BAC Harrower

Korriban Orbit

Alarm klaxons blared as Corporal Pierce lead his squad down the corridor at a brisk trot.  He’d just been assigned this new position with the death of his former CO during the Battle of Korriban and already there was a threat to take care of.  The sounds of metal screeching on metal echoed through the halls causing several of his men to hesitate for a moment before they rounded the next corner.  The thud of their boots immediately turned into light splashes as the floor turned from polished durasteel to a puddle of blood.  Down the hall, two immense metal figures tore through the last of another squad like paper, armed with huge, metal claws sheathed in blood and intestines.  The nearest, and taller, of the two severed the head and right shoulder from an infantryman before noticing Pierce’s arrival.  Without skipping a beat it charged at the petrified officer.  Pierce’s muscle memory finally kicked in as he opened fire, followed immediately by shots from his troops.  The tibanna fizzled against the hulking figure’s armor as it thrust a clawed arm through the Corporal’s chest.  He gasped as the metal slid through his torso like butter, forcing blood to gush from the wound.  He tried to let out a scream but only a stifled gurgle came out as more of the red liquid pushed it’s way up his esophagus and out of his open mouth.  The armored giant hefted upward and the blades sliced through Corporal Pierce’s body and head in a gory display, spraying sanguineous rain onto the other troops.  They screamed and several turned to run but the first figure quickly cut many of them down like a stalks of grain being reaped for a harvest.  The second armored figure had caught up and mauled the rest of the squad, tearing through them with it’s own giant blades.

“These power armor prototypes are amazing,” a man’s voice commented from the second suit as the last of the infantry died beneath his assault.

“Seems the RND at Hyperdyne is worth the resources we’re putting into them,” the other stated in response.  “It’s a shame that we didn’t get a chance to use them when this ship was under our control.”

“Do you think the others have gotten to the bridge yet?”

“I don’t know but we’d better start catching up in case they have.”

“Roger that,” the shorter man confirmed as the two thudded down the corridor.

Abandoned Battlefield

Korriban

Two Days Prior

The sun beat down on the master and apprentice as they scanned the land around them.  Wreckage and bodies littered the sandy wastes.  The stenches of char and rotting corpses permeated the area.  Carrion fowl tore at some of the bodies while maggots thrived and wiggled in the ones that still had flesh left.  Furios Morega and Azmodius Equesinfernum each stared through macrobinoculars, searching yet another one of several battlefields for a shuttle that was suitable for repair, preferably one with One Sith identification markings on it.  At the edge of the wasteland, the irreparable husks of several anti-aircraft guns stood out against the landscape.  Furios searched their line of fire for the appropriate salvage.  His eyes fully passed over the section of debris before a shape clicked in his brain.  He quickly doubled his gaze back to the shape of a vehicle half-buried in sand and recognized it as the tail end of an LAAT.  He zoomed in to search for markings but anywhere they would be was covered in sand and dirt.

 “I found something,” the Prelate stated.  “Let’s go.”

 He attached the macrobinoculars to his belt and mounted one of the speeders parked to his left.  His apprentice followed suit as they rode toward the prospective salvage.  The two Obelisk approached the crashed shuttle to see that one of the wings and engines was shot off while the other had been damaged and burnt out trying to keep the whole transport in the air on it’s own.  As the Plagueians circled around the vehicle, they saw that the starboard door and been knocked off and any troops surviving the crash had abandoned it.  Breaking and dismounting, the Epicanthix noticed that several broken bodies still remained inside, the corpses of the less fortunate troops.  The master and student climbed into the shuttle and entered the cockpit to find the pilot and copilot dead, killed on impact from the force of the crash.  They each grabbed a corpse and pulled them from their seats.  Azmodius accidentally dislodged the helmet from the copilot, causing the blood that had been sealed inside to splatter all over his lower garb.

 “Oh,” he interjected as his robes dripped red on the floor of the shuttle.

 “Smooth,” Furios said sarcastically as he climbed into the front of the cockpit.

 After tinkering with a couple of the controls, he pressed the button to activate the LAAT.  The display flickered to life for a moment but quickly faded out.  He frowned at the controls for a second and then struck the display with his fist.  It immediately flickered and hummed back to life again.  The Prelate grinned at his success and activated his communications link, tuning in to the Clan Plagueis Base of Operations channel.

 “Teylas,” he said into the device.  “I think I found something to suit your needs.   Here are our coordinates.”

BAC Harrower

Korriban Orbit

Barely audible thuds and clunks gently echoed through the maintenance way as the Anzat and Zeltron quietly crawled along the cramped tunnels.  Jai’de followed Teylas’ lead as he navigated the route he’d memorized to the ship’s bridge.  The crawl space, illuminated by the pale orange glow of a utility light in the Equite’s hand, was lined with pipes and wires, occasionally interrupted by an electrical panel or access hatch.  The pair had been crawling for almost an hour.  The faint sounds of alarms going off had continued for most of that time as the other half of their team provided an immense distraction for Drax’s forces.  Occasionally a sound of screeching metal on metal could be heard echoing through from the adjacent sections of the ship.  It kept them aware that that Furios and Azmodius were never more than a short way behind as both parties made their way to the bridge.  Finally Ramar stopped, he peered through the grating to see that they’d arrived at the bridge.  Inside, several officers and at least two dozen soldiers barricaded themselves behind large blast doors.  The captain of the ship called orders to the various crew members, directing troops and sealing access points in a frenzied attempt to stop the two known intruders from reaching his bridge.  The two Plagueians crouched stilly at the grate, watching for the arrival of their two less discrete counterparts.

Finally the dulled sounds of a skirmish emanated from outside the blast doors, a few quieted screams and scrapes signaled the end of the scuffle before a moment of complete silence.  The captain froze and looked toward the blast doors.  Most of the crew members and all of the guarding soldiers followed suit, waiting for whatever had torn it’s way to their doorstep.  Screeches of metal sounded for a second before multiple sets of claws penetrated the seams of the barrier.  With the groaning sound of metal being mangled apart, the four clawed arms peeled back the blast doors and the troops inside opened fire.  The blaster fire barely even charred the prototype armor, as the two Obelisk hulks forced their way onto the bridge, rending through their opposition.  Teylas knocked out the grate and rolled into the room, followed immediately by his apprentice.  He stood straight for the first time in what felt like forever and activated his lightsaber and cut down the Drax’s officer.  Without a moment’s hesitation he turned his attention to the rest of their foes, charging into the fray.  Jai’de did the same as the two of them flanked their enemies.  Within moments the floor of the bridge was more blood than durasteel.  Teylas activated the holo-communications console and dialed the frequency for the ACC Ravager.  The hologram figure of Selika Roh appeared on the display.

“The bridge is secure,” Ramar stated to the Krath woman as Serpens deactivated the security protocols and weapons systems.  “Prepare to board.”