

Rebel and Ruins Fiction

By Tasha'vel Versea and Macron Sadow

4856 Macron Goura Sadow in Red 1330words

14192Tasha'vel Versea in Blue -904words

Approaching the Ruins Landing Zone
Star Courier Panthac
Yavin 4
Yavin System

“We’re approaching the landing area Rollmaster.” The Sith touched some switches above his head in the cockpit. A nearby R3 series droid bleeped quickly in a chastising manner. “What’s that R3N6?”

“He says you suck at piloting in so many words,” quipped the sapphire-skinned Twi’lek in the copilot seat. “He’s not a great conversationalist though.” She grabbed the control stick and made a few adjustments. “That should straighten up our approach.”

“Well my little friend of few words is right. I’m not a great pilot.” The Adept shrugged. “I’m glad you are here Tasha. It’s been a while. I see you expelled your unwanted Sith spirit guest finally?”

“I did. I had some help from a few Arconae and some droids.” She remained tight-lipped as her emerald eyes peered at the heads up display. “It cost me a lot.”

“I see. Well, your business is your own.” The Elder looked at his copilot intensely with his mismatched eyes. “Some of it’s essence still lingers. But that is to be expected. Possession by a Sith spirit is a quick route to power. But also easy to lose your self identity.” The ship bucked as it hit the atmosphere of the moon. “I’m glad you picked me as your cohort on this mission. As Rollmaster of the Clan that I serve I am at your disposal.”

The ship pitched and bucked one last time as it landed. “Thank you. Like you, the Clan is my family so to speak. We’ve worked together many times. Now that the formalities are done with, shall we debark and kick some ass?” Tasha chuckled grimly. “It’s been a while since I used my blades. And we need to find out what has been destroying our probe droids down there.” Her Lekku fairly twitched with anticipation. “We have traveled so long in space. It’s been long moments of boredom punctuated by brief moments of activity.”

Macron looked quietly at the viewscreen. Before him the jungles of Yavin 4 spread out endlessly in a greensward. “I hated losing our system. I was gone so long. Maybe I could have helped.” His fists clenched. “I failed the Clan.” The passion in his voice was unmistakable.

“Not really. Nothing you could have done would have changed the outcome. It was the will of the Force- of the Dark Side,” Tasha Vel replied. “And maybe you would have gotten yourself killed.” The more experienced pilot finished her landing checks. “We are good to go.”

“That could very well be true. Tasha, let’s get our pets ready and go and explore this pudu-hole.” The Adept gestured towards the hold. “HK 22 you lovely wanker, Kintik-Chwuk my blackest ember, ready yourselves.” The HK droid and Tuk’ata slowly paced towards the landing ramp. The Adept keyed some commands into the console in front of him. His labor droid moved to ready the madman’s hot rodded 74-Z speederbike.

“Agreed. Something is destroying those old probe droids and the Summit wants to know what.” The Twilek unclipped her harness and walked to the cargo hold. “Varashi, Xeriz, let’s go. Come on fella.” Tasha stroked the purple and teal feathers of her varactyl. “Xeriz, we’re going on a hunt. You might get to eat someone. Won’t that be nice girl?”

Varashi wagged his long reptilian feathered tail in anticipation as Xeriz seemed to shake her head slightly in agreement. As Tasha placed the mount harness on the Varactyl, He then noticed Macron, the HK droid and Kintik-Chwuk.

“Oh no, Varashi.” Tasha’Vel chided. “Behave yourself, these are my friends.”

Just then the large Varactyl bolted straight for Macron, however the HK droid stepped in front and was tackled to the ground. A long dark tongue began to lick the side of the HK droid’s face as he then moved off.

“Get off me meatbag beast!” the droid yelled, “Master can I please shoot it?”

Macron grinned slightly, it was a most amusing spectacle. “No, Tasha’s pet is useful and I will not have you shooting her beloved friend.”

“Varashi! Bad, now get over her so I can get this harness on you.” Tasha’Vel clicked to the Varactyl. “You need to take me to the temple.”

The Varactyl let out a small high pitched screech and bounded back to his master.

“I am sorry about that Macron, he does get excited when meeting others.”

Macron chuckled a bit, “Oh no worries, I think HK had more of the surprise.”

“It wasn’t a fair fight master, you didn’t let me strike back.”

Soon the mount harness was in place, and the Marauder climbed aboard her Varactyl.

“Well if you are ready Macron, let’s go.”

As the door opened up, there lay a dense forest in front of them. Large trees scaled upward towards the heavens as the trail was littered with various broken branches and foliage. The air was humid, yet one could feel an eerie foreboding chill down their spine. The Vornskyr kept pace with the Varactyl as they began to travel down the forest path.

“Hey Rustbucket, stay with the ship and kill anyone who is not Tasha’Vel or myself and our pets.”

“As you wish Master. I do hope to kill any meatbags I find.”

The Juggernaut swung himself up onto his speederbike and commanded the Tuk’ata to sit behind him. His Tuk’ata lumbered forward and sat down as Macron’s speederbike roared to life and zipped forward towards the barreling Twi’lek and her Varactyl. The trees soon became a blur of motion as the pair charged forward down the leaf riddled pathway. After a few moments, the temple could be seen looming in the distance. It’s ancient stone pillars were almost a welcome sight. As they neared, a pulsating wave of dark side energy rushed over both Macron and Tasha’Vel. The feeling was intense, chilling, but empowering and invigorating to the pair.

“It’s been awhile since I have felt such power. I can’t wait to kill whatever is keeping the droids from the temple.”

Macron's Sith spawned eye seemed to practically glow as a wide grin crossed his features. He could feel the power and how delicious it was to have for himself. He began to giggle uncontrollably as they approached.

"Almost there." He cackled. "Almost there."

Suddenly Tasha'Vel shouted and her Varactyl veered left as a hot lazer bolt from an E-Web whizzed overhead narrowly missing Varashi's head.

"That was close, Macron we got company. You mind getting a bit closer?"

"No problem." The Sith careened his speeder bike to a quick stop behind a large jungle tree, placing the tree between him and the e-web blaster position. "Chuck, here are enemies. You know what to do."

The Tuk'ata looked at him with fierce black eyes. It seemed to understand, almost like a very intelligent cat. Macron did not control the Sith Hound but she often cooperated in her own way. The jet-black Sith Hound disappeared into the undergrowth as it moved out in a flanking maneuver.

"*Good girl,*" thought the Adept. "Soon your jagged fangs will be at their throat." The Adept shrugged. "Stealth is not my forte." Even so the situation presented a conundrum. No Jedi or Sith could possibly stop the relentless assault of an E-Web blaster directed at them with a lightsaber. "Tasha," he rasped into his wrist comlink. "I'm gonna smoke 'em out."

"Copy that," replied the Rollmaster as she swooped above. "I'll cut them down."

The Sith took a moment to unclip a thermal detonator from his belt. A normal person could not have thrown one so far into the E-Web nest. Macron was not a normal person. It did not matter if he was accurate or

not. The baradium inside the dirty detonator was ore mined from the now-defunct Last Breath mine on Sepros. "Eat it you bastards," growled the madman as he tossed the detonator and sped it's flight with the Force. "Rot in Hell."

The detonator blew in a fierce blast of actinic light and heat as the baradium within it imploded. The flash and blast of heavy radiation goggled the defenders at the mouth of the ancient ruin. The Adept ignited an orange lightsaber and kicked his military speederbike into overdrive as he dashed at the eweb site. The Tuk'ata leapt from concealment behind a massive vine tree and grabbed one of the flank guards with her claws and teeth. She tore out his neck and then disappeared back into the undergrowth.

"FOR SADOW!"

As the Juggernaut jumped from his bike and plodded into the defenders, above him his ally dove to join the fight. Varashi swooped in with Tasha'vel the Marauder on his back. Tasha threw her lightsaber blade at the eweb operator.

Unable to move, the E-Web operator watched in horror as his torso split in half from deadly spinning blade while Varashi ripped into another nearby defender with his claws and teeth. Meanwhile Xeriz leaped out from the forest, letting out a defiant cry as she pounced upon another hapless defender and began ripping him to shreds with her razor sharp claws and teeth. The Twi'lek Marauder leaped off of the Varactyl's back as she called the lightsaber back to her hand and charged past the Vornskyr. She then cut down another rebel and spotted a large pile of broken probe droids.

"So they must have been the cause of why the droids never returned."

Rage boiled within her as she tore across the battlefield, leaving hewn bodies across the ground while she made her way towards the temple.

"Today is a good day to die!" She roared out and continued to cut down anyone that got in her way.

Fourteen defenders did not last long against the two Sadowans and their creature allies. The combat was straight-forward and over quickly. Macron had crashed directly into the main mass of foes and Tasha had slashed her way to happiness right beside him. Tasha strode up next to the Adept as they both shut down their blades amidst the twitching carnage. Xeriz and Varashi stood beside her. Kintik-Chwuk made herself seen in the nearby undergrowth and then disappeared back into the brush.

"She's a bit cagey eh?" asked Tasha Vel as she examined the wreckage of one of the probe droids. "Looks like they e-webbed them. Crude but effective. Maybe some anti-droid rockets too."

"She does what she wants." Macron shrugged. "She likes me and our purposes align. It appears we have an answer for the Summit about the loss of our probe droids. Now to investigate what we both sensed. What do you feel Tasha Vel'versea?"

The Twilek closed her eyes. "It's here... but not inside." She began to look around the area in front of the ruined temple. "I'm not seeing it."

Macron closed his own mismatched eyes and felt within the Force as his senses reached out. "You are right." He bent down and removed an electrum chain with a pendant from the apparent leader's corpse. "This is it." He dangled the chain from his fingers. The metal flashed darkly in the dappled sunlight that filtered between the leaves of the trees overhead. It almost seemed to drink in some of the light around it.

Tasha peered at the pendant. "That image is unmistakable. It's Naga Sadow himself. And the back is covered with Sith script. I bet it drove this

poor bastard completely mad.” She looked at the gaunt corpse more closely. “Looks like it was eating him alive. The rags they are wearing look like old Rebel gear. These deserters must have been holed up here since the end of the war.”

“Indeed. These images were often given to loyal high-ranking servants of the Dark Lords. This one needs closer examination. I’ve seen references to them containing maps to caches of weapons and equipment from that time.” The Alchemist dropped it into a canister on his belt. “We should get going. I’m sensing something big inside that temple and it’s moving.”

“Agreed there. I’m not interested in tackling a Sith Wurm. I don’t think we could handle it.”

The pair swiftly exited the temple with the pendant in hand, once outside Tasha'Vel summoned Varashi and Xeriz to her side.

"Let's get back to the ship before we get in over our heads." She replied as she mounted Varashi and waited for Macron.

The mad scientist leaped onto his speederbike, had the Tukata board behind him and turned on the engine.

"All ready, let's ride!"

In the space of an hour they soon arrived back at Macron's ship. The HK droid was playing with one of the weapons as they pulled up.

"Why do you get all the fun meatbags, I was so bored here. No one came by for me to shoot. I guess next time."

"Indeed, perhaps next time 22." Macron answered. "Right now we need to get back to Naga Sadow's fleet. We have some items to show."

"Very well Master."

Soon the pair and their pets were back aboard and began to make their preparations for flight.

"Whew what a day!" Tasha'Vel exclaimed as she turned to Macron. "It was an exhilarating adventure and so much fun. We should do this again."

Macron grinned widely as he spoke.

"Indeed I quite enjoyed my time with you as company. I am sure that we can find adventure again sometime."