The ground was covered in smoke and ash as the drop ship landed down harshly on the planet’s surface. The crew jostled around in their seats upon the heavy landing, the landings normally weren’t so rough but circumstances had forced the ship to make an exception for this. Slowly a figure stood up, lightly tilting his head making sure his hood was still on him. He turned to the inner door and banged on it twice with his fist, making a hollow sound ring throughout the compartment.

“Alright moron, who in their right mind gave you your pilot’s license?” Mactire said, his sounding tired as if he was just waking up from a nap.

“Locke and Qyreia both certified me sir.” A female voice answered back, with a little fear in her voice.

“Figures, what’s your name pilot?” Mactire said slowly standing up, making sure his arsenal was ready.

“Aerostar sir.” She replies.

*Great another green troop.* Mactire thinks as he makes his way to the back hatch punches the release button.

The six other members of the squad are all checking their rifles and packs. Making one final check before the signal comes in for the games to start. As the door hisses open blaster fire, explosions and screams ring across the air. Everyone jumps up and is startled to see that many structures have been demolished and more carnage is happening.

Mactire grabs his commlink, speaking quickly into it. “Anyone read me. We have mass casualties and civilians in trouble on the south side of the city by the spaceport. Anyone there?”

A voice that sounds rough and gravely comes back across the frequency. “Mactire this is Darkblade. First glad you landed, second the games are on hold we have infiltrators in the city causing damage and inciting riots in the streets. New objective is to stop the threat and do what you can for the civilians but the threat is the main priority do you understand me?”

“Roger that Darkblade. Anything on their numbers?” Mactire asks thinking up a new plan on the fly.

“We estimate about…….” A static hiss comes across the comms, cutting Darkblade off.

Mactire sighs and turns to his unit and nods lightly. “Alright troops listen up we got new orders and I don’t care what you heard these orders are from me I’ll take the blame. First off Aerostar here will do her best to do rescue flying. Next two of you will be here for transport and evac support. The rest of you are with me. We’ll be doing search and rescue trying to get as many people as we can back here for more pickups. Remember we are the ones who signed up for this. Anyone got a problem with that?”

The six soldiers all look at each other then back at Mactire. Their only response is a nod. Mactire nods back. A scream comes towards them from above. Everyone jumps out of the way. The Human looks up and sees the homing missile. He runs behind some wreckage on the ground hoping that he is the target. An explosion comes out of no-where and shrapnel rains from the sky.

A solome look appears on everyone’s face as there ship is in pieces. Aerostar’s helmet is slowly being burned by the flames to one of the sides. There is nothing left. Mactire feels a small pine in his gut for the loss of a new member. This causes something to snap in his mind.

“New plan. Everyone is on rescue ops. I’m going to track down the punk that killed our pilot and make them pay. Anyone got a problem with that tell me now?” Mactire growls.

No one answers him. They know deep down that he is their best bet in finding this arse responsible and making them suffer for it. They moved quickly trying to find any survivors. The rage emeniting from their leader could make a rampaging Rancor think twice. One of them turned to see the cloak of Mactire running down the street to the center of town.

“May the gods have mercy on whomever comes across his furry.” A member said while trying to slowly pull a wounded child out from under a pile of rubble.

Mactire took off towards the center of town at full speed, running as fast as he could. He leapt, slid under and vaulted over obstacles that came up in his way. He only had one goal in mind right now, find the one responsible for his crew member dying and make sure they never lived to see the day. Many of his Masters words echoed through his skull telling him to calm down and focus but he just couldn’t. Not this time. His home once again was under attack and he was tired of it.

A stray blaster bolt rang out coming from the left of Mactire. Hitting him in his right shoulder making him spin and land in the dirt. He growled standing up grabbing his bow and knocking an arrow in it getting ready for the next attack. A laugh echoed in the street, a hollow venomous laugh.

“Really now? I heard this Clan had some pathetic people in it but really now? A bow and arrow? I mean that to me proves that you’re an idiot or are from a backwards civilization. My blaster is better. Run for it will be your death.” The masked figure said.

Mactire looked at the masked figure and snarled. The way the cloths clung to the figures body he could tell it was a female. Other than that everything was unknown. “Oh really now? I don’t think so.”

Mactire shot the arrow and hit the blaster out of her hand, she screamed and drew another one, firing quickly at him. He leapt to the side and started to run slightly, leaping and flipping of any and every surface possible in order to avoid getting hit again.

“Now I’m gonna kill you for making me lose my favorite blaster nerf’hearder.” She screamed trying to draw down on him. He was quick she had to admit, faster than most of her targets today.

Mactire sighed and put his bow back in his quiver and drew his lightsaber. The hiss of it ringing to life made it seem like it was summoned from beyond life and death itself. He eyed his opponent carefully and smirked. “One question did you attack the ship on the south side of this city?”

“That piece of junk was fun to blow up. I just wished I killed everyone in the process but oh well what’s a girl to do when she only has one missile.” She says firing more blaster shots at him.

Mactire’s eyes slightly lock on her for the first time. Their blueish gold just seems to send shivers down her body and she unloads more and more rounds at him. He slowly waves his lightsaber around seeming to both deflect them with the blade and his hand. He charges at her and leaps into the air, twisting and turning. When right above her he sends focuses all his energy and sends a telekinetic wave at her forcing her onto her knees from the weight so that her legs don’t shatter.

As he lands on the ground behind her he walks up to her and puts his blade at the back of her neck. “You killed one of my squad members. You failed to kill me, and when I find out who sent you, the war battle will truly not be in your favor.”

He draws the blade back and quickly cuts her head off with ease watching it slowly roll into the street. He bends down and starts searching for any clues to who this filth was that attacked his home. He finds a few ammo clips, some explosives, and a holopad with the Dominion’s emblem on it. He turns it on and it shows him where and when to strike and who to strike at. A complete list of everyone and everything, someone had betrayed the Clan. Now it was his turn to find out who could have done this and eliminate them permanently before anyone else died. Only who could he trust since this could have been anyone, and everyone above him knew exactly what was going on.