Team Fiction Event
Kanal O’Neill #13944 - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13944/snapshots/1753/3299>

Appius Wight #15685 -

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15685/snapshots/1837/3466>

Hector Ricmore #15134 - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15134/snapshots/1758/3306>

The Moon of Thillion isn't much to look at from the surface. It's mostly a barren wasteland of craters formed by eons of meteor bombardment that makes the moon fairly off putting to any who wish to tread there.

However there are two things that separate the Moon of Thillion from most other moons. For a start, it boasts an incredible underground sea of mineral resources including Kyber Crystals as well as various steels being mined by the Temnos Excavation Company that are used by the Severian Principate for their navy. Thus the moon does inhabit a large complex system of mines, docks, shipping units and vast storage holds.

Then there is the secret military research installation located on the dark side of the moon. Housing what is believed to be a rare artifact made of crystal, somewhat similar to the one found at Meridian Station. The crystal was originally found in the Lyra Colony Jedi Temple and was transferred there for the purposes of research and protection. This right here was the location of interest for the three Vizsla Clansmen traveling there in a YT 1300 light cruiser aptly dubbed the 'Millennial Falcon' at this very moment.

Why were they so interested?

Well, the Inquisitorius along with Clan Vizsla had intercepted transmissions from a listening post that both revealed the facility's location as well as the Collective's interest in it. They had dispatched a small team in hopes of avoiding notice from the Severian Principate and thus gain the upper hand on the Brotherhood. If it was important enough to risk war then that meant this artifact was either valuable, powerful or both. Either way, Clan Vizsla was the first to learn of it and they wanted it. They had managed to move ahead of Collective forces but it wouldn't be long until they caught up.

But who were these three men going after it?

Firstly, there was Appius Wight, The newly promoted Jedi Padawan. He is a tall, slender twenty seven year old Mandalorian human standing at six foot four with pale skin, big green eyes and brown hair he liked to keep buzz cut to hide the fact he's starting to recede. He wore his black Jedi robes with pride and kept his green, single bladed lightsaber with him at all times, only igniting it when needed. He kept two pendants round his neck that were of sentimental value to him. The first was a pendant of the Jedi Order, a gift from his father before his death and the other was a family heirloom that only his eyes had ever seen and were allowed to look in. He specialises as a Sorcerer, keen on the mysteries and powers of the force to an almost unhealthy obsession. Though he tries to use his powers for the greater good if he can and believes firmly in trying to do the right thing, even if he doesn't like how he has to do it.

Secondly, there was Hector Ricmore, the pilot and owner the 'Millennial Falcon' himself. He was a six foot tall, slender twenty year old male clad in red, modified elite Royal Guard Praetorian armour which funny enough isn't what made him stand out the most. No, it was the fact he was Zygerrian. A race most commonly known for their history of enslavement for profit though Hector did not share in their ideals one bit. He has brown fur, with patches of grey dotted about it and keeps his long hair braided into a ponytail. His green eyes shine with the youth and optimism that he still possesses. He specializes as a field medic, always wanting to help others and tries to disregard the negativity in the universe, thus he always carries his medical backpack and his trusty sidearm known as Past, a DL-44 blaster pistol at his side in case of emergency.

And lastly, there was Kanal O'Neil. Much like Appius he is a male human Mandalorian but that was where their similarities started and ended. Kanal grew up in a military background and it showed through the way the man carried himself, a fierce loyalty to the Clan drove him in ways words could not describe. He is both the oldest member of the team at thirty five years of age and the most experienced, hence he was designated as team leader for this operation having made a name for himself in previous conflicts and wars. He may have grown up Mandalorian, but years of living on various hot and arid desert planets have tanned his skin. He also stood at six feet tall but had an average, yet athletic and toned build to him. He lived with a visible scar over his right eye but his most distinguished feature however, was his green hair with purple highlights which many who knew him considered to be a bold choice to be sure. He wore customized Phoenix Mandalorian Armour that he had been personally modified to provide him more mobility in combat as well as a jetpack to complete the 'Mandalorian look'. He carried twin DL-44 blasters, ready to pull the trigger if required. His real specialty though was as an Ace, as he can compitatantly drive most ships of any size and prides himself on being as prepared as he could be for any situation. Combat or otherwise.

"So, you both know the plan?" Kanal spoke seriously. Contrary to popular belief he was actually the type of man that would offer a quip of sarcasm and banter, but when it came to missions and combat he became deadly focused on the task. This, his two teammates assumed, had something to do with his military background.

They were approaching their objective fast and quickly the militaristic style lab had come into view. Despite Kanal's proficiency as an Ace it was decided that Hector would be the designated pilot for this mission.

"Yep!" Said Hector rather enthusiastically given the situation they were about to throw themselves into. "And they should have locked onto us in three, two… and… one."

The split second Hector finished his sentence the ship rocked violently as all control was lost to them.

"And there it is." Stated Hector, though he seemed particularly calm about the situation, in fact they all did, at least for now.

Maybe it was because they had known about it all along from the Intel gained by the Inquisitorius on the defenses of the research lab itself.

They had been caught in a Tractor Beam.

And it was all part of the plan.

"Appius, come with me." Kanal had given his order urgently and the Jedi followed his fellow Mandalorian to a relatively small smuggling container at the back of the ship. So small in fact it was hidden pretty well and unless you were looking for it specifically you wouldn't be able to find it.

"Are you sure you will be ok?" Appius asked. Kanal, had made them go through any possible scenario in their heads, formulating any plan of attack should anything go awry. But despite this preparedness Appius couldn't help but be concerned. What they had planned was risky and a lot could go wrong, but most importantly he was worried about Kanal's safety first and foremost.

Kanal's reputation was immense in certain territories and he had been through thick and thin and fought through Hell and back, but he was still only a man. A man with a fierce reputation but a man nonetheless

"I'll be fine. Just stick to the plan we made and we will all get out of this in one piece." He spoke in a reassuring, yet firm tone to the Padawan. Now was not the time for doubts with the time close approaching.

Appius knew this, he wasn't so much concerned for his own safety as much as the safety of his comrades. But still, he needed to hear that. He steeled himself and nodded. Giving Kanal the confirmation he needed that he wasn't going to be dead weight.

"Good man." Kanal smiled back at him in response.

Appius used his ability in Telekinesis he closed the container, concealing Kanal inside and as he turned back to make his way back to the cockpit he gazed at the container containing his fellow Mandalorian.

"May the Force be with you, Kanal. You will need it."

All he could hear was some faint muffling from inside the container which the Jedi could only assume was Kanal telling him to shut the hell up. He smiled and made his way back towards Hector in the cockpit of the ship. He hadn't realised Appius had returned until the Jedi clasped his shoulder and took the seat next to him. Startling the young Zygerrian in the process.

"Is he in?" Hector asked as he recovered from the sudden shock Appius gave him.

"Yeah, he's in."

Hector nodded and smiled at the Jedi sat next to him.

"Good, because we are just about there."

Hector was right, at one point they were surrounded by the beautiful open starry sky of the Lyra 3K-A system but now that freedom had become blotted out and caged by cold iron steel. They descended past several platforms, all identical to each other all the while passing several levels of Severian Principate soldiers and snipers trained to kill them at a moment's notice. The Millennial Falcon landed with a hard thud and was immediately greeted by several Severian Principate soldiers carrying blaster rifles all aimed at them.

"Well… I've had worse greetings."

Hector couldn't help but chuckle at Appius' sarcastic comment whilst briefly wondering what could have possibly been worse. But if you couldn't laugh at a time like this, what can you do?

The landing ramp to the Falcon lowered and revealed the two Vizsla Clansmen to their unwelcome greeting. Instantly the atmosphere of the loading bay that they had descended into hit Appius with a cold feeling on his skin and left a very metallic taste on the tip of both of the Clan Vizsla members tongues. At least Hector had fur to reduce the effect the cold had on him.

"Don't shoot." Declared Appius. "We're not here to cause trouble." Both he and Hector showed their weapons to the many soldiers before slowly placing them on the ground, not wanting to aggravate any of their itchy trigger fingers but not breaking eye contact with them either lest they try anything sneaky.

"We are here to negotiate on behalf of Clan Vizsla." This time it was Hector who spoke, though dropping their weapons did little to alleviate the tension in the room.

"Grab them, take their weapons and unload their ship of any valuables. The Commander will want to see them." Ordered the soldier closest to them, judging by the tone of his voice he was the one in charge of this makeshift welcoming committee. They were then forced to watch as the contents of the Millennial Falcon were dragged out in front of them, including the container containing their leader for this mission. Hopefully this 'Commander' whoever he is was at least willing to talk.

Moments later Kanal felt a shudder as the container he was in suddenly shifted and moved. This was it, all he had to do was bide his time.

Very soon, it would be go time.

“Well things could certainly be worse.” The Zygerrian known as Hector Ricmore thought to himself as he followed the armed escort. Especially because they were foolish enough to not recognize the Mandalorian Vambraces around his wrists as weapons.

“So...who is this leader of yours that we are going to meet?” Hector asked in an attempt to cut down on the tension.

“Be silent.” The nearest guard ordered. He swung the butt of his rifle into Hector’s back.

The Zygerrian stumbled but was caught by Appius before he could fall to the ground. The human placed his hand on Hector’s shoulder in a show of support. He glared at the guard as he stated “That was unnecessary.”

The guard scoffed, less than impressed with the show of intimidation. “Get moving!” He ordered; gesturing with his rifle for emphasis.

The group marched for several minutes before the silence was interrupted again. “I have a bad feeling about this.” Appius whispered to Hector.

“I agree.” He replied. “We need to be wary of…”

*Pshew!* A bolt of energy slammed into the magnetic field of Hector’s armor interrupting the statement.

The guards at the front of the escort spun towards the prisoners; weapons raised and ready to fire.

Appius threw his hands out in front of him, a translucent corona of energy wrapped around Hector and himself.

Hector spun to face the threat behind them. He raised his bracers and let loose a torrent of flame, burning several guards and forcing the rest to dive aside to avoid the deadly flames.

Blaster Fire slammed into the barrier surrounding the two prisoners. “I can’t keep this up for long!” Appius shouted, straining to keep the barrier active against the sudden attack.

Hector’s glanced frantically about, eyes roaming the surface of the moon in search of something. His eyes widened behind his helmet as the glimpsed the telltale sheen of metal near one of the fallen guards. The Zygerrian sprinted towards the object as glancing blasterfire continued to deplete the magnetic field generated by his armor. He dove towards the object, grasping its cylindrical shape with his right hand.

“Appius!” Shouted the Zygerrian as he tossed the lightsaber towards his comrade.

The human looked up from his barrier, covered in cracks and about to fail, and caught the saber with his right hand. He ignited the weapon and began to bat away the incoming fire.

Hector took cover behind his friend, firing his vambraces wildly. The spray was wildly inaccurate with only a grazing hit on a single target, but it bought the two a brief reprieve from the assault.

“We need to move now, not even we can hold out against so many enemies.” The Zygerrian told Appius. The human shook his head. “Banlanth is a slow lightsaber form. I require sturdy footing in order to properly anticipate and intercept any attacks our foes will make.”

“That’s certainly problematic.” The Zygerrian stated. “We can’t afford to stay here, but my armor’s field is almost nonexistent at this point; I will not last long without protection from your lightsaber. There has to be something we can do.”

Appius suddenly stepped forward, his emerald blade intercepting a blaster shot too fast for Hector to follow. “Come up with something soon, they have a sniper!” The human shouted.

Hector stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Appius’ left leg. “What are you…”

Before he could finish Hector lifted the human onto his right shoulder. He began to jog away from the soldiers, unable to manage a run weighted down by his armor and the person he was carrying.

“You see Appius, there is no need to worry about footing if I simply carry you. It’s a brilliant plan!”

“Has anyone told you that you are an idiot Hector?”

“Many times my friend, many times.”

The pair continued to travel at a slow jog. All Appius could think was “I’m glad that Kanal isn’t here to see this.”

Kanal shifted uncomfortably in the container he had stowed himself in. Minutes after he felt the container start moving, it suddenly stopped and was dropped on the deck. He waited another few minutes until he heard an alarm klaxon going off inside the room. The sound of footsteps breaking into a run could be heard from inside of the container.

“Good lord guys, are your negotiating skills really that bad?” Kanal thought to himself. “You guys didn’t even make it to the conference room.”

Kanal chuckled for a brief moment and then lifted the lid off of the container. Quickly, but quietly, making his way out of the box he made his way behind the nearest cargo pod. He quickly scanned his surroundings and saw no one in the immediate area except for a dock worker. The Corsai made his way over to where the worker was. The unsuspecting fool never knew what hit him as Kanal unleashed a stun dart from his Mandalorian Vambraces. The dart hit the target and knocked him unconscious. With the greatest of haste, Kanal moved his body into the smuggling container that he had arrived in and sealed it shut with the torch he found near the crates.

The Mandalorian walked over to the only computer terminal in the area, he hoped that it would contain some information about the crystal they were after. He located a map of the base, however, there were several classified entries on the map. Of the ones he found, one was close to the center of the base. That is normally where secured materials were held in bases for security. It seemed like there were guards still stationed there based on the heat signature display readouts. Kanal located his comrades on the other side of the base, and they were surrounded by at least twenty enemy troops.

The quickest way to the center of the base was a main corridor, but that was not the safest way. Kanal opened up a panel on the wall, revealing a ventilation duct. He squeezed himself into the vent and started the slow trip to the center of the base.

“Man, this is a tight squeeze. What was I thinking?” Kanal said to himself as he pulled himself through the vent. It reminded him of that time back on Corellia, when he had been hired to break into a museum and steal an ancient artifact that had come from a distant planet. He always seemed to get all of the good jobs.

The Mandalorian crawled, for what seemed like forever, until he reached his quarry. He was sitting just above the crystal and could see it through the vent. There was no one inside the room, as they were all posted outside the doors.

At that moment an explosion rocked the base. “What are those two doing?” Kanal thought to himself as he removed the vent cover from where it sat. More alarms started to blare in the room as the Corsair lowered himself into the room. He didn’t think he had set off any alarm, until he looked up and saw the laser trip sensor sitting on his arm. “Sithspit,” he said under his breath as four troopers entered into the room.

Kanal released his grip and dropped to the floor. He landed and allowed his legs to crumple as he rolled behind a pillar in the room, as he quickly drew his two DL-44 Pistols. He took fire from the entrance to the room and poked his head out around the corner as he fired his own shots in return. One of the troopers went down quickly, but Kanal heard a familiar noise next to him. It was a thermal detonator that was whining up to explosion. He used his jetpack for a quick burst across the room as the explosive went off.

A fireball blew past him, and he could feel the heat of the explosion through his armor. He knew it was going to char his paint job, but it was better than being dead. Kanal stood up and aimed his vambrace at the trio of remaining troopers and set them on fire with him flame thrower. It was a definite burn, after having almost gotten him with their grenade. As they burned in their armor, the Corsair shot them down with his DL-44s. A merciful finish.

He looked over towards the center of the room, and there it was. The crystal they had been looking for was just behind a pane of glass. He shot it with his pistol and took the crystal in his hand. Placing it inside a pouch on his belt, he took off out of the entrance to the room. The main corridor was empty thanks to the huge distraction from his compatriots. Hopefully they were already making their way back to the ship. Kanal broke into a run as he made his way through the corridors. He stopped at every intersection to make sure his path was clear.

He finally made it back to the hanger where the Falcon was, and he was greeted by blaster fire and explosions. He could also hear the familiar hum of a lightsaber in use. There they were, Hector and Appius had made it.

“Hector! Cover me as I make for the ship!” Kanal yelled out as he began to take blaster fire. Hector turned in his direction and started firing at the trailing troopers. Kanal made it up the gangplank and headed for the cockpit. Quickly he activated the ships engines and prepared the shields to repel fire. Kanal pulled up the ships comm unit, “get on board now! We are taking off.” Hector was the first up the ramp as Appius covered him with his lightsaber. Appius made it to the ramp as he was backing off from the fight. Kanal lifted off before the Jedi was fully onboard the ship, and had already engaged the shields. They fired the ships cannons into the hanger and destroyed as much as they could before making their way into space. Once the Falcon cleared the atmosphere, Kanal took the ship into hyperspace.