

Sabotage on the Braga

GJW XII Phase I

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/13044>

Objective 2 Prompt - Sabotage The *Braga* is a Dreadnaught-class Collective x60 Heavy Cruiser equipped with a prototype stealth system and composite beam laser. One of the more deadly components of the Collective Fleet, it needs to be stopped at any cost. Fortunately, thanks to a spy on the inside of the Collective, an opening has presented itself for a small strike team to board the Heavy Cruiser, and take it down from the inside.

Knight Xolarin (Dark Jedi) / AED / House Liath of Clan Tarentum [SA: IX] [GMRG: I] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VIII]

SC / Cr:3R-2A-5S-8E / Clx36 / CGx27 / DSS / SoF

{SA: MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGHL - SVHL - SVL - SVWP}

Collective Dreadnaught *Braga*
In Orbit, Nancora Prime
35 ABY

Heat. Sweat. Nerves. Heartbeat. Perception. Awareness.

The Force.

All of these were on high aboard the *Collective* warship, inside a small cargo hold on a lower deck. The battle over Nancora was insanely, immensely intense. The Brotherhood, including Clan Tarentum, had responded to the threat that the *Collective* posed for their success, even their very existence. And did they ever respond - space combat, orbital bombardment, covert operations, ground troops, technological warfare. All was fair in... war.

The *Braga* was a key target, and Xolarin's team had been shuttled aboard by one of the finest pilots he had met. The Battlelord Pel would normally not have been sent on such a mission, but they needed an ace to get Xol's team onto the warship. And he did it, albeit with capital cover fire from Tarentum naval forces.

The Tarentum veteran would wait aboard his ship as the crew got to work. First, they had to lock down the shuttle bay for some time all around. Xolarin's strike team was assembled wisely and had an expert slicer in tow. J'Onn went to town on the security system as they snuck out of their hiding spot: with some codes from the aforementioned intelligence, she was able to bypass some of the base protocols and enable specialized codes for that bay. She also cleared some of the security logs that pointed towards the unauthorized boarding. They were clear, at least for a short while.

"Private," Xolarin said singularly to the female soldier. He gave a solid nod as the team quickly left the bay and headed down the appropriate halls and lifts. The engineering hubs were their destination, as they would wreak havoc on the systems that powered and controlled the recently-discovered stealth and beam systems.

Rounding each corner, the two Yeoman mercenaries were able to disable most guards and officers. The two struck with stun batons and heavy blasters, small flash grenades, and old fashioned melee combat. Xolarin and the fellow Dark Jedi Padawan Felicia Torron were able to assist with their connections to the Force, with distractions, sliding objects, and pointed misfires.

Of course the journey down was not without its dangers, and the group of five did not come out completely unscathed. Bruises, shots in armor, a few flesh wounds... it was not a painless exercise to get to engineering, but they did arrive alive and ready.

Xolarin approached the console and put his bare hand on one of the consoles that J'Onn had identified as a major control unit. "Not this one," he said, using his arcane connection to the

Force. They moved on to the next one where he repeated the gesture and gave a nod. "This should do it."

"That will do nothing," came a raspy voice from the main hall. The double-doors were still open and Xolarin had waved the soldiers down when he saw who was outside them. "The *Braga* cannot be shut down from here, fools."

The *Collective* leader, an assassin-type from what Xolarin could gather from appearance and demeanor and mannerisms, meant business. However, he also did not know what they were really trying to do, which was a plus.

"J'Onn, continue. You two, guard her." Xolarin stepped forward, with Felicia close behind. "We'll handle this."

The assassin chuckled and shook his head. "Ghafa will have a field day when I deliver your weapons and bodies."

"But who'll clean up the mess," Felicia said in her typical cynical and accented delivery. She was a good adept and a very learned padawan. However, her normal master was fine with her quite sarcastic and often crude style. Her normal master wasn't present, so Xolarin had to bite his tongue and deal with the enemies literally before them.

The *Collective* leader laughed and then stopped mid-chortle to thrust a couple spheres right at Xolarin and Felicia's feet. At the same time, the three guards with her quickly fired several shots and then took cover behind the door framing.

Felicia's lightsaber ignited quickly and blocked the shots, one of which had fired right back at its initiator before he took cover. She glanced down at the spheres, but had no time to focus as Xolarin extended his hand and made a sweeping gesture outward. The grenades easily made their way out of the doorway and exploded on impact of the opposite wall, shrapnel flying everywhere. The guard hit by Felicia's redirect was caught in the dual blasts and was now likely missing some parts.

The assassin clearly didn't like this and acrobatically flipped inside the engineering hub and up onto a platform. Felicia was about to throw her lightsaber but Xolarin interrupted. "No, get those two," he said, pointing out the door. The Padawan nodded and jogged the short distance to the doors while Xolarin looked up, his hood down now, his brooding face exposed. The Fallen Knight shook his head. "You should have brought more help."

"You..." said the male assailant in an obviously-bothered voice. "You should have brought more than your hands." She instantly tossed three more spheres down near Xolarin's feet and drew two blasters out right after.

This would normally mean certain doom for the Force user, but Xolarin was ready in a way. An urge had told him to begin his move as his enemy was drawing his guns, leaping out of the way and rolling underneath the platform. It was not a graceful act, and it rather hurt his back not being trained in that type of evasion, but it did the trick in blocking blaster shots.

The assassin glanced out in the hall to check on the sounds of lightsaber zaps and blaster shots, and so far the young girl with Xolarin was still swinging. He looked down and saw his grenades still standing there, moving out of the way a bit backwards, and began to fire over near J'Onn and the soldiers.

Xolarin shook his head again, more annoyed than anything. But they did not have time for a full round of combat. Xolarin shouted, "Lumens!" The team recognized his caution and prepared themselves as the Dark Jedi forced a bright flash of light from his hands, running out from under the platform. The assassin and one of the guards still left in the hallway looked in and were instantly blinded, at least for a few seconds.

Xolarin finished his move as he shoved his hands outwards towards the leader, sending a shockwave through the Force, knocking him down and losing his weapons in addition to his sight. Out in the hall, Felicia sliced her lightsaber through the blinded guard, finishing her work as well. The other soldiers swiftly kicked the grenades down the engineering bay before they exploded.

The Fallen Jedi sighed. "You done?"

"Just finishing, boss," came the voice of J'Onn, who eventually disconnected from the console and limped over. "Shot to the leg didn't help," she said with an odd grin.

The crew began to make their way back to the ship. As they went they began to hear several explosions behind them, on some sort of delay. A yelp could even be heard from one of them. Xolarin looked over at J'Onn, to whom he was lending a hand walking.

"Double-trips... for our exit." That sinister yet silly grin returned.

Pel was waiting, and the bay was still clear. The ship's boarding ramp came down again as the group got back on. Success could be measured shortly... before the ship took off, Xolarin nodded to J'Onn. "Now."

The slicer tapped on her datapad and a rather large noise could be heard emanating from the *Braga*. Only this was no explosion, it was like an energy surge, a cacophony of metallic bends and pings. And of course it was followed by alarm klaxons all around.

"That's our cue," came Battlelord Pel's voice. The Tarentum ship lifted off and exited the shuttle bay and, as soon as they were clear, blasted into hyperspace in a flash. The *Braga's* new

weapons were destroyed, and a major *Collective* threat was gone for now. And to boot, Xolarin had proven himself a keen member and leader in the clan.