

Sith Bloodfyre-Tarentae

PIN 756

Collective Strike

Foe: "Captain Crimson"

The badlands of Nancora Prime were a wasteland that was home to a mechanical monstrosity whose premier goal for the moment was the destruction of the Dark Brotherhood, and revenge for Rath Oligard. The sturdy warriors of the seven Clans were determined to deprive Oligard of that sweet and tantalizing victory that he felt was oh so near.

Ships battled in the skies and space above Nancora Prime, and warriors of each Clan had landed upon the surface. There were rumors of artifacts that had previously belonged to Darth Plagueis the Wise, and some of the Clans had sent their valiant adherents to seek these out. Others had been cast down upon the surface of Nancora as casualties of war, with ships destroyed at infrequent explosions, and escape pods bearing their precious cargo to rescue ships, or down to the surface. Sith Bloodfyre had been caught as one of the latter. His personal ship, a VT-49 Decimator, had been caught in a blast near the shuttle bay of the *Affliction*, one of the *Venator*-class star destroyers that served in Tarentum's navy. The Consul had immediately drawn out to the Force to hold his ship together, and his able-minded pilot kept the ship in control as it careened to the surface of the wasted planet, before the Consul of Tarentum took out his lightsaber, sliced a hole in the side of the ship, and leaped out to safety. The robed-man landed into a tumble, and rolled up to his feet in the same maneuver, in time to see his ship smash into the surface of the planet, and explode only seconds later. The Shaevalian shook his head for a mere moment, the only apparent acknowledgement of losing a valued and loyal crewman. He then turned his gaze to the planet, trying to postulate his position and plan ahead.

Shots rang out from several meters behind his location. One caught Bloodfyre in the left shoulder, but was dampened by his outer robes that he wore. It still hurt like hell, but it wouldn't hamper his movements or ability to fight... yet. *It could very well make for an interesting predicament if this drags on*, Sith thought to himself. There was little cover to find. His was in the middle of a wasteland. The wreckage of his ship was several hundred or thousands of meters away. He turned himself to where the shots had come from, nearly at his six o'clock, and he beheld a lone figure running towards him, a blaster in hind, still firing off shots. The armor hid any semblance of gender or identity from such a range, but it mattered little whether a man or woman had attacked the Consul of Tarentum. Anyone engaging in conflict with the Ghost Dragon of Tarentum deserved to die. The Shaevalian ignited his lightsaber and held his position.

“You can live this day and kneel before me,” the Master’s voice broke the air and seemed to echo unnaturally across the vast landscape, “or you can die like the wretched dog that you are for daring to attack me from behind, whelp!”

“I caught you fair and square,” a decidedly female voice came across the speakers of the helmet she wore, as blaster fire continued to belch forth from her E-11, “and you’re just steamed because the odds aren’t in your favor, Jedi scum!” The combatant, unknown to the Sith Master, was one “Captain Crimson,” and was no rookie soldier, and would never be cowed by braggadocio or simple parlor tricks, even from one of the Sith. But she seemed to lack verifiable insight into the Shaevalian’s nature. He was most decidedly not Jedi, yet she was potentially just using it as a catch-all term.

“Woman,” Sith returned, “I am about to show you the difference between a Jedi, and one such as myself. Hopefully someone is watching to learn from your mistakes.” Blasterfire continued to ring out across the wastelands, and CC continued to close the distance, only to be grabbed by the neck of her armor, unseen hands of the Force gripping the armor and yanking her dozens of meters into the air as the Sith Master snaked his right hand out and flung it into the air, his enemy following his flowing handwork. The woman yelped only briefly in surprise, as a warrior such as she quickly caught her senses and attempted to find her salvation. Yet, in this instance, there was none. The Shaevalian toss his lightsaber like a spear, only a single blade ignited, which struck Captain Crimson in the visor, impaling the woman through the bridge of her nose.

Captain Crimson’s lifeless corpse fell to the ground, like a bird with its wings snipped. Her armored form bounced a meter or less into the air. The Consul walked slowly over to the corpse, and grabbed hold of his lightsaber, deactivated the blade, and hung it back on his belt. A tuft of her hair snuck out from beneath her helmet, just slightly. Bloodfyre pushed the helmet away from her face, and looked into her lifeless eyes for just a moment before grabbing a lock of her hair, and tucking it away into a pocket within his robes.

“You are certainly audacious and capable,” Bloodfyre said to the corpse. “Perhaps you will remain so in the afterlife. We will speak again, whomever you are.”