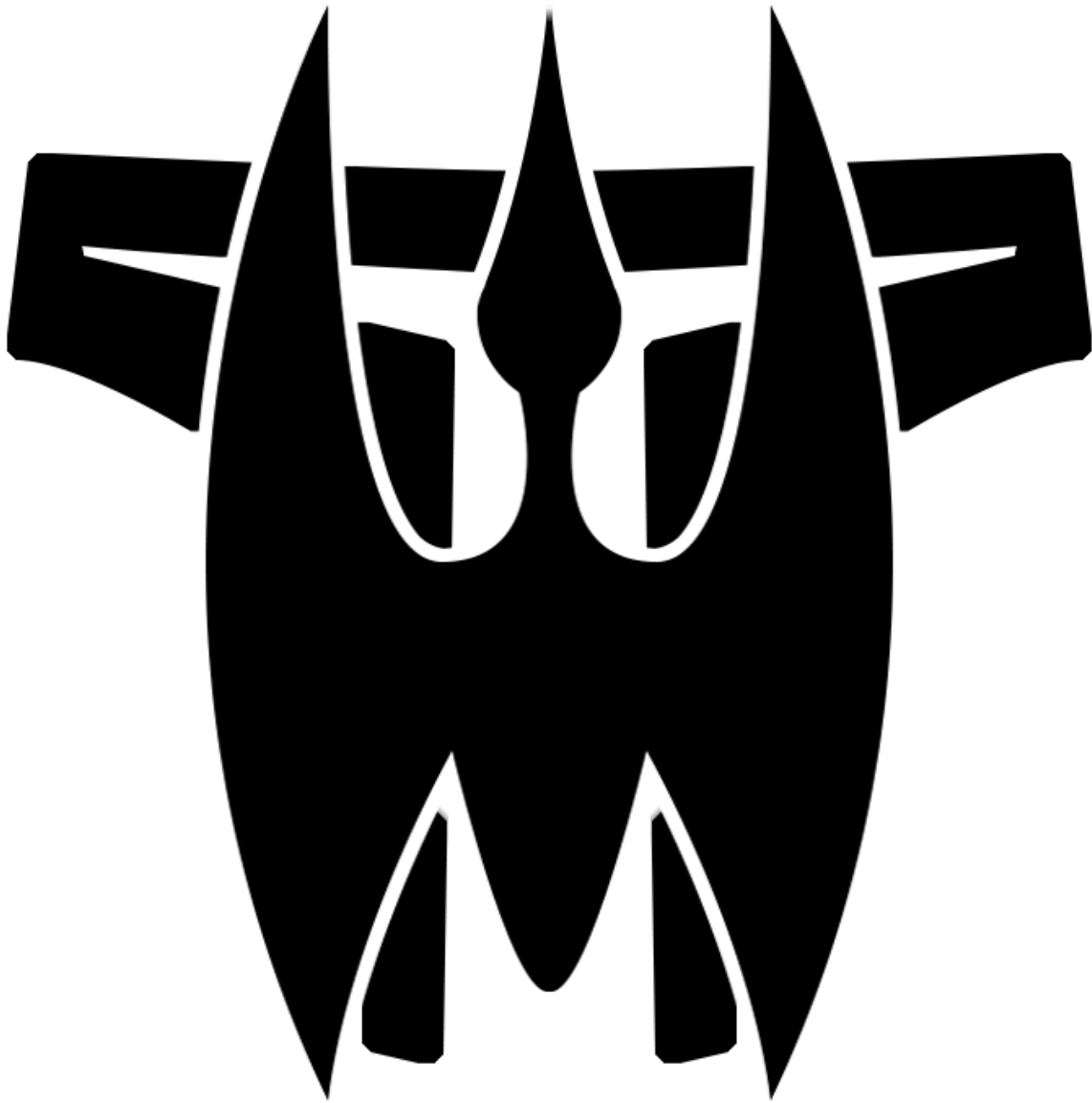


# Crimson Combat

A submission for:

**[GJW XIII Phase II] Fiction - Combat Writing**



Written By  
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*Clan Vizsla*

**Assembly Plant 7X-TYR**  
**Thuvius Imperial Shipyard**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**

Chelsie “CC” Crimson stood tall and firm as her soldiers began to bring the assembly plant back online. One by one they checked the power and system readings within the control room situated above the assembly floor. She wasn’t sure why they had been sent to secure the location, but she never questioned her orders. The Collective wanted it operational and she would see it done. With all the activity of combat within the Lyra-3K-a system, and the seemingly low need that the *Brotherhood* would have for this particular assembly floor, she kept her focus on her soldiers and their activities within the control room.

She would come to regret keeping her back to the three large windows that looked down on the plant floor.

Idris Adenn, *The Red Viper of Mandalore*, had no issues walking straight through the permanently open blast doors of the assembly plant. His orders were simple: neutralize the threat that was *Captain Crimson*. His steps were silent, and despite wearing his own vividly colored armor, surprised the two Collective soldiers on guard. The only sound was that of two blasters being fired, and the bodies hitting the metal floor.

Up in the control room, those noises were unnoticed as the instrument panels buzzed back to life. Neither CC nor any of her soldiers noticed the Mandalorian in his own crimson armor hovering in the air outside the windows due to his jetpack. What they did notice was the shattering of glass, and the blaster bolts that followed. CC managed to count three of her men falling dead as she spun in place, bring her E-11 blaster rifle up to return fire.

But Idris had already killed the power to his jetpack and had fallen gracefully to the plant floor and was running between the assembly machinery. By the time CC had gotten to the window to look down upon the floor, Idris was safely hidden from sight. Sparks flew from some of the machinery as they powered back to life. With a groan of effort, the Assembly Plant 7X-TYR buzzed to full operational life once again. One of the men who had been killed in the initial barrage of fire had fallen on the master control switch.

“Flush them out!” CC ordered her men, unaware of just how many assailants there were. Her soldiers were already running toward the lift. CC remained in place, staring down at the plant floor. She could order her troops better from this vantage.

Idris found himself crouching behind a conveyor belt. He jumped as it started to move, and the defunct panelling for some TIE Fighters rolled past. He swore several times for missing Captain Crimson. He let himself go all the way to the ground, and peered beneath the conveyor. He could see the boots of Collective soldiers as they ran past. He would have to deal with them to deal with his target.

Pushing himself back up to a crouch, he moved as quickly as possible along the length of the conveyor belt. He made it to the end, just as several of the Collective soldiers rounded the corner. He lunged forward, both WESTAR-35s firing as rapidly as possible. Idris managed to grab the front-most soldier as he fell dead, using the man's body as a shield as he took down the rest of the soldiers that were coming around the corner.

"Esk-Lesh-Seven, north conveyor belt, men down," CC barked out notification to the team of soldiers nearest the conveyor. Idris didn't have time to notice their approach, their own blaster fire sent him diving over the top of the conveyor between two TIE panels. He hit the ground hard, scuffing his armor.

CC's eyes scanned the room. There had to be others in this attack. But as more of her men fell, it became apparent.

"Team, it's just one Mandalorian. If we can't kill one mercenary, we don't deserve to live," she said through the comms. She backed away from the windows toward the lift. She would personally see to it that the Mandalorian died.

Idris opened fire on some of the mechanical arms above the plant floor. They sparked and fell, crushing the Collective soldiers that were pursuing him. By his count he had taken down thirteen. He wished he knew just how many there were there in total.

"Frak this," he said, once again lifting up into the air, racing toward the high roof of the plant. He moved erratically through the air, knowing if he was predictable in movement, he would take a blaster bolt. He twisted, and rolled around the barrage of blaster fire that opened upon him.

The lift from the control room came to a stop. CC stepped with purpose off of it to see her men attempting to take the Mandalorian out of the air. Both Idris and CC were caught totally off guard by the explosion that tore through the factory floor. The force of the blast flung CC back into the lift her back slammed into the lift controls, setting it once again to return to the control room.

Idris was above it and pushed up into the ceiling of the plant. He smacked into it with a large crack. He lost his grip on his blasters, both fall into the flames below. His jetpack sputtered, damaged from the impact. With just enough functionality, Idris managed to propel himself towards the control room and launched himself through its shattered windows.

Idris slowly got to his feet as the lift let out a soft ding, announcing its arrival to the control room. The doors opened and for a moment nothing else happened. Then CC slowly limped out.

"You bastard," she spat, armor cracked and crumbling.

“Accurate assessment,” Idris retorted. For a moment they stared at each other in silence. As another round of explosions ripped through the assembly plant, they both let out a primal scream of rage and charged at each other. Nearly identical in size and weight they met in the center of the control room with a loud crash. The result left both unbalanced and on the ground. As quickly as possible, both combatants rolled onto their backs and struggled to their feet.

They moved in a circle, carefully throwing punches and deflecting blows.

“This is pretty poetic you know. The Crimson Captain and The Red Viper in a battle to the death,” Idris said. CC grunted, she had never had time for the frivolity of poetry.

“You are just another cocky merc. I’ve killed hundreds of men like you,” CC said throwing another hard punch that Idris managed to barely move out of the way of. They kept circling as more explosions went off in the background. Idris found himself with his back to the windows and took his chance.

“That is where you are wrong. There are no men like me, only me,” he said. CC took the bait and lunged again, but Idris dove to the ground. CC went flying out of the window opening with a scream.

“For example, I keep aware of my surroundings as much as possible,” Idris said getting to his feet. He paused a moment, gloved fingers attempting to rub off some of the scuff marks on his armor. He made his way to the lift and ventured to the main plant floor.

He found CC broken on a machine, several pieces of metal piercing her torso. Idris pulled her cracked crimson stormtrooper helmet off. She sputtered out blood.

“Kill me,” she managed to cough out. Idris shook his head.

“You already are dead,” he said walking away. He kept the helmet as proof of death. Leaving Chelsie “CC” Crimson screaming, impaled on a burning factory floor.