama’s titties out of their mouths yet long enough to shoot their goddamn weapons! I am absolutely going to KILL them my-damn-self after this combat!” He crouched and checked his weaponry. The angry servant of the Iron Throne unplugged his clip-charger from a battered fusion droid. “Get your kit together. We’re going over there. Now.”

The two couched and ran between stones, counting on their dusty overcloaks and low postures to keep them hidden. Ahead, they encountered a wounded soldier. He lay against a rock, one bloody hand clutching his stomach and the other a blaster pistol. He moaned and coughed as the Tattooinian and Kiffar crept to his position.

“What happened here soldier?” asked Colyn as Sergeant Keffel applied a bacta patch to the man’s gut shot wound.

“He’ll make it once the med droids get after him,” stated Keffel. “Hold on soldier. It’s not as bad as it looks. Didn’t quite penetrate your intestines, just split the skin and made you bleed like hell. Infection’s the biggest danger. We’ll get a medic on the way and get you squared shortly.”

“Trooper Wren, sir. We were over-run by droids. Looked like ASNs and YVH droids, the old type. But smarter.” \*cough cough\* “And their armor was much tougher. The heavy weapons karked them up alright, but we ran out of shells and rockets.”

Angry as he was, Colyn was not a complete dick. He could respect the man’s service and sacrifice. “Hang in there. If you see anything come over that rise, shoot it.” He bent down and left his personal DL-22 sidearm with the downed Trooper along with an eclip. “I want that pistol back, soldier. You better live so you can give it to me. That’s an order.”

“Yes, sir,” grinned the man briefly as he saluted shakily. “I will. There’s still a few droids creeping around, along with their owner.”

Colyn simply nodded and turned to his second. “Let’s go.”

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The scene over the rise looked awful. This small part of the valley mouth had been home to a clash of several hundred battle droids, Iron Throne Units, and even some Taldryan outriders appeared to have been caught on the edges. Aside from cock-roach kicking droid parts and the faint groans of the dying, nothing much moved.

“Fuck,” commented the Kiffar quietly. “Bloody mess, that is.”

“You’re not kidding.” Colyn scanned the area as they crouched behind the debris of a landspeeder. “I don’t see any of our damn Dark Jedi either. Can’t count on them…pack of slinking snakes. No concept of duty.”

“Some of them do,” whispered Keffel. “But they do as they please for the most part.”

“Truth. Hey, wait a minute, I see something.” His eyes squinted even more than normal as he raised his field glasses. The red dot on the bike resolved to the figure of a man in red armor using a lightsaber like a lance to skewer a droid. “Some idiot on a speederbike, with three more behind him. Lightsabers- must be F-U’s.”

Two of the speeder bikes roared directly toward them. A lone YVH droid charged them, and the feral-looking woman took point. One of the others, a Krath-robed man with a bloodshine lightsaber swept left. A man wearing light armor with the Obelisk Order device swinging an azure blade turned to the right and encircled the droid on their bikes. They knew how to handle a droid like this, and worked in concert. The droid seemed to be immobilized by the grip of an invisible iron fist while the robed woman, obviously the most experienced of the three gestured towards it with an outstretched fist. The two men whipped by it. In a matter of a few passed it had lost both arms, it’s legs, and last it’s head and torso were cloven in twain with sprays of burning metal at the end.

The armored man joined them shortly and they stopped at Colyn’s position. The Sith Juggernaut stepped off his speederbike with alacrity. The weird-looking human popped open his face-plate and exposed his mis-matched eyes. “Adept Macron Sadow at your service. Grandmaster Ashen sent us- this is Epis Jade, Templar Dragoon, and Knight Armad, my Apprentices. We will help you with your little… problem,” chuckled the madman. “Synin Torin has fled, undoubtedly to get reinforcements of his own. More of my Clan are on their way to assist but we will have to do until then. Show me the situation.” The Sith naturally assumed command, and Colyn knew exactly what an Elder was after his brief training.

“Yes, sir. I see you know how to handle YVH droids.” Colyn pulled out a field map. “My holoprojector is shot. Left the damn thing about a quarter klick away.” He pointed at the map. “We’re here, and the enemy is there, there, there, and there…. and I am glad of your company.”

Behind him, all three of Macron’s Apprentices smiled. Colyn had failed to hold the perimeter, and Grandmaster Ashen was displeased. Macron was not exactly an avenging angel- more a hellish devil full of vile designs come to serve the whims of his master. Colyn and his soldiers would be motivated, one way or the other.

 This spot would hold.