

Link: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/15056>

Objective 2: *DEFEND YOUR CLAN LEADERS*

The Inquisitorius has intercepted secret Collective communications indicating that the leaders of the Brotherhood's Seven Clans are being targeted for assassination. Your Clan's leaders are in grave danger and may not yet be aware of the plot.

Write from the perspective of a Collective assassin or your main or alternative character.

Either defend your Clan's leaders from assassination, OR write from the perspective of the Collective agents sent to kill them. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer.

Choosing this prompt will divert Brotherhood resources away from aiding the Protectorate and makes an alliance between the Brotherhood and the Principate LESS likely.

Note that the targeted leader may be either your Consul or Proconsul. Rogues may choose any Clan's leader(s) but the choice must be clear in the entry. Some Consul/Proconsul characters have been written as outside the Lyra system during the War so far; your entry should focus on the Lyra system and minor continuity issues based on the location of a character will not impact grading.

Collective Personnel

- **M'eero "Tripp" Trippani** – Zygeriiian Infiltrator, Sabateur, and bomber for the Liberation Front.
- **Sencara A'theri** - Capital Enterprises Field Agent and Sniper.
- **Ghaffa Ordham** - Varryn Antillus' right hand woman. Veteran Capital Enterprises agent and operator.
- **Colonel Rado "Radio" Theon** - Field Medic for the Liberation Front.
- **Partisans**, **Huntresses** and **Agents** of the The Collective may be involved in the assassination attempts.

Rules

In order to have your fiction count as a vote for your objective of choice, your entry must contain a [Objective X] tag in the submissions file name, or the document itself. Any

entry that does not include an Objective tag will not count towards voting, but is still eligible for participation/placement.

Example: *[Objective 1]BestFictionEver.pdf*

- Participants must submit entries in .pdf, .doc, or .docx format, or use the submission text field (markdown capable).
- Entries must be a minimum of 500 words. Any entries that are under 500 words will be Disqualified and ineligible for participation or placement.
- There is no maximum word cap.
- Your story should be centered on your *Main* or *Alternative* character or on an appropriate Collective or Severian Principate NPC as allowed by the Objective you choose. Slotted NPCs, Wikipedia NPCs, or other characters that you create or invent to tell your story are allowed and encouraged. However, your narrative should focus around either your *Main* or *Alternative* character or your selected faction NPC.
- If writing from the perspective of your main character or alternative character, a snapshot of your *Main* or *Alternative* character loadout must be selected and submitted with your entry. Failure to attach a snapshot will prevent you from placing. If writing from an NPC, make that explicitly clear.

Grading

Grading will be done utilizing the **Fiction Rubric**.

SNAPSHOT: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15036/snapshots/1861/3498>
https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/196

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**Date:** 37 ABY

**Location:** ISD-II Star Destroyer, **Perdition**, Lyra-3K-a system

### **In Orbit of the Eorilia's Moon, aka. Lyra's Colony**

\*Xuner and Bentre scanned the room, Bentre steadied his breathing as deactivated his lightsaber. Xuner stood amidst a near circle of dead Collective soldiers at the Blackguard's feet. His tireless form studied the augmentations of the various dead, taking mental notes for future study.\*

"How did they get by our sensors?" Inquired a puzzled Bentre. The words seemed to bring Xuner out of a slight trance like state as his head snapped towards the Consul.

"I know not, my lord. But I fear for the safety of the Lady Proconsul, my lord. With your permission, I will go to her and escort her to you. We can't afford to be separated."

\*Bentre shook his head in opposition. He walked over to his desk, one of the only things that remained intact during their fight against the would-be assassins. The Consul reached under and pressed on a small button.\*

"I've activated the emergency response. Ashia has her own Blackguard; Kojiro will neither fall nor fail; neither will Ashia. I'll inform Muz of this situation, but right now your orders are to stay here protect me."

"By your orders, Lord Consul."

\*Xuner bowed slightly. His head paused shortly. The blackguard had noticed not a presence that lay beyond the door but instead a feeling. Murder; Hate; Death. Before he could turn his body towards the door, a hooded figure appeared from the doorframe, brandishing a DC-17 Blaster Pistol. A blue bolt flew across the room, aimed towards Xuner. Even with a near inhuman reaction speed to aid the Knight, he simply chose instead to tilt his head just enough to avoid the bolt as it flew past him, seeing it harmlessly crash into the wall in front of him.

Holst then turned his body fully towards the door, witnessing a hooded figure enter. He extended his flesh-and-blood arm, reaching out with the Force, sending out a blast of energy towards the unknown figure. This was a harmless wave, meant more to push the hood off their head. His attempt was successful, as the darkness that covered its face was revealed to be a Nautolan female. Xuner recognized her lime green skin tone. Her bloody eyes seemed to stare deeply into the soulless eyes of the war battered Human male.\*

"Ghafa Ordam. Nautolan female. Former slave. Dangerous." \*Spoke the Knight through his helmet.\*

"Xuner Holst. Human. Not Dangerous." Uttered the alien in response. "Scared?"

\*She spoke with a snide tone in her smirk, her head slightly tilted and her eyes narrowed.\*

\*The Human paused for a bit. He looked to his Consul as he attempted to walk over to his side. The blackguard extended his cybernetic hand outwards.\*

"Not yet, Consul. I wish to fight her, *alone*." \*He flatly stated with the final word being said with a clear intention from his helmet. His Consul scoffed, immediately relenting as he propped himself up onto the table, sitting with a relaxed posture. Xuner turned his attention back towards the agent.\*

"I have seen more death and fought in more battles than you have seen a naked lover, alien."

\*As the Human spoke to his alien adversary, he reached up and removed the seal on his helmet. He showed his scarred face to his opponent. The two most prominent marks was the deep red burn scar left by a rhydonium explosion so long ago that covered his left ear and temple and the trench-like scar from the sharpnel caused by the container. The other was the jagged scarring the torn across his right cheek open, small holes dot across what remains and revealing the inside of his mouth, exposing his equally jagged teeth.\*

"I stopped being scared a long time ago." \*His helmet landed with a heavy solid thud. When he drew out his A280 Blaster Pistol with his left cybernetic arm and his shortsword with his flesh-and-blood arm, the Sith lowered his head slightly. The once soulless eyes of the Knight started to change as the energies of the Dark Side began to envelop his body. His soft dead blue eyes were now reborn in a swirling mixture of yellow and red. \*

"That weak blast of an attack seems to say otherwise." \*The Xeno responded to his attempt to intimidate her.\*

\*Without a rebuttal, Xuner grunted as he entered a slight crouching stance. Gathering energy from the Force, his blue eyes stared deeply at Ordam. The Collective agent crouch backwards herself, seemingly to prepare for Xuner's assault. The Human male launched himself towards his opponent at a speed at seemed to catch her off guard. Lifting the blaster pistol, the Aedile fired a pair of bolts to the right of the Nautolan. The shock of his speed and the pair of incoming bolts caused her to shift off balance, forcing her to react accordingly. Keeping the pistol firmly in his hand, he finished his charge with his shortsword slashing upwards and failing in his attempt to bisect Ghafa. He used what momentum he had left to thrust his cybernetic arm again towards

the enemy. This attempt was somewhat successful as the pistol hit her side striking below the plate and tearing the fabric of her undershirt and digging into her side.

The strength of the hit wasn't enough to push the alien. Capitalizing on this, she regained her footing and swung her hand into the blaster, knocking it away from her just before Xuner was able to fire a quick bolt. The flash of his blaster's yellow light illuminated the area around them as it streaks across the room and into a wall. With this, the Enterprise agent pressed her attack. With a rapid fury of several strikes to his chest, Xuner was pushed back further and further by every strike. Bentre Stahoes looked on with concern as his blackguard recoiled backwards. Keeping the momentum going, the Nautolan flowed into a pair of palm strikes and an effective kick to his diaphragm. Before each strike landed on Xuner, the Knight tensed up the muscles in his chest and core, thereby mitigating the overall effectiveness of Ordam's attack. The kick to his diaphragm seemed to prove the most effective as he stood there, now several metres away from here, bent over and gasping for his breath.

The Reaver stood still, looking down at her opponent instead of pressing her attack. Her tendrils shuttered a bit as she took in the fear that Xuner seemed to have emitted.

"Is that all you have to offer? Is your Brotherhood really that weak?" She scoffed towards the Consul, her hand pointed to the recovering blackguard.\*

\*Xuner abruptly stopped gasping, as if he stopped breathing altogether. Ghafa was quick to notice this sudden change as she no longer picked up on any pheromones coming from the Human Knight. He sighed heavily moments later as he slowly rose up and looked towards the alien. He leaned forward, having tensed the muscles in his back before puffing his chest out, causing his sternum to make a series of crack-like popping sounds.\*

"That should be enough for warm ups."

Xuner's words seemed to be more directed towards someone other than Ghafa. He rotated his shoulders again before relaxing his shoulders. He took a deep breath followed by another. The Nautolan's eyes shot wide open as she rushed off towards her right side. She quickly pressed down on his wrist, activating the jet thrusters in her boots. This act shot her across the room, causing a large gap to form between the two. She drew both blasters, unleashing a volley of bolts towards Xuner. Mimicking the flow of water, the soldier danced around each shot. Effortlessly, he contorted his body in and out of, and in between every passing shot. His final movement was of a slight side straddle lunge to his right as his cybernetic arm went for his own DX-13 blaster pistol while. One well placed bolt collided with her own bolt. The impact obscured her line of sight towards the Force User with a small yet blinding light that seemed to last for a moment.

Xuner used this exact moment to quickly gather up energies from the Dark Side. He reached out to Ordam's mind and subjected her to an apparition conjured up Xuner. This illusion of

himself darting around the small explosion now gunning towards her. She shifted her aim towards the image firing another quick volley of bolts. The illusion continued to circle her until her back was turned towards the real Knight. As it easily dodged the rounds and closed in on the alien, The Reaver reacted by keeping her blaster firmly in her hands, bringing her arms back as a rapid succession of deep strikes into the body of the false Xuner. The image flowed around each unsuccessful strike, trying not to give away its true nature. As she continued to engage, the real Xuner began to concentrate his attention as he had extended his flesh-and-blood arm out, mentally submerging himself again into pitiless voids of the Dark Side. This new energy manifested in a dark billowy tendril, unseen to all but those the Force-gifted sight. It slithered across the open air towards the preoccupied agent. Finally, seeing the mass moments away from Ghafa, the image stopped in place, allowing her to land a hit. As the barrels of her blaster pistols disappeared into the apparition, she looked stunned as the image stretched a wicked grin into its face but dissipating. By that time, it was too late as the tendril drilled deep into her mind.

She began to relive her years as a slave. The entire scenery changed from a room onboard a star destroyer, to the dirt floors of a run down hut. Her stunned expression was frozen, as was the rest of her body. Xuner willingly broke his concentration as the tendril eased into non-existence. He walked over to her, abruptly stopping as he collapsed and catching himself with one knee. The influence of the Dark Side took a heavy toll on Xuner, coupled with his earlier fight against the Collective soldiers and agent, the Knight was near his limit.

As he stood over the kneeling Nautolan, the Human reached for a C-10 Stun Grenade that hung off his belt. He pressed the sequence of keys needed to arm the charge and simply placed it in between her legs. He walked a good enough distance to not be affected by the grenade when it went off. Xuner made no attempt to look back as the charge suddenly popped, releasing a rapidly expanding field of charged particles electrified the air and overstimulated the alien's nervous system, rendering the Agent unconscious.

The sound of the pop echoed through the halls outside the Consul's office, causing the sudden sound of rushing footsteps to audibly thunder closer to the office. Grand Master Muz was the first to enter, followed by Lady Proconsul Ashia and trailing behind as the rear guard was the Blackguard Kojiro. All had their weapons drawn, ready to slaughter all that stood against them. Their ferocity wasn't needed as a peeved Consul looked at them as he sat relaxed on his desk. Xuner's gaze met theirs as well. A small eternity of silence was finally broken by the Knight.

"My lord Consul. Notify the Inquisitorious. They'll want to have a nice word with her. Oh and tell them not to harm her. I have need of her when their done," he said matter of factly.

"What do you plan on doing to her?" Asked the Overlord.

Xuner simply responded with a grim, chilling remark. His final words ended with an equally grim and sick smile across his wretched and ruined face.

“Once a slave; always a slave.”