

Professional Kaiburr (Mercenary) / Battle Team Soulfire of House Galeres of Clan Arcona
[GMRG: VI] [SA: IV] [ACC: Q] [INQ: V]

SC / DCx2 / Cr:2D-1R-3A-2S-6E-1T-1Q / PoBx5 / CFx163 / Cix12 / CEx515

{SA: MVLD - DPE - DPV} - [#13529](#)

[HHN] SCARY STORIES



[Dajorra System](#), [Calaron Sector](#)

Early Afternoon

Onboard the [AGV Valour's Fall](#)

Muffled screams echoed the corridor, bright lights flashed into being and a throaty thump rumbled from time to time through the durasteel hatch. The small squad of Soulfire commandos nervously looked at each other before fingering their weapons and shifting nervously in position. A massive explosion rocked the hallway and the locked portal imploded as a roiling ball of flame came shooting in, incinerating two of the kneeling troopers and sending the others flying back in disarray. The corridor filled with black smog, instantly turning the once pristine bulkheads into a charred mess and the reeling soldiers scrambling to lock down their helmets. A blackened body came hurtling out of the smoke and hit the wall with a limp thud, and a still smoking and burnt figure came striding menacingly out of the smoke.

Standing at an average human height of a meter and seventy nine centimeters, the figure wore an Improved Outer Tactical Vest (IOTV) and two Enhanced Small Arms Protective Insert (ESAPI) ballistic plates that wrapped around the chest granting protection

to the vital organs inside. The IOTV featured a carrier shell and three main ballistic panel inserts (left and right side panels, and a rear back panel), made with two inch wide circular discs, composed of silicon carbide ceramic matrices and laminates, which overlapped like scale armor creating a flexible vest that allowed him a good range of motion and was intended to absorb a high number of hits.

In addition, an attachable MOLLE ballistic panel with a pouch for an 8x6 side ESAPI, for protection of the side of the torso/under the arm was located around his entire abdominal area that protected his synthetic internal organs, and on his back, hidden by his coat, he wore a flat black backpack. For protection of his limbs he wore a DAPS which consisted of two ambidextrous modular components, the Deltoid (upper arm) Protector and the Auxiliary (under arm) Protector, and provide for additional protection from fragmentary and projectiles to the upper arm and underarm areas.

A large array of weapons were strapped into various pouches, and holsters on his body and in his hands he carried a DLT-19 Heavy Blaster Rifle. Around his face were scintillating lights denoting various high-tech cybernetics, and crude metal fingers gripped the barrel of the rifle. Walking forward unhurriedly with a disconcerting machine like rhythm, it ignored the wailing alarm klaxons and methodically moved throughout the room and slaughtered the unconscious or weak troopers. Moving out towards the crew barracks he continued his reign of destruction, raining laser blasts on the terrified crew, sending miniature missiles flying through the ship gouging gaping holes in the interior and sending bodies flying. A lone crewmember managed to pull out a holdout blaster and pumped bolt after crimson bolt into the rampaging terrorist.

Staggering slightly from the onslaught, the terrorist picked himself up and grinned maliciously. Walking forward silently, the cyborg reached down and lifted the cowering human. A sharp – snick – heralded the appearance of a wickedly long blade before it plunged into the belly of the screaming human. Twisting the blade cruelly, blood gushed down the blade and streamed out of the gaping wound as the man retracted the blade, leaving bloody gore to spill out onto the floor with a sickening plop. Letting the corpse fall to the floor, the cyborg strode forward looking for his real targets – the true members of the elite commando unit, Soulfire Strike Team.

Walking out of the now deserted barracks and leaving the carnage behind him, he found his way to an empty computer terminal inside the communications center and reached into one of the chest pouches on his vest. Grabbing a cylindrical object, he inserted it into one of the data-link ports and waited motionlessly as the black ops Electronic Lock Breaker started cracking the security software on the ship's mainframe. A few seconds later the device beeped its readiness and the terrorist reached out to take the spike, when a sudden burst of lightning hammered into him and sent him crashing to the ground, twitching uncontrollably.

The sweet sickly smell of burnt flesh wafted across the room as bits of flesh boiled off from the body of the cyborg, revealing a nearly pitch perfect copy of a human skeletal

system with heavy durasteel plating covering his torso, and protecting his resting place from harm. Half of his face was melted off, displaying a terrifying two-face mien while a baleful crimson glow flared from one eye socket. Metal toes whirred with electricity, their claw like appendages giving them a predatory mien as the pistons and levers inside the foot ran through a systems reboot. Small sharp blades sprang out with sudden speed and then retracted with the same alacrity that they had unsheathed themselves, small metal plates slid up slightly and opened revealing tiny repulsorlift engines that powered to life for a second and then powered off.

Picking himself up and getting to its feet, the revealed monstrosity leered at his attacker. With a near silent warble, his feet clamped themselves to the floor, as the ferromagnetic core in his heels created a magnetic field surrounding his boots and then shut off. Flight flaps on the obsidian colored durasteel thighs snapped open and then shut with a metallic click, internal systems flickered on and off with a low whine, and the powerful miniature fusion generators surged for a split second, white light seeping through the leg plating before snuffing out with a flash.

Standing in front of him was a tiny reptilian alien barely half his size, grayish-blue scaled covered its body and an old shirt was cinched tightly at the waist, forming an odd skirt. Small bursts of electricity still crackled around her hand, giving away her status as a Force User. Activating his holographic software the half-man half-machine scanned the alien and searched his databases for a match, while simultaneously rebooting his internal weapon systems. Seething internally at his complacency, Kaiburr mentally berated himself for growing complacent - he was used to being able to feel the swirls and eddies of the Force, and this blindness was something he still hadn't gotten used to.

Looking at him with a horrified expression the small alien backed away slowly and drew small blaster pistol, hands shaking slightly from the mental strain. Just at that moment, the internal computer fed out onto Kaiburr's H.U.D the information regarding the creature standing before him - an Aleena. Bringing both hands up as if in surrender, Kaiburr activated the [synthlimb blaster](#) located in the palm of his hand and fired a bolt at her. As if snapping out of a trance the female holstered her blaster pistol and true to the files, whipped out her lightsaber with blurring speed, deflecting the bolts away from her and into the surrounding walls.

Settling into a classic Soresu stance, the Aleena held the blade back in a one-handed grip, angled forwards with the left arm held parallel, and her off-hand held up in a challenge.

"Whoever you are, I will stop you!" She cried with anger,

Kaiburr smiled at that, and drew his own blaster pistol - a beautifully made WLD-5 "Peacemaker" - and started firing at the diminutive alien. Keeping up a steady stream of fire Kaiburr slowly maneuvered his opponent into a corner, never easing up and firing burst after burst from the pistol. As the Aleena backed up and stumbled into the wall, That split second distraction was exactly what Kaiburr was looking for, and letting go of the pistol with

one hand he pointed straight at her. A small flap opened up on the bracer and a miniature missile popped up, rocketing out and crossing the short intervening distance in a heartbeat.

The resulting explosion rocked the ship madly, and Kaiburr only managed to remain standing because of the magnetic clamps inside his feet. Holstering his pistol and activating his infrared sensors while he waited for the smoke to clear, he picked up his fallen rifle and turned back to where the Aleena was standing. As the smoke cleared slowly, it revealed a molten blue sphere covering the area where the alien stood not a second ago and with a sudden crack it shattered into thousands of tiny wisps that dissipated into the air.

To his deep chagrin, the Aleena wasn't even harmed and his ploy had failed due to her preternaturally quick reflexes and sharp thinking.

"Not bad, little one" Kaiburr grinned at her "But you'll have to do better this time"

Raising the stock of his rifle to the hollow between his right shoulder and chest, he flicked the switch to burst and sent a hail of bolts at the small Dark Jedi causing her to dodge and deflect them with a dazzling display of lightsaber mastery. Gesturing once more with his fist, the small nozzle attached to his armor flared to life and a roaring sheet of flame blossomed into being. Using the Force, the Aleena seemed to almost disappear from her location and appear on the other side of the room while she deactivated her lightsaber and peppered Kaiburr with blaster bolts.

Dropping to the floor, Kaiburr rolled forward and grabbed a sonic grenade from a pouch on his vest. Coming up in a crouching position he depressed the arming button and tossed it at the scampering alien with one fluid motion. Not waiting to see the results of his work, he charged forward at the diminutive Dark Jedi and swinging his hips in conjunction with his elbow, he slammed the butt of the heavy blaster straight into the reeling Aleena. Not stopping for a second, Kaiburr followed through with a brutal smash to her neck with the tip of the barrel and then kicked forward, sending the tiny alien flying backwards with a thump.

Just as Kaiburr was about to administer the Coup de grace he was sent flying backwards, stumbling awkwardly and causing his shot to fly high and hit the ceiling instead. Stepping into the communications center was a huge Iridonian Zabrak inscribed with deep purple tattoos of Sith origin dressed in a fitted breastplate and shoulder pads of simple design and combat pants. Dull plates attached to the breastplate covered the sides of his thighs and steel tipped dark grey boots protected the Zabrak from assaults to the feet. Drawing a small lightsaber from his belt the Sith activated it and held it out in front of him with two hands, flourishing it with grand motions and spinning it around him with a cocky smile.

"Not bad, stranger. You fight well for a half-man, but you are no match for the Dark Side!"

Kaiburr rolled to his feet and stared at the newcomer with a critical eye, noting his stance, dress, posture and confidence. Shrugging with indifference, Kaiburr activated all his weapon systems and watched with amusement as the blood drained from the arrogant

male. Shoulder pads opening up to reveal dual missile launchers, around the gauntlets open flaps powered up revealing tiny dart launchers and the two integrated synth-limb blasters. The flamethrower sparked and hissed as flames leaked out from the nozzle, and with a thought Kaiburr launched all that armada at the poor boy. *Let's see him use the Dark Side to block all that* Kaiburr laughed to himself and walked deeper into the ship. His primary target was still awaiting him - his old Mentor, Commander Nikola Valtiere...