

Competition: [NEMESIS] Garrison Defense
By: Acolyte Jinius Griffin (Gray Jedi) / House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow
ID: 10545

Note on Nemesis Character Sheet

Attached at the end. Please avoid reading the character sheet until you are in CH4 otherwise there are spoilers.

Formatting was weird for the character sheet so here is the link:
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1OBedpqfsIW3aLZ0AccXPkGD3R6vY-mZVPKHRenFHhwE/edit?usp=sharing>

Feminam Jinius

Introduction

“What?!” Jinius demanded as he sat in the interrogation room just off the Chamber of Justice.

The room was poorly lit with a single can light overhead casting a dim, yellow light, throwing the room into a consuming darkness that seemed to press in. The durasteel floors were smooth and the color of dark slate. There was no transition between the sheer, black walls and the slate colored floor. The dark hue of the floor seemed to absorb the overhead light making the room a deep shadow.

Towards the side of the room pushed up against the wall sat a tall brushed durasteel table. Jinius sat quietly at the table, his hands resting on the flat surface. Specs of rust and tarnish broke up the flat plane of the surface. Atop the table sat a small silver box with a flickering blue screen, a medical scanner. Across the table sat a young woman from the Justicar’s office, Acolyte Ashala Corra. Next to the table, in front of the scanner, stood a single medical droid.

“The results are clear,” the young woman said matter-of-factly. Her long, dark hair was bound up in a tight bun that sat just above the crest of her head. It was pulled so tight, Jinius could imagine it was somehow holding her face on. “Your blood matches the blood we found in Doctor Yue’s office.”

“Correction, My Lady,” the echoy voice of the droid chimed in, “The blood types match. Full genetic profile is pending, ma’am.”

The young woman rolled her eyes and gave Jinius a flat, expressionless gaze, “Fine. It matches your blood type. Why were you in Doctor Yue’s office?”

Blood type seemed like an inconclusive amount of proof to Jinius. He met the woman’s gaze with a slightly raised eyebrow, “I doubt I’m the only one in the Brotherhood with my blood type, Ma’am. Furthermore, I don’t know a Doctor Yue.”

“She’s a high-profile asset to the Brotherhood, Acolyte Griffin. Blood matching your type was found in her office. Can you give me your whereabouts over the past 24 hours?”

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"Mostly the Shadow Academy Archives. Been preparing for a few exams and doing some research. Can you give me a specific time period when I was to have been in her office?" Jinius asked. The whole accusation made little sense to them.

"I'm afraid I cannot," Corra answered. She glanced down at the datapad impatiently. "Can you be any more specific about what times you were where?"

"I'm not paid hourly, My Lady. I don't keep a detailed accounting of my whereabouts minute by minute. Doesn't the Brotherhood track our bio-signatures?"

"Yes. However, I can't just simply pull up a report of where you've been without a warrant. I don't have enough for a warrant. However, a blood type may be enough." Corra's eyes narrowed as she spoke. She certainly had it out for him. "Acolyte Griffin, the longer you take giving me the information, the worse it is going to be."

"Am I being held under charges? My blood type among the thousands of other personnel doesn't say anything about anyone. I'm not going to sit here and be accused on a baseless claim!" Jinius raised his voice. It wasn't quite a yell but certainly elevated. He glared at the young woman, "If this conversation is going to continue, I'd either like more proof that there is some reason to suspect me or I'd like to speak with the Left Hand of Justice."

"Acolyte Griffin!" Corra shouted rising out of her chair. "Fact is we found blood that matches your type. I have the right and duty to detain you for investigation. You are entitled to speak with the Left Hand once charges have been levied. Until then, you are to submit to any questioning."

Jinius stood and stared down fiercely at Corra. He refused to be bullied by some woman he'd never seen before who did not officially outrank him. He turned toward the door, "If you have any further questions, Acolyte Corra, you may find me in my quarters."

"Acolyte Griffin, if you leave this room I cannot make any promises as to what our next conversation will be like." Corra pointed a thin finger at Jinius as she spoke.

"I'll take that chance," Jinius said as he walked to the door.

The large metal door slid open revealing the brightly lit hallway. As Jinius stepped out in the corridor the tinny voice of the droid came from the room.

"My apologies for interrupting, Acolytes. The full genetic profile is back. The blood does not match. However, the samples appear related. They share an X chromosome."

Interested, Jinius stepped back into the room. "A shared X chromosome?" The door slid closed behind him. "Like a brother?"

"Actually, a sister, Acolyte Griffin. The sample from Doctor Yue's office came back female," the droid replied simply. "In fact, the same diversity appears on both sets of X chromosomes."

"Diversity?" Jinius asked.

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“Yes. You see, every offspring receives half of each parent’s genetic profile. However, as part of this process there are always minor mutations. It is the natural means of evolution. Each organism is a little more different than the combined parts.”

“So, what does it mean if the same diversity is apparent in both sets of chromosomes?” Jinius asked. He’d moved over to the chair and was sitting again. Nothing like a mystery to get his brain into the conversation.

“Clones. Or Twins, which are natural clones, I suppose,” Corra responded. Jinius had forgotten she was there. Jinius gave her a short nod.

“Clones, in this case. Although modifications have been made, clearly. Your X chromosome was cloned and duplicated to create a female version of you, Acolyte Griffin.”

“Any idea who’d want to clone you?” Acolyte Corra asked.

“No idea.” Jinius sat quietly trying to dissect the information himself. There was a lot to process in the facts he’d just received. He’d have to do some looking into this. Jinius finally rose from his chair and started toward the exit again.

“I have more questions!” Acolyte Corra exclaimed at Jinius.

“I’m sure you do,” Jinius muttered as he left the room. His mind was racing. Frantic, even. He glanced over his shoulder as he left, “I have my own questions. I’m sure we’ll speak again soon.”

That much Jinius was sure of. Something in him gave him the sense that he and Ashala Corra would have a conversation again soon. Something about her wasn’t right.

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Chapter 1 - I have never led before

Jinius stood in line with the other Journeymen, many he didn't recognize; he spent most of his time in the lab and didn't get out much. The Journeymen had all been called to the Clan Naga Sadow main fleet to receive some special assignments. Normally, Journeymen under the rank of Knight weren't permitted to go on solo missions, however, recent events had forced the Clan, and the Brotherhood, to begin considering their lesser ranks for assistance with various missions. The murder of Doctor Yue had everyone on edge.

Rollmaster Tasha'Vel Versea walked up and down the ranks of Journeymen, her cerulean lekku dancing, the ends flicking rhythmically as she walked. Her piercing green eyes made their way along the row of Journeymen peering deeply into each of them. The motion of her gait was predatory. It was clear to all of them she was in charge.

The Rollmaster finally stopped and looked out across the ranks. The dark markings on her skin seemed to move with the flickering overhead lights. "Assignments have been uploaded to your Shadow Academy datapads. Some of you have been paired up, others have been assigned individual missions. Do not discuss any of your assignments with others; consider them classified. Once you have your assignment, report to the docking bay to receive your accommodations. May the Force be with you." Her firm voice pierced the quiet air causing the row of Journeymen to leap to action without room for question or debate. The Journeymen scurried off like squirrels, off to their assignments without a word of discussion.

Jinius activated his own datapad and looked at the flickering blue screen. He gave it a little tap. He'd tried "upgrading" it recently and failed. Since then the screen had been dysfunctional. The words "See Me" stood out firmly on the inconsistent screen. He let out a sigh and calmly strode over to where the Rollmaster stood watching the Journeymen move off to their different assignments. Jinius stopped and stood at attention.

"Hello, Acolyte Jinius." The Rollmaster's voice was calm and powerful. She didn't look at him.

"Hello, My Lady, I believe you wanted to speak with me?" Jinius asked trying to mask the nervous quiver in his voice. It was strange being in the presence of one of the Clan's command staff.

"Yes, I do, Acolyte." Tasha turned her head to face Jinius. One of her lekku shifted so she could see him clearly. "I have a specific mission for you. I see here you were a Lieutenant in the New Republic military. Have you ever led a group of soldiers before? Did you ever have anyone assigned underneath you?"

Having the Twi'Lek's attention directed at him was unnerving for Jinius. He rarely interacted with the upper crust of Clan Naga Sadow. Normally, Journeymen stayed out of the way of the command staff hoping to avoid the wrong kind of attention. It wasn't until they were Knights that most clan members received assignments that involved interacting with the Clan's, or even the House's, command staff. Jinius tried hard to maintain a respectful amount of eye contact with the Rollmaster but kept allowing his gaze to drift off so not to stare at her powerful beryl eyes.

"No, My Lady," Jinius answered quietly. "Most of my work involved digging through the holonet. I occasionally did some interrogations."

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“Well then. This will be a change of pace for you.” As she spoke a brief smirk crossed her face, “Your master, Battlemaster Kiriya, recommend you personally for this assignment. In short, we need to you to lead a detachment of troopers to liberate a garrison that has been overtaken by unknown forces. Last report we received from the garrison said that six to ten armed men wearing Black Sun insignia attacked the garrison. We haven’t heard much since the initial transmission. The op is straightforward. Kill the mercs, re-establish communication with Naga Sadow command, and return home. Your troops will stick around to maintain operations until a new staff arrives. Don’t bother using caution. Simple enough?”

Jinius looked away from the Rollmaster’s gaze. He scratched his arm nervously before looking back at the Rollmaster uncertainly, “My Lady, I’m not sure if I’m the right person for this assignment. I have never led before. I haven’t even been issued my Knight’s saber yet. I have a lot of work to do, My Lady, before I’m ready for this kind of mission.”

“This isn’t a request, Acolyte,” the Rollmaster said bluntly, her green eyes leveled at him. They were filled with a ferocity that made Jinius take a step back. “Your men are waiting. Your shuttle leaves in thirty minutes, dock three.”

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Chapter 2 - Cute Little Lightsaber, Greenhorn

A few hours later, Jinius found himself aboard a small E-2T Medical shuttle, on his way to the garrison. Jinius sat behind the pilot's seat of the shuttle in a jump seat that allowed him to stare out at the soldiers sitting in the stripped-out cargo bay of the ship. Normally a shuttle of this type would have several beds to accommodate patients. Instead, the Brotherhood had stripped the ship nearly to the bolts to make room for the crew and a mid-range hyperdrive.

Mercs were less likely to fire on a medical shuttle rather than an obvious troop transport. Even mercs needed aid; they would likely allow the shuttle to land and then assault it and strip it for parts.

Several seats lined the cargo bay of the shuttle. The overhead florescent lights shone brightly down, bathing the cargo bay in diffuse light. Ten soldiers were assigned to Jinius: one whole squad including a med trooper and the group's commander, Sergeant Odwin Gurace. Most of the men had E-11 blaster rifles at their side or close by. Some were looking closely at their blasters checking them before they were thrust into combat. All the troops wore lightweight, dark Stormtrooper armor with smoky patterns printed on the armor. The medical trooper wore a large medical backpack that cast a blue glow on the wall behind him.

Jinius and the command trooper shared a glance. Jinius tried giving the man a smile but the soldier smirked and looked away to talk to another soldier. They both chuckled, glancing back at Jinius every few seconds.

This is not going well, Jinius said to himself. He chewed on his lip as he thought, trying to come up with ways to ease the tension. He was sure they were aware this was his first time commanding an assault force, or anything for that matter.

Jinius stood up from his seat and made his way back earning him a glance from the copilot. He ducked beneath the ship's low ceiling and sat in a chair next to the Sergeant. The Sergeant stood out a little more sharply among the other soldiers. He had several bright chevrons on the breastplate of his armor. The Sergeant looked up at Jinius as he approached. He had a cocky smirk on his face.

One of the men leaned forward and laughed. "Having trouble with the greenhorn, Sarge?" The man then looked over at Jinius and gave him a crooked, annoying grin, "Hey there, that's a cute little lightsaber you got there, Greenhorn."

The men all chuckled. Jinius frowned at them and looked over at the Sergeant. It was time to step up. Leaders have got to lead. "Sergeant, I would appreciate it if you would correct your men's actions. I'm the commander of this mission. Are you going to say something, or should I?" Jinius spoke quietly; he was trying to be respectful to the men but also made sure he spoke loud enough that the men knew they were in trouble."

The troops let out a collective "Ooooooh" at Jinius' comment.

The Sergeant lazily looked up at Jinius, "I'm not going to say a damned thing to them, Sir." The Sergeant punctuated "Sir" to emphasize his sarcasm. His opinion of Jinius was clear.

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"May I ask, why not?" Jinius inquired, trying to keep an even expression as he looked down at the soldier.

"Sir, you have this job because someone gave it to you," the Sergeant said bluntly. "As far as we know, you're just another bookworm with a lightsaber. That is what they tend to send us.

"We'll do this mission, you'll go back to your work, and you'll never think of us little toy soldiers again. It's that simple." The cargo bay erupted with hoots and nods from the other men. The Sergeant leaned in and pointed at a brown-skinned Twi'Lek the back of the shuttle, "That is Trooper Mercio. He's been on our team for three months. He just got out of the academy. As far as I am concerned, he has more experience than you do."

Jinius nodded. The Sergeant wasn't wrong. He would rather be in his lab doing research. He also had no delusions about how successful he was going to be. His mind drifted back to his Leadership courses at the Shadow Academy.

Good leaders inspire their men. Great Leaders become one of their men. Soldiers are tools for politicians. To their commanders, they must be personal. They must be family. You'd never demean your brother, don't demean your troops.

Jinius nodded and pursed his lips, "You're absolutely right, Sergeant. I don't know any of you."

He looked out over the group of men. Several humans and a couple of Twi'leks. "However, I am your commander, like it or not. My success depends on your success. If you don't have confidence in me, then we may as well turn around and head back as this mission will not succeed. So, to shore up some of the differences, allow me to introduce myself.

"I am Jinius Lu'Kar Griffin. I am from Corellia and I served a tour in the Republic Military as an intelligence officer. It was my job to find out what I could about persistent threats to the Republic. I have not experienced battle; I have spent a lot of time studying combat, and I do feel like I have a solid understand understanding of what to expect. I acknowledge that I don't know the battle side of operations like you do. So, I defer to your suggestions there. I assure you, I won't brush you off. If you respect me and bring me a good idea, I'll listen. However, if it gets hot, I need you to trust me. We must work as a team. You think you can do that?"

The troops slowly nodded as they shifted in their seats.

"Now with all that being said, I want to get to know you." Jinius then pointed at the first man in line next to the Sergeant, the med trooper.

"Private Ysura Dalles," the med trooper answered, "Med trooper. Second in command."

Jinius pointed at each soldier in order until all had been named. Privates Cameron and Ashern, both Human heavy weapons specialist. Private Naatan and Yurabolt, Human grenadiers. And finally, Troopers Camhart, Lewyki, Uriiwiki, and Mercio; two humans and two Twi'leks respectively.

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As they finished introductions the pilot leaned back from the cockpit, "Three minutes until we are in communications range of the Garrison. Do we want to phone ahead?"

"No," Both Jinius and the Sergeant answered. They glanced at each other and Sergeant gave Jinius a quick nod. They were about to put this whole leadership thing to the test.

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Chapter 3 - I Expected More Resistance

The Garrison was set into a large asteroid that orbited a small unnamed star in the Outer Rim. At first scan, the garrison was hardly noticeable on sensors; it had intentionally been placed out of view of watchful eyes. Jinius had not been briefed on what the compound was actually used for. A large metal building poked up from the asteroid's surface.

As the shuttle approached, the slagged remains of a pair of gun emplacements could be seen on either side of the landing platform. The platform protruded out from the side of the asteroid about twenty meters. Jinius noticed the flickering violet of the external garrison force field that stretched just beyond the edge of the landing platform. Jinius had feared that the force field dome protecting the landing pad from the emptiness of space would be offline, making their incursion even more difficult. Fighting in Zero-G suits was challenging for even the most experienced soldiers.

Their shuttle moved in towards the landing pad. Jinius looked out the window and noticed a suspicious lack of other craft and an odd amount of rubble on the landing pad. Pieces of rubble blew around and away from the pad as their shuttle sat down.

Moments later the soldiers moved gracefully across the ruined exterior of the garrison, their blasters held at the ready to burn anything that came out the garrison's doors. Jinius trailed behind, his blue lightsaber glowing in his hand as he approached. The soldiers had insisted that he trail them. Jinius' lightsaber training had not gotten as far as blaster deflection yet -- he still wasn't very good at stopping blaster fire. Sergeant Gurace suggested that he trail them; it would be better for them if he wasn't leading the charge if he couldn't help directly. Jinius couldn't argue with that; he was still new to this whole lightsaber thing.

The inside of the facility was dark, even the emergency lights offline. The darkness was oppressive, like they had just descended into a mine that stretched below the surface of some ancient world. The intel about the garrison's crew had been scarce. Jinius had expected to find charred and singed bodies lying on the ground just inside the door where the vacuum of space couldn't wash them away. The entrance to the garrison was empty, but scored with black streaks from a blaster fight.

The soldiers moved sinuously through the facility checking corners and flowing through the compound. Their movements were practiced and fluid. They had all studied the blueprints of the facility so the layout was familiar to them -- the only mystery is what they would find around any given corner.

After several minutes passed and they made their way section by section through the base, Jinius sensed the anxiety of the soldiers growing. There hadn't been any resistance; they had expected resistance. Jinius motioned to the Sergeant who stopped the troops in a long corridor. Instinctively the troops stacked up, half facing one way and half facing the other, each soldier staggering his position among the other soldiers. The Sergeant and the med trooper made their way to Jinius.

"Sir?" the Sergeant asked quietly. His voice was barely above a whisper. The man kept looking around side-to-side as he checked for anything that may be coming around either corner.

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"Something doesn't seem right," Jinius said in an equally quiet voice. Goosebumps popped up on Jinius' skin. He sensed something, but couldn't quite make it out in his mind. Jinius looked at the Sergeant, "I expected resistance."

"Agreed," the Sergeant said plainly. "This is fishy. There should be at least a half dozen men laying down heavy fire on us right now. Dalles, anything on your fancy datapad?"

"Bio-scans can't find anything." The med trooper Dalles stared down at his datapad. It showed an outline of the building with green pulsing waves moving out on the screen. "We were told the exterior is resistant to incursion signals but once inside they said we should be able to read the sensors. I'm seeing jack here, boss. Not even a fracking womp rat."

A dull hum echoed through the building's halls. The generators had come online. Suddenly, the lights in the facility flickered online, illuminating the dark corridors in bright light. The soldiers jumped, blasters digging into their shoulders as the men searched for a target. Jinius felt an ominous sense. Something wasn't right.

Static filled the air as the garrison's intercom system buzzed online. It was followed by some throat clearing before a woman's voice crackled through the nervous silence, "Hello Jinius. And friends. I'm so glad you all came to hang out with me today."

Jinius couldn't quite place it, but even through the distortion from the intercom the voice sounded familiar as if from a recent memory.

The voice continued, "Seriously. I had not expected my little plan to work so well. Kill that doctor. Sack this little base. Lure you and whatever the Brotherhood sent with you in. It was flawless!"

Jinius looked over at the Sergeant. He gave Jinius a shrug. The med trooper shook his head. He still had no readings on the sensors.

The voice continued, "Well, as much as I would love, love, love to chat with you all day, it would be rude of me not to introduce my friends... Coming from the left weighing in at something like 200 kilos, comprised of a collection of reconstituted matter, is Spot, my first creation. And on the right, weighing something similar made of the same little pieces is Fluffy! I hope you all have fun."

At that moment, a distant crash shook the walls followed by a terrifying, guttural howl. Crashes boomed and the sounds of bending, breaking metal filled the air, growing louder with each passing moment. A breath later, a second howl reverberated through the corridors from the opposite end. The soldiers shifted anxiously as they lined up their sights along the corridors. Something was coming. Jinius' lightsaber hummed in his ear as he held it ready, drowning out the heavy crashes on the grated floors. For a few short moments, the hum was all he could hear.

Down a distant hallway, a monstrous form appeared around a corner. Jinius wasn't sure if this was the left or the right -- the voice hadn't been clear on that much. The creature was a symphony of chaos in living flesh. It moved in the strange, front-heavy gait that gundark used but instead of a gundark it was some kind of pale skinned soaked with a crimson and pink

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amalgamation of human bodies. Limbs stuck out at perverse angles accented by blankets of flesh that flowed from the mass dragging along the walls and floors, red with the occasional raft of pale flesh lingering to slide lazily onto the floor. Jinius had never seen anything like it. He heard one of the soldiers wretch at the sight.

The intercom cracked shattering the silence that had grown in the hall in the moments after seeing the beast. It still lumbered down the corridors but it was moving far slower, staring down its new prey. The voice cut sharply through the air, "Question: What do you get when you cross a bunch of Mandalorian soldiers with a bunch of nerdy scientists?"

The voice paused for a moment leaving the quiet dragging sound of the beast to fill the silence.

"Answer: My little babies!" the voice said with a cute little squeal.

A moment later, another monstrosity appeared around the opposite corner. It was similar to the first except a completely different arrangement of bodies. Both monsters charged at the same moment.

Blaster fire erupted, outlined by dull explosions as explosive rounds were lobbed down the corridors. Rust colored blaster bolts lanced down the corridors tearing large chunks of flesh off the monsters, leaving gooey chunks splattered around the confined space. Grenades exploded shaking the base and sending a medley of scrap flying through the air. The monsters roared, buffeting the assault, and continued their charge doubling their speed. With each thundering step the creatures got closer to Jinius and the soldiers. Blaster fire continued to focus in on the creatures, tearing bloody holes in the monsters' sides.

One of them lunged, its flaps and flailing flesh slapping the walls and ceiling as it did. Black claws shone in the overhead light as the creature soared, claws that had been hidden under the mounds of flesh until that point.

Darkness. The lights went out. Gleeful, feminine laughter sounded in the hallway, a chilling bridge into the ongoing a chorus of terror. Meaty thuds and gargled cries sounded in the corridor, no reference for the agony in the shadowed halls.

Jinius held up his lightsaber to cast a blue light on the walls revealing the cacophony of mangled corpses that made up the creature tearing into one of the soldiers. The soldier's chest was caved in as the beast continued to tear at the body. Blood oozed from two torn bodies while the monster continued rending its corpse.

"Sergeant, hold the right side! I'll hold the left!" Jinius declared as he moved closer to the monster. The Sergeant made a whistle and the remaining troops stacked up on one side of the corridor.

Jinius pushed forward. His feet slipped on the pooling blood as he moved as gracefully as he could. When he got close enough, Jinius plunged his lightsaber deep into one of the heads of the monster, nearly up to his lightsaber hilt. The acrid smell of burnt flesh assaulted Jinius' nostrils. A deafening roar exploded from the beast's heads and it thrashed viciously trying to buck Jinius off. Jinius slid away, stopping when he reached the back of one of the soldiers. Jinius charged in again spinning his blade as he went in for a low, long slice. He freed

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the creature from one of its deformed limbs. Again, a roar. An arm bristling with dark claws cut through the air missing Jinius by a hair as he ducked. The creature's arm continued and dug deep into one of the durasteel panels. With a chop, Jinius cut off the creature's arm.

Meanwhile, the Sergeant and his remaining men continued their assault sending an unending stream of blaster shots down the corridor at the second monster. Fortunately, the combined efforts of the seven remaining men was enough to keep it from advancing as each blaster shot tore out another swath of the monster's pale flesh.

Another dull thud sounded in corridor. Another man down, ripped in half by the beast's monstrous claws.

"Nade out!" one of the soldiers yelled. It sounded like Mercio's strange, accented voice. A split second later a deep boom followed by a wave of heat shook the garrison as the concussion grenade went off. Chunks of metal and flesh rained down.

Minutes seemed to pass as the group battled the monsters. Jinius continued to slice apart his monster chunk by chunk. He was a butcher with some sort of eldritch pile of meat summoned from the depths of hell. With every cut, he expected the creature to finally bleed out and give up, however, the creature kept going. Finally, after what felt like death by a thousand cuts the first monster fell to become a giant oozing mass of mangled bodies. The second went down shortly thereafter from the sustained blaster fire and far too many grenades, but not before two more soldiers, including the med trooper, had fallen.

The woman's voice cracked over the intercom again, "Awww. I liked those pets." The voice seemed child-like, toddlerish as it whined over the comms. "Now you have to come find me for the real party. I can't wait." The intercom went silent.

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Chapter 4 - Which Hand of Justice?

Jinius and the soldiers continued through the winding maze of a facility making their way to the control room. Some of the rooms were laboratories, others seemed to be large interrogation rooms with heavy durasteel doors. Every few minutes the lights would flick off for a few minutes to flick back on or the intercom would break the silence of the corridors with taunts and laughs from the unseen woman.

The voice seemed so familiar. Jinius was certain he'd heard it before, recently even. He kept wracking his brain, searching every fold and fiber for the answer, trying to remember where he'd heard that voice. He was positive he'd heard it before; he just needed to figure it out.

The voice continued its jibes. "The longer you take getting here, the worse it's going to be."

It hit Jinius. He'd heard those words before. When he was accused by Acolyte Corra from the Justicar's office, she'd said almost those very words to him. What was one of the interrogators from the Justicar's office doing at this facility? The better question was, what had driven her to kill everyone in the facility?

They squad of soldiers and Jinius finally made their way to the control room. The outside room leading into the control room was a large research lab ornamented with various apparatuses for research and study. Lights flickered overhead transitioning from brightly lit to near pitch-black darkness. Looking up, Jinius noticed many of the wires and conduits had been redirected toward the center of the room. That explained at least some of the unstable power in this room. He cracked a pair of glow sticks and tossed them in the direction of the center of the room. The lights over that portion of the room had been disabled completely. The lab clearly had been rearranged. A space about three meters in diameter had been cleared out leaving a large steel frame with a peculiar gold lattice suspended in the frame from a series of multicolored wires. Poking out of the frame were various Kyber and Rubat crystals that glowed with deep crimsons, blues, and beryl greens. The device stood almost two meters tall from top to bottom and sat in a thick, stale pool of blood.

"What the frack?!" one of the soldiers asked. He walked over to look closer. He began to reach out to touch one of the glowing crystals.

A blaster shot lanced out from across the room and exploded in the soldier's chest. The soldier stumbled forward falling face first into the pool of blood in the center of the room. Two more blaster shots rang throughout the room. Another soldier fell, two smoking craters in his armor. Random return fire echoed out through the open room as the remaining soldiers returned fire, blindly firing into dark corners.

Jinius brought his lightsaber to the ready, the glowing blue beam held out in front of him at a slight angle as he crossed the room to where the blaster shots had come. As he moved close the darkness in the corner seemed to shift and move as if fighting off the light his lightsaber brought to the area. In his mind, Jinius saw a blaster fire. He felt the energy of the shot heating the air around the muzzle of the blaster. He could feel the air reacting, burning -- the chemical structure of the air changing under the intense heat of the plasma. The shot left the blaster. Reflexively, Jinius spun his blade catching the blaster shot and sending it into the distance. A shower of sparks exploded from an electrical conduit.

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The smoky darkness disintegrated revealing the glowing blue blade of a lightsaber and a young woman. Her hair was a mess around her, not in the put-together bun she'd had earlier. She moved her lightsaber to the side and gave Jinius a crooked grin.

"Hey Jin!" Her voice cracked with excitement. Jinius had expected her to speak with a growl, a darkness that corresponded to the abominations she'd created. Or, at the very least, Jinius expected her to sound more like the artificial sound produced by the intercom. Instead, she was cheerful. By her tone, she could have just walked into a birthday party. She kicked him in the chest, hard.

Jinius fell several feet back sliding on his back until he came to rest against a table. He quickly rose, checking his chest and feeling the slight bruise that was already forming. "Acolyte Corra," Jinius said with a grunt. He held his lightsaber ready.

"C'mon, Jin! We're twins. You could at least pretend to be excited to meet me," Corra replied with a frown.

The air shifted and suddenly she was coming at him. Jinius went to block. His lightsaber passed through empty space throwing him off balance. Jinius fell through the woman's illusion and landed hard into the durasteel floor. He quickly rebounded to his feet and turned to see her standing behind him a playful expression on her face.

"Jin! We should be civil. We're family. Whatever happens we have to get along." Corra held her lightsaber low and to her side. The tip of her blade scored and scuffed the metal floor.

One of the soldiers aimed his rifle and fired a shot. Corra waved her hand and a translucent, slightly blue wall of light appeared between her and the soldiers. The blaster bolt flew into the barrier that sent waves of energy rippling away from the shot. The barrier quickly faded. Corra snapped her fingers.

The soldier who'd fallen into the blood started to stand, his fingers still grasping his blaster. The other soldiers seemed shocked and excited to see him standing. Before they knew it, he'd cut down two soldiers with blaster fire. The remaining soldiers returned fire.

"Come with me Jin. Let's be brother and sister and do some good in the galaxy," she smiled at Jinius. Her rosy lips went up on one side to a slight smirk. "Think about it. Imagine what you and I could do!"

"No," Jinius answered curtly, "If you've done what I think you've done, there isn't much room for us to get along, *sister*," a disgusted expression crossing his face at the word.

"Jin, saying no is not the wisest idea," Corra replied, leveling a gaze at Jinius. Her eyes had an unstable quality. Jinius couldn't place it but something seemed off about her, "If you say no again, I cannot guarantee that any of these men will live." Corra raised her lightsaber to the ready pointing the very tip of the blade at Jinius, anticipating his attack.

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Jinius could hear the shuffles of the soldiers as they moved away from the firefight. He glanced over and saw several burn holes in the advancing soldier, none of them seemed to faze him. A second later a scream echoed through the room as another one of the men was hit, a black streak appearing on his arm. Jinius glared at Corra.

Jinius couldn't comprehend how she was his sister. He never had any siblings. His parents never mentioned a sister. This had to be some elaborate ruse; a lie set to disorient him. Jinius had to stop the little smirk that tried pushing its way past his lips: it was time to quiz her.

"Tell me about mom dad," Jinius shot off. He kept his lightsaber ready.

She lowered her lightsaber and gave him a funny grin. "Ooo, you are smart, Jin!" She squealed dancing a little in place as she did.

"You see, Jin, I don't know mom and dad. I was born in a vat. I am you! Though, I do have some differences." Corra grabbed her chest and looked down as she spoke giving him another little giggle.

"A clone?" Jinius asked. His eyebrows furrowed as he asked.

This cannot be possible, Jinius thought. He'd never been cloned, as far as he knew. Usually cloning require a significant amount of genetic material to get the clone to start growing. From how he understood it, the person being cloned usually stuck around for a while to give regular samples. He'd have remembered something like that. He'd also never heard of someone cloning a man and making a woman.

"Yep!" Corra replied. "They got lucky. When you were in prison, as a boy, they drew your blood every day. Remember?"

Sithspit. Jinius cursed. Of course, He'd been incarcerated as a teenager for helping smuggle some illicit with his uncle. It all made sense.

Jinius glared at Corra, "I'm sorry about what happened to you; you should have never been. But, I cannot join you. I must end this. Those are my orders." Jinius spun his saber and slid his dominant foot back into an attack pose.

"Pity." Corra didn't hesitate. She spun using the momentum of her movements to bring her lightsaber hard against Jinius'.

The two lightsabers hissed as they collided. The blue beams popped and sizzled as they resisted one another. Jinius bent forward and feigned a roll. Corra backed off and tried to anticipate it. Instead of rolling, Jinius came up with an upward slash intended to knock her blade free. Corra parried easily slapping her blade downward and forcing Jinius' arms down. Jinius stepped back giving some room between them. Corra lunged forward with a chop which was quickly caught by an upward parry from Jinius' saber. More hissing filled the air as the two deadlocked, though Jinius pushed her back slightly -- he did weigh more.

Corra bounded back gaining a swath of room between them and smiled darkly at Jinius.

"Wanna see something cool?" Corra asked. She threw up a barrier between them, similar to the one she'd used before and turned to face the ongoing firefight.

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Blaster bolts careened towards her as the soldiers moved their attention from the arisen soldier to Corra as Jinius faced the soldier. Corra effortlessly deflected the shots sending them blindly into corners and out of her path. She extended a hand and danced her fingers a little.

The arisen soldier backed off from his former comrades and took several steps over to one of the fallen soldiers. The man had two distinct scorch marks in his belly. The arisen soldier took some of his blood from one of his wounds and brushed it on the lips of the fallen soldier. The soldier twitched and writhed before standing and immediately grabbing his gun to start firing on the soldiers.

“Fall back!” the Sergeant shouted as he withdrew clutching an oozing, blackened shoulder wound as he fired one handed. His blaster bucked with each shot; they were hard to control one handed. The soldiers quickly followed him out of the room firing a couple of shots into one of the arisen soldiers causing him to stagger.

Jinius watched the soldiers fall back and the arisen advance. He grimaced. One of them was Mercio, the new recruit to Gurace’s squad. The boy was now firing on his own teammates. Corra’s lightsaber came down hard. Jinius was distracted; he didn’t block in time. Corra’s lightsaber slipped by his defense, glancing off his blade, and dug into the top of his knee. Jinius managed to use his blade to push hers aside as the waves of agony pounded his knee. Jinius spun his blade around pulling her blade around and pushing her back. His knee buckled and Jinius fell to one knee. Searing pain shot up his leg as his knee collided with the ground. Jinius barely managed to hold his saber over his head to keep Corra from bringing it down further.

Jinius threw his weight to the side. Corra’s lightsaber came rushing down digging into the floor cutting a huge rift in the floor leaving a wake of glowing red durasteel. Jinius stopped his roll a few feet behind Corra, resting on his good knee. His wounded knee oozed blood. Jinius quickly thrust out his hand; a pulse of energy shot out slamming Corra against the wall. In the short reprieve from combat, Jinius held his hand over the wound for a few sort seconds. He couldn’t completely heal the wound but he could slow the bleeding. Based on the amount of blood trickling down his leg it was likely Corra nicked an artery. Focusing intensely Jinius drew himself up feeling the Force channel through him closing the deepest parts of the cut stitching shut the damaged artery. He then stood and charged forward to spear Corra with is lightsaber.

At the last second, Corra shifted and brought her blade around. Jinius flicked his blade up and down. A sharp hiss shot out as the blade met flesh. Corra screamed. Jinius heard the sound of her lightsaber blade collapsing into its hilt falling to the floor. At the same time the blaster fire quieted a room over followed by two dull thuds.

Corra crouched in the corner clutching her elbow, the arm below it gone. All that remained was a smoking, charred husk. She looked up at Jinius with a fierceness in her eyes as her face contorted with pain.

“Why! Why would you do that?!” Corra demanded. She seemed almost in shock that he’d hurt her. Tears began welling up in her eyes before running down her dirt-stained cheeks.

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“You threatened me. You threatened my men. You threatened my mission,” Jinius replied frankly before leaving her and walking towards the center of the room. The footsteps of the soldiers echoed in the hallway as they checked their now twice fallen friends.

Jinius' lightsaber still hummed in his hand casting its powerful blue light. In a swift and powerful motion, he brought the blade over his head and down on the gold lattice in the center of the room. The gold seemed to resist his blade for a second before liquefying. A loud, concussive boom echoed throwing Jinius across the room and against the wall. Everything went dark.

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Chapter 5 - We're A Mess

Jinius awoke sometime later. A couple of the troopers lay next to him, bacta gauze wrapped around their arms and legs. Little streams of blood leaked out around the gauze and dripped quietly to the floor. One of them had a bandage around his head soaked through with blood. He didn't look good.

Sergeant Gurace leaned down and smiled at Jinius, "You're awake." The Sergeant looked different without his armor and a thick bacta bandage tied around his shoulder.

"Yeah. Barely." Jinius struggled to shift around. Gurace pushed Jinius back down and shook his head. "Don't get up. You took one hell of a blow. Whatever the hell that thing was, it knocked you flat on your ass."

Jinius looked up in sudden realization and reached for his saber. "Corra!" he managed to say before Sergeant Gurace's meaty hand pushed Jinius back into the corner.

"She's gone. Just hang out. We sent a request back to HQ for reinforcements and a medical lift back." He pointed at the control room. "Got men in there scanning the cameras. Not another soul in the building. We're safe, for now."

Jinius rubbed his shoulder. It was slinged and sore, but only bruised, not broken; he could still move his fingers. He continued to feel his body checking his wounds. As his hand made its way to his knee sharp pains shot up his leg and seemed to rest in his spine. He shivered in pain.

"Yeah, that one was pretty nasty. Lightsabers are bastards." Sergeant Gurace motioned towards Jinius' knee. A crimson stained bandage was wrapped around his leg. A regular bandage. They must have read his dossier -- he's allergic to bacta.

One of the troopers kneeled on the other side of Jinius and began pulling off the used bandage and quickly replacing it. Jinius nodded towards the group of bodies with sheets over their heads, "How many?"

"Six KIA. The rest of us took at least a couple of hits. We're a mess but we'll survive."

"See where she went?" Jinius asked.

"She took the shuttle, the damned witch. Jumped to hyperspace a few seconds after taking off. Force knows where she went." The Sergeant shook his head and spit.

"I'll say." Jinius replied. He looked down. Corra's hand still sat on the ground. He picked it up and looked closely at the thin, feminine fingers. Whoever she was, she claimed to be his clone, though clearly modified. This would be his proof. The real question was where did she come from and who made her? That was another question for another day. Jinius rested his head against the bulkhead and waited for the extract. He'd have time to consider all of this while his leg healed.

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Nemesis Character Sheet

HEADSHOT IMAGE	Ashala Corra Acolyte, Unknown Gray Jedi, Unknown
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Age	30 Coruscant Years	Species	Human
Height	1.80m / 5'11"	Discipline	Sorcerer
Weight	70.25kg / 154.87 lbs.	Handedness	Right Handed

Description & Loadout	
Physical Description	Equipment/Loadout
<p>Physical Description of character.</p> <p>Corra's hair is a thick sheet of dark brown hair that comes down just past her shoulders. Sometimes, usually when on an op, wears it in a tight bun that looks far too tight to be comfortable. She has a thin build and an unimposing chest, but she is covered in dense, sinuous muscle. Her skin is a light tan with the occasional freckle adding texture to her rosy cheeks, but other than that it is blemishes. Sat into wide eyes are two brown, almond shaped eyes with long eyelashes.</p> <p>She tends to wear tight, military style shirts and loose-fitting combat pants and boots. She prefers dark colors.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Novitiate Brotherhood Robes• Armory E-11 Blaster Rifle• Novitiate Armory Lightsaber

General Aspects	
Didn't Say Anything About That	Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better
<p>Corra's hair is a thick sheet of dark brown hair that comes down just past her shoulders. Sometimes, usually when on an op, wears it in a tight bun that looks far too tight to be comfortable. She has a thin build and an unimposing chest, but she is covered in dense, sinuous muscle. Her skin is a light tan with the occasional freckle adding texture to her rosy cheeks. Sat into wide eyes are two brown, almond shaped eyes with long eyelashes.</p>	<p>Ashala Corra is extremely competitive and strives to become the best at every task he is given. The benefit of this cutthroat approach to life and work is that he will always give 100%, pushing himself to his physical or mental limits to overcome any task. However, Ashala Corra's overzealous ambition makes her insufferable to all but the most patient of companions, making it difficult to make friends while he either proves successful or utterly fails at being the best.</p>

Personality Aspects

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<p>Heavy Handed</p> <p>Ashala Corra is not afraid to exploit any advantage or position of power he has when dealing with others, and relies on a combination of fear, intimidation, manipulation and shows of strength to convince others to compromise and lose. Ashala Corra can be quite callous in his dealings with others, and never gives up his power. This has earned Ashala Corra with the reputation of a “bully” and can often make negotiations difficult before they even begin.</p>	<p>Do You Like Apples?</p> <p>Ashala Corra is extremely cocksure and headstrong. Possessing a keen wit and exceptional level of intelligence, Ashala Corra will often use his superior intellect to humiliate lesser minds. Basically, he is a kind of a jerk, and that can sometimes get Ashala Corra in a bit of trouble.</p>
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<p>Combat Aspects</p>	
<p>Dirty Fighter</p> <p>When it comes to a fight, some like to posture, some like to act tough, some like to dance around and go through all sorts of fancy footwork. Ashala Corra? Ashala Corra doesn't bother with exotic battle stances, intricate maneuvers, or super-secret tactics. Ashala Corra, when cornered into a fight, prefers the ancient technique of a good kick to the nuts. And if that won't work, either because the enemy is a woman or has balls of steel, Ashala Corra isn't beyond pulling a few more cheap tricks out of the bag. Granted, Ashala Corra won't be winning any medals for nobility or any prestige for a unique fighting style or a superb maneuver, but Ashala Corra will still be winning, the best and most dirty way he knows how.</p>	<p>Berserker</p> <p>Where most err on the side of caution in a confrontation, Ashala Corra prefers to charge in head-first. While others may skirt a battlefield, or keep their careful distance, Ashala Corra rushes in with devastating attacks with seemingly no regard for safety, relying upon instinct and possibly armor to protect him from dismemberment and death during his all-out attacks. Ashala Corra is a force to be feared on the battlefield, leaving a trail of death and destruction. However, Ashala Corra's blood-hungry ways put him in far more danger than the normal combatant, often resulting in needless injury and suffering, trading safety for pure offensive ability.</p>

<p>Skills & Force Powers</p>			
<p>Skills 21</p>		<p>Force Powers 21</p>	
<p>Sovereign (+6)</p>		<p>Grand Master (+6)</p>	
<p>Master (+5)</p>		<p>Master (+5)</p>	
<p>Adept (+4)</p>		<p>Adept (+4)</p>	
<p>Proficient (+3)</p>	<p>Subterfuge, Primary Martial Arts Form</p>	<p>Disciple (+3)</p>	<p>Telekinesis, Illusion</p>

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Trained (+2)	Athletics, Manipulation, Primary Lightsaber Form, Pilot (S)	Studied (+2)	Mind Trick, Terror, Amplification, Telepathy, Barrier
Learned (+1)	Might, Intimidation, Perception, Blasters, Tactics, Pilot (L), Endurance	Initiate (+1)	Force Cloak, Sense, Rage, Precognition, Concealment
Mediocre (+0)	Astrogation, Beast Riding, Bladed Weapons, Blunt Weapons, Crafting, Diplomacy, Dual Wielding, Explosives, Empathy, Intellect, Interrogation, Leadership, Linguistics, Medicine, Slicing, Slugthrowers, Miscellaneous Weapons, Resolve, Survival	[

Feats	
Skill Feats	Force Feats
I Bet You Have	Lance I Pay No Attention to The Man Behind the Curtain Battle Mind I
General Feats	
Human: Just Another Face Human: Eye of The Tiger Order Feat: Gray Jedi	

Knowledge	
Languages	Basic
Lore Topics	- Lore and History of the Brotherhood - History of the Galactic Civil War & Factions - History of the Modern Era & Factions

Specialization	
Primary Martial Art	Imperial Martial Arts System
Secondary Martial Art	None

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Primary Lightsaber Form OR Primary Weapon Specialization	Form 0
Secondary Lightsaber Form OR Secondary Weapon Specialization	