

GX1 War Table Wild Space



As Creon's GX1 pulled out of hyperspace, the view of a massive ship wreckage comes into view on the bridge windshield. A massive vessel, one that could hold thousands of lives had been torn to shreds just to send a message. Just above and at a closer distance the Idiot's Array, the main vessel of the Wildcards, loomed over the remnants of the Psi Termina I.

Creon had been called as part of the Wildcards team to actually lead a mission in recovering survivors. Those who were able to escape the Psi Termina I's bombs floated adrift in space and sent distress signals using Inquisition encrypted messages and lines. The intelligence division of the O.E.F. however, were able to intercept them and send the Wildcards to be first responders. The intent was to actually help save the lives who were stranded but to also take them back to Kiasit for questioning before release. Even though the Inquisitorius had publicly made its intentions clear to oppose the Collective, they were still a threat to Odan-Urr.

Alongside Creon in his ship on the bridge was Lucine Vasano, a Sith of Clan Arcona. She had tagged along with Creon out of hasty convenience after a personal stay at his ship. Her mission was to locate specific 'High Profile Individuals' of the Inquisitorius. If any could be identified, they would be sent to Arcona after Kiasit.

The GX1 War Table pulled into the docking bay of the Idiot's Array. The massive Baleen Class Heavy Freighter hosted numerous other ships, each one with its own parking space for the Wildcard team members. Creon even took note of Jael's Mankvim-814. He wasn't supposed to be on this mission. Jael had been appointed the new Quaestor of Hoth, which was more of a political job than. Creon took a mental note of approaching him before assigning delegations.

"Well, ready to meet the team?" Creon said with a comedic tone. Lucine was dressed in a button up shirt that belonged to Creon, as well as some long pajama pants. Her only other option was a dress she wore during an earlier meeting with the Odan-Urr leadership, only to find herself staying over at the GX1 shortly after. Her clothes hadn't been washed, and Lucine seemed a bit too pampered to wear something that wasn't freshly laundered. She also didn't seem the type to go public in what she had now, which made it all the more entertaining for the Odanite soldier.

"As lovely as that sounds, I am not properly dressed for a meeting with such august individuals," Lucine replied with a subtle glance down at her attire. Creon could tell she was upset. She had requested a pit stop at Selen to retrieve her proper gear and a more suitable mission attire. Creon pressed the urgency of the mission, the fact that Jael put him in charge, and that the Wildcards were so far the first responders and already on the scene waiting for him. No time could be wasted. Plus, part of him didn't trust the Sith, so where she was limited gave Creon a bit of relief to focus on his own task.

"Really, I would just as soon get my mission accomplished without anyone seeing me," she added. "Fortunately, I am skilled at not being seen when I do not want to be."

Once his ship had landed, Creon outfitted himself with his gear for on-duty. He came out the ship to see most of the members of the Wildcards standing in a circle waiting for him. Jael was there too, which came to a surprise to Creon.

"Glad you could finally make it," Tisto Kingang remarked with sarcasm. Creon ignored him. Instead, he put on his military face and started going through his head what everyone was skilled for in this mission.

"Do we have a count on the number of pods with people still alive?" Creon asks.

"We do not, no," Luna Okami responded.

Creon nodded and looked to Jael, "Are you here to help?"

"Amongst other things."

"Good, I need you to perform a bio scan to locate everyone who is alive. Update and feed those locations to our individual ships. Tisto, Tarvitz, and Eris I want on patrol in case we receive third-party interference. If you don't have a ship, find one. Luna, I want you here in case we bring back someone injured that requires medical attention. Grab what medical droids are available and be ready to operate on them here until everyone has been retrieved before moving to the medical bay. Everyone else is on retrieval duty, what are your questions?"

"Apologies," Tarvitz said out of habit, "But wouldn't the patrollers be more suited in retrieval? We would be swifter in recovery and still be alert to outsiders."

"Negative," Creon explains, "I need you in a tactical position and alert during this mission. The Inquisitorius will likely kill off the survivors rather than save them to protect any secrets. Not only would you be exposed, but so would they. Being ready to draw their fire will give us a better chance to evacuate the survivors. Besides, we are using minor podded vehicles to retrieve them, it doesn't take much skill to operate."

Tisto grumbled under his breath and scratched his dreadlocks. "I am more of a swoop bike pilot than a ship one. Plus, you need someone to give the rebellious ones a good beating!" he announced punching into his palm.

"This isn't up for debate," Creon ordered, "The more we talk, the more time we are giving the Inquisitorius, the Collective, or someone else to ruin our day. You have your assignments, now it's time to move."

"This isn't a military, we do what we want."

"Then maybe you'd better start acting more like a military and you'll actually DO better! I've seen our track records, and they are pitiful," Creon barked back.

"Enough!" Luna called, "Creon was put in charge. Let's do it his way. You heard him, let's move."

With her announcement, everyone began to move to their proper positions of assignment. Creon thanked Luna for her support, to which the old woman nodded respectfully. She understood unit discipline as a Mandalorian, and Creon admired that about her.

"Don't feel too bad," Jael said patting Creon on the shoulder, "I have a tough time getting them to do things they don't want to do either. It's like herding porgs."

Creon shook his head, "The First Order may have been evil, but they were effective because of their cohesion. If we ever go up against an actual organized military, Odan-Urr would fall." Creon had been brought up since he was five in the First Order. Although it was in near isolation and propaganda, a lot of his success in missions he attributed to his time under his Task Force Unit up until Starkiller Base was destroyed. He came back to the present and banished the memories. He told Jael he was going to monitor from the War Table and provide security once the first few Inquisitorius members arrive.

Once he returned to his vessel, his droid already had the heads up display on his hologram

terminal. The display revealed the nearby area as far as the Idiot's Array's scanners could reach and analyze. The patrol ships were distinguished by color and identified letterings representing the pilot. They were distinguishable from the recovery pods who spread throughout the space area. The Inquisitorius pods that continued to signal the S.O.S were also highlighted. There were 12 pods in total.

"Team, I need you to limit the number of pods coming into the hangar to one at a time," Creon called into the communications array that was linked to everyone's ship and comlinks.

"I thought we were trying to finish this as fast as possible?!" a voice complained back.

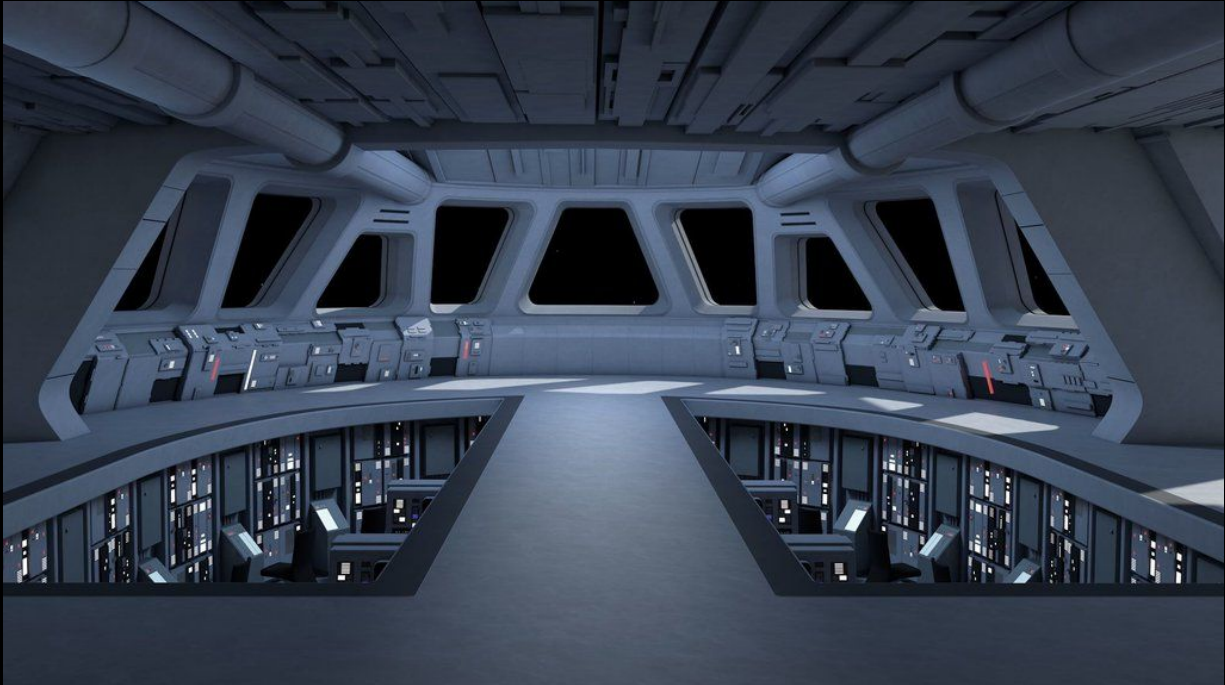
Creon sighed and stared into space in deep thought. These men were capable, but they weren't soldiers. It was difficult for Creon to adjust and come up with a way of managing the situation when all he was familiar with was a leader to a subordinate relationship. The First Order would deal with hints of insubordination with extremely strict "corrective training", they called it. That form of punishment insured no one would question their orders, so a situation like this one was something Creon wasn't prepared for. He knew if he tried to be more strict, it would only push them away further. Instead, Creon decided to apply a more Force aided inspirational strategy.

"Listen, guys. I'm sorry this plan isn't to your liking. We all have our strengths, things we are good at, and things we like to do. But when it comes down to saving others, even those aligned with the enemy, we've got to put them before us. This plan may not be perfect, and that's on me. I can gladly be called a shoddy leader and never tell you what to do again after this. If this fails, it's on my head, not yours. But if you guys don't work with me, the blame not only falls to you instead, it also increases the chances of failure. We're a team, which means we work together no matter who's in charge or how crazy it sounds. We got a proud name because of that teamwork, because of the awesome accomplishments we've made as a team. So let's continue that, to work as a team and get the mission done, because that's what comes first."

There was a moment of silence in the group comlink channel. The Force told Creon that their spirits were calmed and focused, and even though they may not admit it, the speech worked. "First pod rescue incoming," Cevlon Erinos' voice came through. Creon put on his helmet and rushed outside to help provide security and assigned the detainees to one of the many cargo hold rooms that the Idiot's Array contained. Plenty of them were empty, and they would be used to keep hold of the rescued Inquisitorius until they arrived back on Kiast.

The first batch was actually very cooperative, primarily due to being under the influence of Cevlon's mastery of Mind Trick. Luna assisted Creon in provided security and transport to their holding cells. Cevlon would speak to them once everyone had been collected and find out what he could. As more came in, Creon requested Cevlon remain and continue to

Equinox I War Space



“A single Baleen Heavy Freighter with a few scattered ships. Likely pirates. Orders ma’am?” the officer asked.

Kelly Mendes peered with squinted eyes through the windows at the Idiot’s Array. Something sank in her mind that these weren’t just pirates. She could feel the presence of the Force in those ships. She frowned when she came to the conclusion the Jedi were involved. One would think they would go back to their peaceful seclusion as the Collective was dealt with. Not only were there some lingering in space, but they had the audacity to interfere with Inquisitorius business.

“Kill everyone. Nothing escapes this place,” she replied.

The questioning officer saluted in replied. Orders relayed through the ship’s hangar to scramble the Voidstriker fighters. The Equinox I’s laser turrets were then aimed towards the Idiot’s Array.

“Retreat, now! Everyone! We are leaving. Use the tractor beams to pull in the last remaining

Pods. Jael, time to go!" Creon called through.

Jael looked at the prompt at his console that showed the percentage of data downloaded from the Psi Termina I. He was able to restore some of the power and scan for valuables. There were some useful systems left on the ship, but the recent interference from Inquisitorius reinforcements put a stop to that possibility. "Almost done," Jael called out. He was downloading as much data as he could from computer consoles that were still active even after the explosion. It would take him hours to get everything the ship possibly held, but the one he was currently on had a large pile of data stored. He hoped it was an archive. The percentage came up to 91% on his display screen, and slowly crawled it's way up.

"Jael, it's not worth it," Creon's voice said through the radio transmitter, "We have the ship's crew members and Cavelon can question them. But if we get hit by that Corvette, everyone dies. Quaestor or not, move!"

"I'm almost done!" Jael called back. 94%

"Creon," Luna called to him, "We've got the last of the pods."

"Good," Creon replied turning towards his ship, "Takeoff immediately. The mission needs to be completed."

"What about you?" she asked as she witnessed him running towards his ship.

"I'm going for Jael. My ship can pull him out of there."

Creon opened the door to his ship, "Mia! Get ready for takeoff, and get the hyperdrive primed, we're not gonna have much time for-" he stopped short when he saw Lucine and another woman in an Inquisitorius uniform turn to look at him. Although his face was behind his helmet, the two could feel from his posture that Creon was not in a good mood about the situation.

"Time is of the essence, so this needs to be dealt with now. Ten seconds," Creon says. Any moment now the Idiot's Array could go off into hyperspace or worse, obliterated by the Equinox I. He was not in the mood to deal with this event. The First Order soldier in the back of his mind wanted to just take them both out and get out of the Hangar as quick as possible, but his Jedi instincts kicked in instead.

"It has been dealt with, darling. This Inquisitorius agent is my mission. We discussed this," Lucine replied.

"In my ship?!"

Lucine took a deep breath. "Darling, you know my mission was to retrieve data," she replied patiently.

"Lucine, it's two on one. I know how to run this ship," Amarite suggested as her hands slowly slid behind her. She was armed.

Creon went for the WESTAR pistol on his hip, "You really don't want to try that."

Lucine took a step away from Amarite, so that she was now standing between the Inquisitorius agent and the Jedi. "Let us not be hasty, both of you. There is no need for violence here." As she spoke, her hand drifted down to her own WESTAR pistol.

"You're starting to sound like a Jedi," Creon chuckled. He kept his focus on the woman in front of him, however. The stress from the mission being compromised and them all dying at any second from this hesitation banged at his mind. He applied the will of the Force to calm his nerves and put his trust in faith. "She can't be here," he replied, "She needs to be detained like the others."

"That's not going to happen, Odanite. The odds are already stacked against you on both sides," the woman said with a revealing smile. Her eyes shifted to Lucine with a confirming nod.

The hint of danger crept in the back of Creon's neck. His precognitive warning screamed at him to draw and fire now. Creon pulled up his firearm from its holster but stopped short. The Inquisitorius woman fell from a blaster shot to the head and chest. Creon turned and aimed at Lucine, who looked at him with her own pistol still extended towards the woman she just shot. She had a raised eyebrow, "A Jedi, hmm?"

Creon didn't have time to ask questions. Instead, he reholstered his pistol and made his way to the bridge of his ship.

The GX1 pulled out just before the Idiot's Array took a hit from the Equinox 1. The hangar bay took a heavy hit, but its structural integrity remained the same. It could have just as easily been destroyed, which Creon didn't want to risk with a second hit. He looked over on his scanner to see that Tarvit's N-1 known as the "Spitfire" remained engaged with Voidstriker fighters.

"Kah, what are you doing?!" Creon called to him.

"Apologies, my ship is hyperdrive capable. I want to give as much time as I can," he replied. The Jedi pilot was surrounded by almost 8 enemy ships. Creon's ship had no ways of

“Good, you can do it leading your own unit,” he says patting his friend on the shoulder.

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve got a lot of political work and cyber warfare battleplans to discuss with Alethia. Where I’m having trouble, however, is showing a face in front of the troops I’m about to be commander and chief too. I also don’t know much about military leadership, since I’ve been apart of the Wildcards for most of my career. I want you to be that face as second in command. Talk to the officers, take my vision and turn it into missions. Hoth has a shoddy military as it is too, I think you as my Aedile could help with that.”

This was a big surprise to Creon. At best, he only operated on squad or platoon level leadership. Now he’s being asked to be the face of Hoth’s military and to develop its infrastructure. Part of him didn’t want the job, because he would miss the field work. It was the small leaders that made the most difference, as opposed to the high ranks that sat in a desk.

“I can’t sit behind a command console,” Creon admitted.

“You won’t have to, you’ll get your own task force for special operation missions. You’ll still be in the fight, you’re too good for me to leave you out of the action.”

“Then I accept,” he said holding out a hand to shake. Creon was to be the new Aedile for CoU’s military division.

After his discussion with Jael, he decided to confront Lucine about the situation with the Inquisitorius woman. Her name was Amarite, and she was actually a colleague who knew Lucine. Lucine claimed to be a double agent, masking membership in the Inquisitorius but secretly giving intelligence over to the White Lotus. This wasn’t enough for Creon to fully trust her, because she could have just as easily been doing the opposite with the Inquisitorius. Lucine felt that from him too, and she knew she could lose him after this. He was already on the fence for her being a Sith, but to include suspicion with an enemy faction would be too much.

The Sith woman put her hand gently over his and looked at him dead in the eye, “I owe you... And if it was the other way around, and it was down to you to save my life I know you would do it. I hope you someday can trust me in the same way.”

Creon looked at her for a pause. He reflected on the situation that had occurred. She personally knew the name of the Inquisitorius woman. Whether she had just been someone to gain trust from or was an actual friend. Lucine killed her without hesitation when Creon got involved. If Lucine had been Inquisitorius, it would have been too easy to try and kill Creon and escape with his ship. She was either truly aligned for the White Lotus, or cared more for

