***Alleyway  
2 km from Sky Breach base  
Daleem***

Talis cut down another Maelstrom Corsair fighter before he turned back to look upon the slaughter behind him. Twenty mercenaries lay dismembered along the alleyway. On the other side of the alleyway stood Tiriok, Talis’ younger sister, who had been cornered in the alleyway with him. She deactivated her green lightsaber before depositing it on her hip with one swift motion and made her way towards him.

The Siblings had been besieged on both sides as they tried to take a shortcut back to the base. Tiriok’s small, but muscular frame bounded towards him with ease. She made it a point to not land in any puddle of biological fluids or to touch any of the corpses as she made her way to her older brother.

Talis looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

***“What?”*** Tiriok asked her older sibling.

***“Really?”*** Talis replied with his own question as he nodded back to the alleyway.

***“I didn’t want to get my boots dirty, Tal.”*** Tiriok had never called her older brother by his full name. The siblings had their own nicknames for one another.

***“Tiri we both know you don’t care about getting dirty in a fight.”*** Talis motioned towards his sister’s nose which was bleeding from beneath her Light Amplification Goggles.

***“What?”*** the confused half Miralukan wiped her hand across her face nervously. The blood smeared across her light acorn brown cheek. She looked more like her mother who was a Mirialan, than their shared parent, their father, a Miralukan.

***“Looks like someone tagged you.”*** Talis chuckled as he turned his attention back towards the vacant street. The civilians had quickly vacated the area or bunkered down for the coming fight.

***“How did the civilians know to take cover?”*** Tiriok was thinking mirrored her older brothers.

***“We will have to wait for those answers***.” Talis exited the alleyway with Tiriok in tow. The two Jedi made their way up the street before it came to a T intersection where both of them hugged opposite walls. They both looked past one another to the opposite directions. They were both well versed in trade craft and they needed it now more than ever. The streets had erupted into an all-out war between the Satele Shan forces and the mercenary band, the Maelstrom Corsairs, earlier that morning and since the beginning of the incident the siblings had been fighting their way from almost the very edge of town. Their tradecraft had saved their lives many times on the more than ten kilometer trek and they were approaching their goal, Sky Breach Base.

***“Did you hear that commander in the alleyway Tal?”*** Tiriok whispered just loud enough for her half-brother to hear.

***“Yeah,”*** Talis eased himself along the wall before easing up.

***“He said the Shipwrights guild right?”***

***“Yes Tiri. He did.”*** Talis nodded towards the street he was looking at and gave a thumb up.

***“Didn’t they help,”*** Tiriok was cut off by a squad of Maelstrom Corsairs who rounded the corner onto her street and were making their way towards them. With a sequence of hand gestures Tiriok relayed the information to Talis who drew both of his lightsabers from his hip. Tiriok made her way across the street to her brother’s side and drew her lightsaber. The two crouched down next to one another and set their trap.

Tiriok prepared herself with a few long deep breaths before nodding to her brother. Tiriok reached out her hand and conjured an orb of pure darkness in front of the squad that enveloped the first handful of them. Talis rose and entered the darkness and took a deep breath before reaching out to the subconscious of the squad. He felt their fear and pushed on it and augmented it with the force.

Tiriok sensing the squads fear dropped the orb of black ink out of existence and standing in front of the squad was a figure robed in a black hood. Talis extended both of his hands outwards, away from his body and activated his amethyst and azure blades. An audible yelp escaped one of the soldiers.

Tiriok took the opportunity to sneak around the corner and past the terrified squad whose attention was entirely devoted to Talis to take up a position behind them. Some of the soldiers turned around to run. They ran smack dab into the smiling visage of Tiriok, standing with lightsaber in hand, as she too amplified the stronger members fear. The two Jedi waded into the squad like farmers sowing crops. Soon all ten members of the squad lay dead at the duos feat.

***“Well that worked out well,”*** Talis joked to his little sister who returned his humor with a disapproving glare.

Talis shrugged and motioned for his sister to go the direction the group had just come from. If one squad had already come down that road recently they were less likely to run into more patrols coming their way.

The two cleared most of the way back to the base with little to no fighting. It wasn’t until two blocks from the courtyard leading to the entrance of Sky Breach Base did the duo hear sounds of a large scale battle going on. The two crouched and made their way up some stairs to a building that overlooked the courtyard. Laid out before them was an intense battle between the Satele Shan forces and the Maelstrom Corsairs. Screams of pain and feelings of anger, despair and hatred washed over the Miralukan who had to take a deep breath and collect himself.

***“How do we get past that?”*** Tiriok questioned.

***“Violently is my best guess.”*** A sudden feeling of danger caused the hairs on the back of the two Odanites necks to stand on end. The sudden sensation caused the two of them to both drop into rolls away from one another. A red lightsaber slashed the air above them, causing the two Jedi to draw their lightsabers as they came to their feet.

Before Talis could engage the new threat, a familiar face jumped in between the fighters. Ethan’s unkempt hair and crooked nose stopped Talis in his tracks. Tiriok, who was far less knowledgeable of Ethan and his girlfriend, engaged the attacker. Tiriok slammed her green lightsaber into Petth’s crimson blade in an upward arching slash. The force of the upward swing knocked the smaller Sith’s back against the wall. Surprised by the younger fighter’s skill the smaller Sith rolled away from her follow up downward attack and came up onto her feet in a low, wide stance just out of either combatants reach.

The two were interrupted by a strong sense of intense terror. Both women turned to look at Talis’ glaring visage.

***“That’s enough!”*** Tiriok deactivated her lightsaber immediately and stood up straight as a board. Staring at the ground she slowly walked back to her brother side. Stunned by the sudden feelings Petth stared at the tall Miralukan in surprise.

***“I didn’t know Jedi could do that.”*** Petth’s smile and tone caused shivers to run up Ethan and Tiriok’s spines.

***“I wouldn’t classify him as your typical Jedi, Petth,”*** Ethan moved towards the window the two had been staring out of.

***“What are your thoughts Ethan?”*** Talis asked as he strode up next to the Human. The pair overlooked the battlefield in all of its terrifying glory. Petth deactivated her lightsaber and took up a position with her chin on Ethan’s shoulder. Ethan looked tired and his feelings of exhaustion emanated from him. Talis figured it was due to his partner’s propensity for violence.

***“Can I kill them?”*** Petth asked nonchalantly. The raven haired woman's question verified Talis’ belief.

***“Do you mean the ones wearing the Corsairs uniform?”*** Ethan looked over into her eyes.

***“You can kill those people to your heart's content you little psychopath.”*** Talis interrupted them without looking away.

***“Are you sure he is a Jedi?”*** Petth pointed at the taller of the men as she locked eyes with Ethan again.

***“We need to coordinate with those inside but they are jamming our signal so that option is out.”*** Talis pointed to a building right behind one of the main defenses. ***“That building right there, we come out of that facing the exposed side of their position and then rush their line. If we break it there we may give our boys inside a chance to surge out and join us and send these mercenaries running.”***

***“That should work,”*** Tiriok replied.

***“You don’t look like you have a shovel stuffed in those robes, so how are we going to get through that wall Mr. Not-so-much-a-jedi?”*** Petth interjected.

Talis pulled a roll of Detonite tape from his belt.

***“I never leave home without a roll of it.”*** A smile spread across Petth’s face that worried Ethan.

The group made their way down to the building. Petth made sure that any curious soldiers met a gruesomely violent end before they could alert their comrades. Talis carefully installed the Detonite Tape on the wall just behind the defensive positions. The Miralukan nodded to the group who were all huddling over him to watch him work.

The four retreated behind an internal wall of the housing structure as they waited for Talis to detonate it. Talis pulled out a Sonic Imploder and an Impact Grenade. He handed the Impact Grenade to Petth first before changing his mind and taking it from her and handing it to Ethan. Petth gave him a hurt look like he had taken a toy from a child. Talis returned her look with a stern stare which she replied to with a shrug.

Talis twisted the Sonic Imploder to arm it and then pushed the detonator button for the Detonite tape. The prior member of garza’s pathfinders explosives expert team timed his throw. A loud bang erupted causing audible screams of surprise and spraying the defensive line with debris. A secondary bang caused the mercenaries to curse and yell in pain. Ethan followed the Sonic Imploder by throwing his impact grenade.

Three lightsaber wielding warriors erupted from the cloud of debris caused by the explosion of one of their defensive positions. Four colors of lightsaber blades cut through the surviving Corsairs like a knife through butter. They advanced and pushed the attackers before the trio of death. Talis’ amethyst and azure blades danced and whirled around as the emerald blade of Tiriok arced through the air, rending limb from body and splitting weapons in half. They were followed by a much more brutal Crimson blade that not just killed its opponents but mutilated and terrorized them. Petth was in pure combat ecstasy. A Blas-tech DL-44 rang out behind the trio, executing any stragglers as Ethan brought up the flank.

***Main Entrance  
Sky Breach Base   
Daleem***

***“Watch you fire!”*** Korroth paced back and forth giving orders to the men on the Line. ***“Fire when they reload those main gun positions.”***

A large explosion interrupted the sounds of battle as part of the defensive line evaporated. A lucky grenade throw had landed among a group of defenders.

***“MEDIC!”*** A soldier’s panicked scream rent the air. A silent, black robe clad woman swiftly made her way down the defensive line in a crouched run. She swiftly cleared the distance and came to a kneeling halt over the injured Satele Shan defender. She immediately triaged the injured soldier’s wounds before she began administering first aid to his more serious injuries.

***“Junazee what is the ETA on getting him back on the line?”*** Korroth barked.

***“Not this week,”*** Junazee replied in a flustered tone as she worked on the screaming man. ***“He has multiple broken bones, an internal bleed in his leg from his femur breaking like twig, he has to get to the medical wing. Hey you two.”*** the Miralukan woman waved two non-combatant medics over to her. ***“This man is a CAT one casualty and needs immediate care.”***

The two men hoisted their wounded comrade up by his arms and rushed off with him.

Junazee turned as she sat and looked up at the stoic Pau’an. He stood with his chest out and his hands behind his back.

***“How much longer do you think this will rage on Korroth?”*** Junazee asked nonchalantly.

***“The Force is with us,”*** Korroth paused as he flicked his green lightsaber to life and batted a pair of blaster shots up and into the building above him before deactivating it and returning to his conversation. ***“It will guide us.”***

Junazee’s brown, shoulder length hair was matted with dirt and blood, as was her face. Sweat dripped off her brow as she looked down the lines to the scared and tired soldiers.

Their silent moment was broken by a blast behind the main defensive position of the enemy. Junazee spun around to look in the direction of the blast as all of the blaster fire stopped from both sides. The battlefield went as silent as a grave.

Another blast, this one louder than the first brought loud cries of pain from the enemy line and caused even the stoic Pau’an to flinch. A third explosion followed the second in quick succession and it brought different screams to the ears of the defenders.

The activation of multiple lightsabers echoed across the courtyard as the attackers turned to face their new enemy. Blaster fire began to ring out as the mercenaries were now the defenders from an unknown enemy.

Like a breath of fresh air Jedi Mystic Talis DeMorte erupted from the debris cloud. Lightsabers in hand followed by two more lightsaber wielding warriors and a short man wielding a blaster pistol. Junazee turned to look at Korroth.

***“The Force will guide us.”*** Junazee smiled up at the Vanguard as she drew out her dual lightsabers and turned to charge the attackers positions while they were confused. As she crested the sandbag wall she laid her eyes upon something out of holovid.

From four different positions, unaccounted for members of Satele Shan attacked the flanks of the Maelstrom Corsair lines. The chaos this caused was awe inspiring. Junazee pushed those thoughts aside as she closed on the nearest defensive position to her right.

Korroth went to follow the Miralukan but stopped. He turned and looked down at his confused men.

***“Well, don’t just stare,”*** Korroth motioned towards the enemy. ***“FIGHT!”***

With that command every soldier popped up and began firing upon the confused Maelstrom lines. The route was upon them and their experience warriors knew. In the distance you could see mercenaries ducking down alleys and climbing walls.

Talis pushed himself harder than he had ever. He spun, he rolled over sandbag walls, and he leapt over mortally injured enemies. He did everything he could to keep moving and cause as much damage as he could before they rallied. It wasn’t until he was staring at Junazee who was flanked by Jedi Knight Nijalah and Jedi Knight Hyle Alihandross that he realized what had happened.

They had inadvertently broken the siege of Sky Breach Base.

***“Can I kill them?”*** Petth asked.

***“No, no you can't you little psychopath.”***