

# THE FORCE UNLEASHED

By Aura Ta'var

35 ABY

---

Aura Ta'var meditated over the sands of Nancora's Badlands, wishing she was somewhere else. Her body floated above the hot surface as she used the Force to levitate. Inside her world of meditation, the wrecks around her went away and the desert turned to green luscious grass. An angry presence flanked by several other angry presences disrupted her thoughts. The Zeltron let herself fall gracefully onto the dirt and opened her eyes.

"You've finally come, CC."

"Captain Crimson to you! Men, fire!"

The Odanite's saber ignited, slashing and jabbing in a frenzy around her as she deflected away blaster bolts. Aura pulled the Force into her legs as she sprinted against the hard, dry ground in an flanking maneuver, her blade still dancing through the air. A grenade shot towards her, the light glimmering off its casing.

*Smoke grenade...*

This wasn't her first fight against CC and Aura recognized the payload by shape. The Odanite let it hit, jumping backward the moment its gases concealed her. The Zeltron spotted a pile of rusted metal and grinned. Aura took cover right around the corner from the debris, using the Force to chuck the pieces mercilessly towards the Collective soldiers and Crimson. Screw, whole panels, and engine blocks to name a few; all rocketed towards the medley of trained troopers. The Odanite ignored their pain for the time being, glad she was thinning the herd.

Aura concentrated as she lifted a bigger piece of sheet metal that looked like it once covered a starship's wall. It fully covered her at least. The Zeltron levitated it in front of her as she ran forward towards the remaining enemy soldiers. Blaster shots pinged off it, blackened char marks the only indication of how much fire she was taking. CC let loose another grenade, this time a deadly fragmentation one. Aura growled as she grabbed it with the Force and ripped it far to her left, its fragments harmlessly peppering the dead earth underneath.

"Do it now! Point 0-1-7!" yelled Crimson.

Aura looked upward, the frightening silhouette of a Strike Class Medium Cruiser breaking the atmosphere. The Zeltron dashed back to cover, her shield forgotten behind her as her lightsaber batted away any bolts that came close enough to harm her. Skidding behind a larger ship, she shut down her saber and focused on the ship above her, imagining the inside of the engines.

Slowly, she squeezed her hands, the engines of the ship above her creaking in protest. Aura took another determined breath and squeezed her invisible hands even tighter.

The sound of mini explosions came from above as its engines shut down, crushed by the Force itself. The Strike Class Medium Cruiser dived, aimlessly pointed downwards. Aura raised her fist up, using the Force to push the nose of the ship upwards till it flew directly at the mass of Collective scum following her. Pleased with her handiwork, the Odanite took off at a run, lest she get caught in her own attack. She could hear the sound of desperate cries behind her but they were already doomed.

“Damn you, Jedi!” yelled CC, her final words before her own ship landed on top of her.