

G R E A T J E D I W A R X I I I

D I S C O R D

## Mystic Xolarin, House Marka Ragnos, Clan Naga Sadow

[Phase 1 Multiprompt Fiction](#)

[Xolarin GJWXIII Character Snapshot](#)

Mystic Xolarin (Force Disciple) / AED / House Marka Ragnos of Clan Naga Sadow [SA: X]  
[GMRG: I] [SYN: V] [ACC: Q] [INQ: IX]  
SCx2 / Cr:4R-5A-10S-9E / Clx54 / CGx57 / DSS / SoF / LSx3 / S:10Wr-12F  
{SA: MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGHL - SVHL - SVLC - SVL -  
SVWP}

**Objective 3:** TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS CAUSED BY THE ATTACK ON LYRA

*The attack on Lyra has thrown the system into chaos as the Principate seeks justice and the Brotherhood and Collective blame each other. Take advantage of this standoff to settle old grudges or seize strategic advantages for you or your clan. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer. Writing for this prompt makes a three-way war between the Brotherhood, the Principate, and the Collective MORE likely.*

## **The Panther, Xolarin's Shuttle Elloria's Moon Orbit, Lyra-3K-a system**

The T-3c Shuttle, sleek and black, slipped away from one of the Clan Corvettes after a run to the ruins on the moon. Xolarin did not exactly get everything he wanted from that mission, but it was a general success for the Clan. The fallen Jedi had other plans though, before the Clan and Brotherhood moved on. Word had made it that the Collective was transporting *something* from Lyra Colony to some of their transports, repeatedly. He wanted to know what these *somethings* were.

His shuttle zoomed towards one of said transports. He had been given clearance to use a one-time jamming device that would give him enough time to approach without the transport communicating out, but then he'd be on his own. Searching and getting out would only be allotted so much time before a barrage of Collective fighters swarmed him.

The jammer had been activated and the Panther was able to slip into one of the landing bays amongst the chaos. There were several soldiers about and Xolarin fired all canons at them, putting them down and blasting holes in doors. As the Dark Jedi walked out of his shuttle, leaving his droid Dina aboard for security, he immediately sensed something nearby. This transport definitely had cargo, and it was something his connection with the Force was able to seek out easily.

A few more troopers came in one of the blasted doors and fired wildly. His shuttle took a few hits, as they didn't see Xolarin at first, and he immediately thrust out his hand at the group. They went flying back, slamming into the wall, their guns flicking away. Xolarin kept walking and just before he went into the hallway, he was nudged that there was another guard so he paused. The guard rounded the corner and the Sadowan merely stuck out his hand, grabbed the soldier's firing arm, and used the soldier's momentum to flip him over onto the ground. Xolarin's boot finished the man's consciousness.

Hood still up, no weapons drawn, the Dark Jedi walked down the hall to where he was sensing the cargo. It was just the next bay over and there didn't appear to be more guards coming yet. The jamming and his fired shots from the Panther seemed to cause enough discord to afford him a little time.

The hold seemed to be smaller than the landing bay, which made sense. But it was not locked, which did not make sense. Perhaps they were not expecting a small infiltration like this at all? Perhaps this was just one amongst many that had such objects, that protections were minimal? He closed his eyes a moment before entering, not perceiving any danger, or feeling the vibe of a trap. It felt safe and innocuously unlocked.

Xolarin went in and immediately felt the strong presence of Force-imbued objects. It was a strange sensation and one he had not felt in quite a while in such a foreign place. He ran his

fingers along some of the crates as he walked, looking for an optimal place to take a closer look. One crate spoke to him, tugging at his mind.

It was locked and he did not have the right gear or companion for slicing. Xolarin grabbed his stiletto, sprung it into action, and stabbed the crate's panel. Sparks flew, the crate locking mechanism could be heard unlatching, and... the stiletto was bent in three places. "Ugh. Hope the Voice has more of these," he muttered to himself. He slid the door open and peered inside - carefully stored in foam encasements were a multitude of mechanical parts and metal pieces. Some had that itching and pulling feeling he was sensing, as he pulled out one layer of the foam shipping protection, and found a lower layer. It had stronger parts, pieces of lightsabers, perhaps? Wait a second... Kyber crystals?

"No..." Xolarin had heard the news that this might be something the Collective was after. Had they found a cache on Lyra Colony in those ruins? Or was this a transport from somewhere else? No matter, as it was a huge find!

Xolarin grabbed a couple items, mostly random. Before he left, he made a recording to send to the *Relentless* corvette to store there to send to Grand Master Muz later. He also let the corvette know he would be heading back. But more importantly for his personal endeavors, the Mystic put his holoprojector out in his palm and connected to a signal he was given a while back.

An image of one of the Dark Council appeared, barely greeting the much-lower-ranked Xolarin. "Yes, Inquisitor?"

Xolarin grinned from under his hood. "They have them. The Collective have things they shouldn't." He held out his other hand with a couple items.

There was a pause before the very tall councillor replied. "Bring them to me."

Xolarin had to get back to the Clan fleet, check-in after their raid, report on what he had found to his superiors... But this was so much more important. "Of course, Master Ventus." He bowed his head and the signal was cut.

There was not much time before guards or fighters showed up. Xolarin paused briefly, and then grabbed a few more items that he could stuff into his bag, making note of a couple that would do well in his own collection. Within another minute, he was gone and walking back onto the Panther.

With his loot in hand, and Dina plugging in for the flight, Xolarin felt the presence of guards heading his way, and felt the portents of the comm jammer shutting off and defensive fighters approaching soon. He had little time to escape with his artifacts and his life...