

Bad Blood

By Lexiconus Qor / #13880

Soldiers lined up in the corridor as their eyes scanned and checked all the flaws on their uniforms and guns, inspecting them repeatedly. Men and women from scouts, rangers, demolitions mixing with heavy weapons, front line troopers and veterans. Jurdan sat in the corner, disassembling his lightsaber, then quickly reconstructing it as he stopped the timer next to him. Checking his times and records, preparing himself for the moment. With a nod, he told the pacing Quarren that he was ready.

“Oh it’s so sad to,” Lexiconus sighed. “Think of the good times, you and I had.”

Jurdan was unsure who the Quarren was speaking to, but he could notice the flicker of anger and pure hatred in his furrowing eyes. Walking up and down the small room the platoon was placed in, Lexiconus inspected the blasters and detonators the soldiers carried. He wanted this to be perfectly done, he needed this to be successful.

“Sir, it’s the drop point. Should we engage?” The leading commander asked, who was innately disassembling his rifle over and over again. Lexiconus gave a short nod and slammed his hand into the ramp’s controls, as the hydraulics pushed the platform they stood on, and extended it below.

“Alright, jump packs online. Let’s get the poodoo!” The commander said as he leaned forward and dived from the transport. A flash of yellow and his jump pack engaged, allowing him to drop onto the ground and begin his assault. The other soldiers followed example, as Lexiconus and Jurdan both leapt out and glided themselves to the settling dust below.

Flashes of red and green erupted around the men, while Jurdan effortly began deflecting the bolts back at the resistance. Gaining ground and pushing from the front, the soldiers grew closer to their targets, and the echoing of lightsaber cuts flew through the mist. Erupting in a swirl of sapphire light, a Zeltron woman cleaved and chopped her way through the crowds. Her acrobatic movements aided by the Force, Jurdan saw the challenge and smirked, then dashed at her with his lightsaber following behind.

With a snap-hiss, Lexiconus ignited his own saberstaff, and flurried it around him. “Cuz baby we’ve got bad blood, we used to be mad love,” Then he dashed forward into the fight.

“Oh it’s so sad to, think of the good times, you and I had!”